John Smelley b. 1824, Alabama
and wife, Sarah Elizabeth b. 1828, Alabama

Parents of Stephen Marion Smelley
b. August, 1861 in Alabama
Grandparents of Bessie Dee Smelley

THE SMELLEY FAMILY

Our great-great-great grandfather, John Smelley, according to family legend, was found at age 7 or 8, wandering homeless and parentless in North Carolina. He was believed to have been born in 1770. It is not known what had happened to his father -- possibilities being that he died on a boat coming to America or that he was killed in the Revolutionary War. John Smelley's wife was named Sarah. She was born in 1770 in South Carolina. John died in 1840 in Alabama. Sarah died in 1860 in Alabama. Both are buried in Bibb County.

Salley Johnson was the second wife of Stephen Smelley. Stephen was born in 1799 in Edgefield District, South Carolina, to John and Sarah Smelley. Salley Johnson and Stephen Smelley were married on September 9, 1830 in Perry County, Alabama. Stephen joined the Confederate Army on September 25, 1861 when he was 62 years old. Confederate Army service records show that he was in various hospitals in Virginia in April and July of 1862 and was given a certificate of disability and discharged on July 18, 1862. Reason given for discharge was "Old age and debility being 63 years old. He is unfit for duty and ought to be discharged from service." The story is that he had enlisted because all of his sons were in the army and he thought he ought to be too. Three generations of his family were in the Confederate Army: Stephen Smelley, his son John Smelley, and his grandson Jim Smelley. Jim did not return home when the war ended and was never heard from again.

Prepared by Margaret I. Godfrey
December, 1993

The Smelley family moved from Alabama to Orange, Texas in 1900. Our cousins Douglas and Louise Smelley located the farm they had owned in Alabama and Douglas says he understands why they left it -- the land would be good for nothing but a rock quarry. The family made the trip to Texas in a box car because they had missed the passenger train. I assume Frank Cooper went with the Smelley family. Aunt Addie said that one of the Strattons found jobs for them at a big sawmill in Orange but the mosquitoes were so bad they were all having fevers so they moved north to Longview. (Granny's sister Ophelia was married to Clarence Stratton.)

In the 1910 census for Harrison County, Texas, I found the S. M. Smelley family.

Head of household:	S. M. Smelley, age 45
Wife	Name covered by ink blot, age 37, married 20 years
Daughter	Name covered by ink blot, age 19
Son	Marion, age 16
Daughter	Addie, age 12
Daughter	Bettie, age 10
Daughter	Bessie, age 7

Aunt Addie told me that in Longview Grandpa Smelley farmed, renting the same place for four or five years. He then started buying a farm in Kilgore but became sick from diabetes and had to move in with his son Marion. He died in 1915 and his family was unable to keep the farm. Years later when oil was discovered in East Texas, Smelley heirs received a small settlement from an oil company which leased the property from the people who owned it at that time.

When Grandpa Smelley died, the three older surviving children were married. Aunt Lizzie was fifteen years old and Mother was twelve years old. I believe that Granny Smelley, Mother and Aunt Lizzie lived with Uncle Marion and Aunt Delia for a while. I remember Mother telling me that her Grandpa Cooper lived with them after her father died. In the 1920 census for Harrison County, Granny Smelley, Mother, Aunt Lizzie and Great-grandpa John F. Cooper are included in the household of Clarence Stratton, the husband of Granny's sister Ophelia.

Mother and Daddy met when Daddy was paying an extended visit to his Uncle Bill Ingram, living in Harrison County. Mother and Daddy were married on August 12, 1922. I was born on October 6, 1925. We moved from Texas to Alabama sometime before the birth of Jimmie in 1927. Daddy used to say that he walked all the way from Texas to Alabama, carrying me up and down the train, trying to make me stop crying.

Prepared by Margaret Doris Ingram Godfrey
December, 1993

John Smelley m. Sarah
b. 1770 b. 1770
p.b. N. C. p.b. S. C.
d. 1840 d. 1860
p.d. Bibb Co.,AL p.d. Bibb Cty.,AL

Stephen Smelley m. Salley Johnson
b. 1799
p.b. Edgefield, S.C.
m. Sept. 9, 1830 (Perry Co., AL)
d. 1883
p.d. Hale Co., AL

John Smelley m. Sara Elizabeth
b. 1824 b. 1828
p.b. Alabama p.b. Alabama

J. Frank Cooper m. Diadamie Sparks
b. 1845?

Stephen Marion Smelley m. Rebecca Adelina Cooper
b. Aug. 3, 1862? b. Dec. 2, 1871
p.b. Alabama p.b. Alabama
m. Dec. 2, 1890 m. Dec. 2, 1890
d. Nov. 19, 1915 d. Jan. 9, 1972
p.d. Texas p.d. Texas

Bessie Dee Smelley m. James Clark Ingram
b. Jan. 24, 1903 b. July 20, 1899
p.b. Texas p.b. Alabama
m. Aug. 12, 1922 m. Aug. 12, 1922
d. Feb. 23, 1990 d. March 24, 1948
p.d. Alabama p.d. Alabama

Margaret Doris Ingram
b. Oct. 6, 1925
p.b. Texas

Jimmie Dee Ingram
b. Dec. 22, 1927
p.b. Alabama

Betty Carolyn Ingram
b. March 30, 1930
p.b. Alabama

Marion Rebecca Ingram
b. Jan. 28, 1932
p.b. Alabama

CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN
OF
STEPHEN MARION AND REBECCA ADELINA SMELLEY

Nettie (1891-1934), married to B. M. Bradshaw
Children: Claudia
Kathleen

Marion Lester (1893-1973), married to Delia E. Causey
Children: Grover
Douglas
Louise
Ruth

Willie (1895-1899)

Addie (1896-), married to Jack James
Daughter: Lessie B.

Lizzie (1900-), married to Lee Hopkins
Children: Lois
Malcolm
Weldon
Reagan

Bessie D. (1903-1990), married to James Clark Ingram (1899-1943)
Children: Margaret Doris
Jimmie Dee
Betty Carolyn
Marion Rebecca

Johnie (1905-1906)

DESCENDANTS OF JAMES CLARK INGRAM AND BESSIE DEE SMELLEY

Margaret Doris Ingram
Born October 6, 1925 in Gregg County, Texas
Married May 26, 1951 to Reuben Hearn Godfrey, born October 3, 1921 in Tuskegee, Alabama

Children: David Stephen Godfrey , born February 17, 1952 in Nashville, Tennessee
Married July 23, 1977 to Nancy Kay Porteous, born Feb. 17, 1955 in Brownsville, Texas
Daughter: Amelia Thompson Godfrey, born September 20, 1986 in Atlanta, Georgia

Annie Mae Godfrey, born May 17, 1953 in Nashville, Tennessee
Married June 30, 1979 to John Lewis Kittle, Jr., born January 15, 1954 in Maryland
Son: Andrew Fort Godfrey-Kittle, born Sept. 20, 1983 in Palo Alto, California
Daughter: Sallie Lynn Godfrey-Kittle, born May 19, 1986 in Atlanta, Georgia
Son: James Ingram Godfrey-Kittle, born Dec. 20, 1990 in Decatur, Georgia

Carolyn Elizabeth Godfrey, born January 10, 1956, Emory University Hospital, Atlanta, Georgia
Married to Harold Bailey Prince, Jr., born May 24, 1951, Emory University Hospital, Atlanta, Georgia
Son: James William Prince, born May 23, 1995 in Napa, California
Son: Reuben (Ben) Harold Godfrey, born February 6, 1996, Palo Alto, California

Jimmie Dee Ingram, born December 22, 1927 in Shelby County, Alabama, died October 23, 1995 near Asheville, Alabama.
Married June 3, 1950 to Herbert Eugene Pauly, born January 29, 1926, South Highlands Hospital, Birmingham, Alabama. Died October 24, 1995, U. A. B. Hospital, Birmingham, Jefferson County, Alabama.

Children: Clarke Pauly, born June 7, 1956 in Birmingham, Alabama. Married to Dyxie Stone.
Nancy Pauly, born March 2, 1960 in Birmingham, Alabama.

Betty Carolyn Ingram, born March 30, 1930 in Shelby County, Alabama.
Married in August of 1948 to Roland McDaniel.

Children: Archie Roland McDaniel, born April 3, 1950 in Tuscaloosa, Alabama. Wife: Faye
Daughter: Stephanie Marie, born April 25, 1988 in Cleveland, Tennessee.

Charles Clark McDaniel, born November 1, 1951 in Anniston, Alabama. Wife: Twana
Daughter: Chelsea Camille, born July 31, 1988 in Cleveland, Tennessee

Marion Rebecca Ingram, born January 28, 1932 in Shelby County, Alabama.
Married April 12, 1952 to Billy Jack Blackerby. Married 4/18/70 to Jimmy McDow; on ___ to Harry Davis; on ___ to Bob McCullough; on l/16/85 to Dudley Culver (d. ll/94); in August, 1995 to Robert White.

Children: Billy Blackerby, born October 12, 1953. Married to Carol Lynn Weaver
Son: Justin Blackerby
Son: Bradley Blackerby

Kathy Blackerby, born February 2, 1955
Married to Pete Yates on August 17, 1974; married on ____to Danny Hancock
Sons Brandon Yates and Jason Yates

STEPHEN SMELLEY

IN

THE CIVIL WAR

Stephen Smelley was born in 1799 in Edgefield District, South Carolina, to John and Sarah Smelley. According to Confederate Army service records, he was five feet, four inches high, with dark complexion, blue eyes, dark and gray hair, and by occupation a farmer. He enlisted in the Confederate Army on September 24 or 25, 1861 at Marion, Alabama.

Service records for S. Smellie, Private, in Company A, 8th Regiment of Alabama, show that he was admitted to Chimborazo Hospital No. 4 in Richmond, Virginia on April 6, 1862, suffering from "Debility." He was in the C. S. A. General Hospital, Danville, Virginia, on June 4, 1862, suffering from "Diarrhoea." The name of Stephen Smelley was on a report of sick and wounded at General Hospital in Danville, Virginia for the month of July, 1862, suffering from "Debility & old age, sixty years of age."

Stephen Smelley was discharged from service in the Confederate Army effective July 13, 1862. Reason given was "Old age and debility being 63 years of age. He is unfit for duty and ought to be discharged from service."

On July 22, 1862 Stephen Smelley was given back pay for 6 months and 13 days at a rate of $11 per month, plus clothing commutation in the amount of $25, or a total of $97.60. He was not given a travel allowance.

Three generations of Stephen's family served in the Confederate Army -- Stephen, his son John and his grandson Jim Smelley. It is told that Jim did not return home when the war ended and was never heard from again. Stephen's son John was the father of Stephen Marion Smelley, my grandfather.

Prepared by Margaret I. Godfrey
Dec. 22, 1993

John Smelley, the son of Stephen Smelley and Salley Johnson, was born in Alabama in 1824. He was married to Sara Elizabeth, who was born in 1828 in Alabama. This John Smelley was our great-grandfather. He also served in the Confederate Army.

John Frank Cooper, the father of our grandmother, Rebecca A. Cooper, was married to Diadamie Sparks. There is an entry in the 1880 census for Lamar County, Alabama, for their family:

Head of household:	Frank Cooper, age 35.
Wife	Donnie, age 32.
Son	Hernan, age 10.
Daughter	Rebecca, age 8.
Daughter	Ophelia, age 6.
Daughter	Leona, age 1.

I remember Granny Smelley telling us that her father, John Frank Cooper, had served in the Confederate Army. He is believed to have been only 17 years old when he enlisted in the army. One of our distant Smelley cousins in Louisiana told Douglas Smelley that Frank Cooper was taken prisoner at Vicksburg (in July of 1863). He was in a prison camp and was given the option of remaining in the camp or of going west to fight Indians. He chose to fight Indians and was on his way west when the war ended (1865) and he returned home without doing any fighting for the Union Army. John Smelley, our great-grandfather, considered Frank to be a traitor for choosing to fight with the Union Army (for which Frank Cooper received a small pension for the remainder of his life) and refused to speak to him for the rest of his life until the day of his death. When John Smelley was on his deathbed, he sent for Frank Cooper. The two men spoke in private but neither ever revealed what they had talked about.

Our grandfather, Stephen Marion Smelley, was the son of John and Sara Elizabeth Smelley. Stephen Marion Smelley was born in August, 1861, in Alabama. He and Rebecca Adelina Cooper were married on December 2, 1890. Rebecca Cooper was born on December 2, 1871 in Alabama. The Cooper and Smelley families lived in western Alabama. The 1900 census lists the Steve Smelley family in Pickens County.

Head of household:	Steve Smelley, born Aug. 1861, age 38
Wife	Rebecca, born Dec. 1871, age 28
Daughter	Cliffon, born Dec. 1891, age 8
Son	Marion L., born Nov. 1893, age 6
Daughter	Addie P., born Nov. 1896, age 3
Daughter	Elizabeth, born Jan. 1900, age 0
Mother	Sarah E., born June, 1825, age 74

Note: The birthdate of Sarah E. Smelley differs from that on genealogy chart given me by Douglas Smelley, which shows her birth year as 1828.

(CONFEDERATE.)

8 | Ala.

S. Smellie

Pvt. Co. A. 8 Regt. Ala.

Appears on a Register of

Chimborazo Hospital No. 4,
Richmond, Virginia.

Disease Debility

Admitted Apr. 6, 186 2

Returned to duty ....., 186 .

Deserted ....., 186 .

Discharged ....., 186 .

Furloughed ....., 186 .

Died ....., 186 .

Remarks: Lynchburg June 1.

Confed. Arch., Chap. 6, File No. 22, page 36

Copied

(6315) 4212

(CONFEDERATE.)

8 | 8 | Ala.

S. Smellie

Priv. Co. I. 8 Regt. Ala.

Appears on a Register of

C. S. A. General Hospital,
Danville, Virginia.

Date June 4, 186 2

Co. Commander Capt. Fielding

Complaint Diarrhoea

In private quarters ....., 186 .

Returned to duty ....., 186 .

Deserted ....., 186 .

Discharged from service July 15, 186 2

Sent to General Hospital ....., 186 .

Transferred ....., 186 .

Furloughed ....., 186 .

Died ....., 186 .

Remarks: Transf. to Ward 1
Genl. Orders No. 41. War
Dept. May 31. 62.

Confed. Arch., Chap. 6, File No. 209, page 314

J. Cary

Copied

(6315) 3489

(CONFEDERATE.)

S | 8 | Ala

Stephen Smelley
Pvt Co I 8 Reg't Ala

Appears on a

Report of Sick and Wounded

in General Hospital
(or General Hospital No. 1),
at Danville, Va.,

for the month of July, 1862

Discharges on Surgeon's Certificate and Deaths:

Disease Debility old age, Sixty years age

Date of discharge from service, July 18, 1862

Date of death ....., 186 .

Remarks: .....

Book mark: .....

J. Nelson
Copyist.

(646)

2282

(CONFEDERATE.)

S | 8 | Ala

Stephen Smelley
Pvt Co I 8 Reg't Ala

Appears on a consolidated

Report of Sick and Wounded

of Medical Director and Inspector,
Various Hospitals in Virginia,

for the month of July, 1862

Post or Station .....

Reg't or Corps .....

Discharges on Surgeon's Certificate and Deaths:

Disease Debilitas et Senilitas

Date of discharge from service, July 18, 1862

Date of death ....., 186

Remarks: .....

Book mark: .....

J. B. Hyatt
Copyist.

(646)

3033

I CERTIFY, That the within named Steven Smelley
a Private of Captain Secrest Company (A) of the
Eighth Regiment of Volunteers, born in Edgefield Dist.
in the State of South Carolina, aged 42 years, 5 feet, 6
inches high, dark complexion, Blue eyes, dark Hair, and by
occupation a Farmer was enlisted by Col. Pettigrew
at Manassas Gap on the 20th day of September 1861,
to serve Three years, and is now entitled to discharge by reason of
Expiration of term of service.

The said Stephen Smelley was last paid by Capt. J. M. Mason
to include the 30th day of December 1861, and has pay
due from that date to the present date.

There is due to him ..... 100 Dollars traveling allowance
from Fairfax, the place of discharge, to Edgefield, the
place of enrolment, transportation not being furnished in kind.

There is due him for clothing drawn as per Return of Muster Rolls for the months of

He is indebted to the Confederate States ..... 100 Dollars
on account of .....

Given in duplicate at Richmond, this 15 day of July 1862.

W. H. Sinclair Capt
Commanding Company.

For pay from 1st of January 1862, to 18th of July 1862, being 6 months and 18 days, at Eleven Dollars per month, - - -	72	60
For pay for traveling from ..... to ..... being ..... miles, at ten cents per mile, - - - - -	~~5~~	~~40~~
Clothing Commutation	25	00
Amount, - - -	$97	60
Deduct for clothing overdrawn, ...		
Balance paid, - - - -	97	60

RECEIVED of Capt John M. Mason C.S. Army, this twenty Second
day of July 1862, ~~One Hundred and forty Dollars~~ Ninety seven Dollars and Sixty
Cents, in full of the above account.

(Signed duplicates.) Stephen Smelley

WITNESS: .....

ACCOUNT TO BE MADE BY QUARTERMASTER. Note.—When this certificate is transferred, it must be on the back, witnessed by a Commissioned Officer, if practicable or by some other reputable person well known to the Quartermaster.

ARMY OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES.

CERTIFICATE OF DISABILITY FOR DISCHARGE.

(To be used, in duplicate, in all cases of discharge on account of disability.)

_____, of Captain _____

_____ Company, (,) of the _____ Regiment of Confederate States

_____, was enlisted by _____, of

the _____ Regiment of _____ at _____

on the _____ day of _____ 186 , to serve _____ years; he was born

in _____ in the State of _____, is _____

years of age, _____ feet, _____ inches high, _____ complexion, _____ eyes,

_____ hair, and by occupation when enlisted a _____. During the last two

months said soldier has been unfit for duty _____ days. *(Here consult directions on Form Med. Dept. Gen. Reg.)*

STATION: _____

DATE: _____

_____

Commanding Company.

I CERTIFY, that I have carefully examined the said Private Stephen Smelley of Captain Fielding's Company, and find him incapable of performing the duties of a soldier because of *(Here consult par. 1134, p. 245, and directions on Form 12, p. 269, Med. Dept. Gen. Reg.)* old age and debility being 63 years old. He is unfit for duty and ought to be discharged from service

General Hospital Danville July 8th 1862

Jno. H. Fisher Surgeon. P.A. C.

Approved J. L. Cabell - Surgeon in charge General Hospital Danville -

DISCHARGED this 15 day of July, 186 , at Danville

Jno. Dillard *Commanding the Post.*

NOTE 1.—When a *probable* case for *pension*, *special care* must be taken to state the *degree* of disability.

NOTE 2.—The *place* where the *soldier* desires to be *addressed* may be here added.

Town— County— State—

(DUPLICATES.)

Says he was enlisted 26th September 1861 for the war 8th Ala Regt

From COMPENDIUM OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMIES, ALABAMA
By Stewart Sifakis

123. ALABAMA 8TH INFANTRY BATTALION

See: ALABAMA 5TH INFANTRY BATTALION

124. ALABAMA 8TH INFANTRY REGIMENT

Organization: Organized for the war at Richmond, Virginia, on June 10, 1861.
Surrendered at Appomattox Court House, Virginia, on April 9, 1865.
First Commander: John A. Winston (Colonel)
Field Officers: John P. Emrich (Major, Lieutenant Colonel)
John W. Frazer (Lieutenant Colonel)
Hilary A. Herbert (Major, Lieutenant Colonel, Colonel)
Thomas E. Irby (Major, Lieutenant Colonel)
Duke Nall (Major)
Young L. Royston (Major, Lieutenant Colonel, Colonel)
Assignments: Department of the Peninsula (June-October 1861)
Winston's Brigade, Department of the Peninsula (October 1861-January 1862)
McLaws' Division, Department of the Peninsula (January-February 1862)
Pryor's Brigade, Longstreet's Division, Department of Northern Virginia (April-June 1862)
Wilcox' Brigade, Longstreet's Division, Army of Northern Virginia (June 1862)
Wilcox's Brigade, Longstreet's Division, 1st Corps, Army of Northern Virginia (June-August 1862)
Wilcox's Brigade, Wilcox's Division, 1st Corps, Army of Northern Virginia (August-September 1862)
Wilcox's Brigade, Anderson's Division, 1st Corps, Army of Northern Virginia (September 1862-May 1863)
Wilcox's-Perrin's-Sanders'-Forney's Brigade, Anderson's-Mahone's Division, 3rd Corps, Army of Northern Virginia (May 1863-April 1865)
Battles: Yorktown Siege (April-May 1862)
Williamsburg (May 5, 1862)
Seven Pines (May 31-June 1, 1862)
Seven Days Battles (June 25-July 1, 1862)
Gaines' Mill (June 27, 1862)
Frayser's Farm (June 30, 1862)
2nd Bull Run (August 28-30, 1862)
Harpers Ferry (September 12-15, 1862)
Antietam (September 17, 1862)
Fredericksburg (December 13, 1862)
Chancellorsville (May 1-4, 1863)
Gettysburg (July 1-3, 1863)
Bristoe Campaign (October 1863)
Mine Run Campaign (November-December 1863)
The Wilderness (May 5-6, 1864)
Spotsylvania Court House (May 8-21, 1864)
North Anna (May 23-26, 1864)
Cold Harbor (June 1-3, 1864)
Petersburg Siege (June 1864-April 1865)
The Crater (July 30, 1864)
Appomattox Court House (April 9, 1865)

TWELFTH CENSUS OF THE UNITED STATES.

SCHEDULE No. 1.—POPULATION.

Division of county Providence Beat 4 Name of Institution,

[Insert name of township, town, precinct, district, or other civil division, as the case may be. See instructions.]

Incorporated city, town, or village, within the above-named division,

Enumerated by me on the 6 day of June, 1900. John H Welsley

NAME of each person whose place of abode on June 1, 1900, was in this family. Enter surname first, then the given name and middle initial, if any. Include every person living on June 1, 1900. Omit children born since June 1, 1900.	RELATION. Relationship of each person to the head of the family.	PERSONAL DESCRIPTION. Color or race	Sex	DATE OF BIRTH. Month	Year	Age at last birthday	Whether single, married, widowed, or divorced	Number of years married	Mother of how many children	Number of these children living	NATIVITY. Place of birth of this Person	Place of birth of Father of this person	Place of birth of Mother of this person	CITIZENSHIP. Year of immigration to the United States	Number of years in the United States	Naturalization	OCCUPATION. of each
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	
Hooks Isaac	Head	B	M	Mar	1830	70	M	36	9	5	South Carol	South Carol	South Carol				Farm
Adline	Wife	B	F	Apr	1852	47	M	36	9	5	Alabama	Virginia	South Carol				
Ed Battle	Head	B	M	Sep	1877	22	M	1			Alabama	South Carol	Alabama				Farm
Minnie	Wife	B	F	Mar	1882	18	M	1	0	0	Tennessee	Tennessee	Tennessee				
Borders Bill	Head	B	M	Nov	1842	57	M	28			Virginia	Virginia	Virginia				Farm
Fegetes	Wife	B	F	Sept	1854	45	M	28	10	4	South Carol	South Carol	South Carol				
Harris	Son	B	M	June	1882	17	S				Alabama	Virginia	South Carol				Farm
Nibbitt Willis	Head	B	M	Oct	1872	27	M	5			Alabama	Alabama	Alabama				Farm
Ida	Wife	B	F	Jan	1875	25	M	5	1	1	Alabama	Alabama	South Carol				
Willie	Daughter	B	F	Mar	1896	4	S				Alabama	Alabama	Alabama				
Schrojohn A	Head	W	M	Oct	1866	33	M	9			Alabama	Alabama	Alabama				Farm
Bessie	Wife	W	F	Nov	1878	26	M	9	4	4	Alabama	Alabama	Alabama				
Bessie O	Daughter	W	F	Nov	1892	7	S				Alabama	Alabama	Alabama				
Ophie L	Daughter	W	F	Dec	1894	5	S				Alabama	Alabama	Alabama				
Edner M	Daughter	W	F	Jan	1896	4	S				Alabama	Alabama	Alabama				
John N	Son	W	M	Nov	1898	1	S				Alabama	Alabama	Alabama				
Fields James A	Boarder	W	M	Mar	1880	20	S				Alabama	Alabama	Alabama				Farm
Gilmore Charles G	Boarder	W	M	Oct	1880	19	S				Alabama	Alabama	Alabama				Farm
Dobson Marion	Head	W	M	Feb	1875	25	M	3			Alabama	South Carol	Alabama				Farm
Eugenia	Wife	W	F	Mar	1878	22	M	3	1	1	Alabama	Alabama	Alabama				
Easley G	Son	W	M	Jun	1899	1	S				Alabama	Alabama	Alabama				
Galen Thomas	Head	W	M	May	1868	32	M	1			Alabama	Alabama	Alabama				Farm
Mary G	Wife	W	F	Feb	1875	25	M	1	1	1	Alabama	Alabama	Alabama				
Lilian M	Daughter	W	F	Oct	1897	2	S				Alabama	Alabama	Alabama				
Coleman Jas W	Head	W	M	Mar	1875	25	M	5			Alabama	Alabama	Alabama				Farm
Sallie D	Wife	W	F	June	1877	23	M	5	2	1	Alabama	Alabama	Alabama				
Elbert W	Son	W	M	Aug	1896	3	S				Alabama	Alabama	Alabama				
Fields Artha	Head	W	M	Sep	1868	31	M	9			Alabama	Alabama	Mississippi				Farm
Sallie	Wife	W	F	Apr	1871	29	M	9	6	5	Alabama	Alabama	Alabama				
Todd George	Head	W	M	May	1875	25	M	2			Alabama	Mississippi	Mississippi				Farm
Annie	Wife	W	F	Jan	1883	18	M	2	1	1	Alabama	Alabama	Alabama				
Lee	Son	W	M	Mar	1898	1	S				Alabama	Alabama	Alabama				
Sweeley Mead	Head	W	M	Aug	1861	38	M	9			Alabama	Alabama	Alabama				Farm
Rebecca	Wife	W	F	Dec	1871	28	M	9	5	4	Alabama	Alabama	Alabama				
Clifton	Daughter	W	F	Dec	1891	8	S				Alabama	Alabama	Alabama				
Marion L	Son	W	M	Nov	1893	6	S				Alabama	Alabama	Alabama				
Addie M	Daughter	W	F	Nov	1894	3	S				Alabama	Alabama	Alabama				
Elizabeth	Daughter	W	F	Jan	1896	4	S				Alabama	Alabama	Alabama				
Sarah E	Mother	W	F	June	1825	74	Wd	28	5	4	Alabama	Alabama	Alabama				
Alexander Dr	Head	W	M	Mar	1860	40	M	17			Alabama	Kentucky	South Car				Farm
Sarah	Wife	W	F	Feb	1867	33	M	17	5	5	Alabama	Alabama	Alabama				
Elizabeth	Daughter	W	F	Dec	1887	12	S				Alabama	Alabama	Alabama				Farm
Rosebud	Son	W	M	Jun	1891	8	S				Alabama	Alabama	Alabama				
Sarah M	Daughter	W	F	Nov	1893	6	S				Alabama	Alabama	Alabama				
Mandy L	Daughter	W	F	Mar	1895	5	S				Alabama	Alabama	Alabama				

INGRAM - ALEXANDER

Henry Alexander m. Hester Rush
b. 1740s (?) b. abt. 1752 in PA
m. Apr. 17, 1766 m. Apr. 17, 1766
d. 1820s (?)

Henry H. Alexander m. Mary Garvin
b. Feb. 24, 1772 in PA b. Mar. 4, 1781 in SC
d. Aug. 9, 1842 d. June 23, 1862
p.d. York Cty, SC p.d. Alabama

(Brother: John Alexander (1809-1883)----→ James D. Alexander m.(1) Elizabeth Caroline Tamson
b. Feb. 12, 1807 d. Dec. 4, 1848 in MS
p.b. SC m.(2) Sarah Elizabeth Blake
d. Feb. 15, 1884 b. Feb. 11, 1819 in SC
p.d. AL d. Oct. 23, 1882 in AL

Abner Clark Ingram m. Martha Caroline Johnsey
b. Dec. 5, 1836? b. March 26, 1840
p.b. Georgia p.b. SC
m. Dec. 23, 1858 d. June 10, 1888
d. Jan. 5, 1898 p.d. Alabama
p.d. Texas

James Oliver Alexander m Catherine Jane Alexander Crawford
b. Nov. 2, 1839 b. Mar. 20, 1842
p.b. York Dist., SC p.b. South Carolina
d. July 27, 1916 d. June 3, 1918
p.d. Alabama

Stonewall Jackson Ingram m. Elizabeth Caroline Tamson Alexander
b. Oct. 24, 1866 b. Jan. 17, 1875
p.b. Alabama p.b. Alabama
d. Dec. 22, 1924 d. Nov. 4, 1956
p.d. Alabama p.d. Alabama

James Clark Ingram m. Bessie Dee Smelley
b. July 20, 1899 b. Jan. 24, 1903
p.b. Alabama p.b. Texas
m. Aug. 12, 1922 m. Aug. 12, 1922
d. March 24, 1948 d. Feb. 23, 1990
p.d. Alabama p.d. Alabama

Margaret Doris Ingram
b. Oct. 6, 1925
p.b. Texas

Jimmie Dee Ingram
b. Dec. 22, 1927
p.b. Alabama
d. Oct. 23, 1995
p.d. Alabama

Betty Carolyn Ingram
b. March 30, 1930
p.b. Alabama

Marion Rebecca Ingram
b. Jan. 28, 1932
p.b. Alabama

Rev. April, 1996 by Margaret Godfrey

Betty Carolyn Ingram
b. March 30, 1930
p.b. Alabama

m

Roland McDaniel
b. April 28, 1922
p.b. North Carolina

Archie Roland McDaniel
b. April 3, 1950
p.b. Alabama

m

Fay Coffee
b. June 13, 1956
p.b. Texas

Stephanie Marie McDaniel
b. April 25, 1988
p.b. Tennessee

ABNER CLARK INGRAM
in
The Civil War

On September 9, 1861, Abner Clark Ingram enlisted as a private in the Confederate Army at Montevallo, Shelby County, Alabama. He was assigned to Company G of the 20th Alabama Infantry which was organized in Montgomery on September 16, 1861.

On June 18, 1862, the 20th Infantry Regiment fought in a battle at Cumberland Gap, north of Knoxville, Tennessee. On December 27 through 29, 1862, they were in action at Chickasaw Bayou, north of Vicksburg, Mississippi. In May of 1863 the 20th Infantry were in battles at Port Gibson and Champion Hill, Mississippi.

In the spring of 1863, General Ulysses S. Grant was trying to gain control of the Mississippi River in order to cut off the Confederacy's food supplies from Texas, Arkansas and Louisiana. His troops advanced steadily south from Tennessee but were blocked at Vicksburg, where the Confederates had fortified themselves on high bluffs along the Mississippi River. Grant was able to maneuver his troops around and below Vicksburg, surrounding the city and trapping 31,000 Confederate troops under Lt. Gen. John C. Pemberton. Grant tried to take the town by force but was beaten back.

Vicksburg was under siege for 48 days. The town was shelled day and night by more than 200 Union guns from land and gunboats from the river. Caves were dug in the yellow clay hillsides. Food supplies ran low. People ate mules, horses, dogs, and even jaybirds, with a bread made of equal parts corn and dried peas. When daily rations for the Confederate Army were down to one biscuit and one bit of bacon, Lt. Gen. Pemberton decided to surrender his troops rather than continue to subject them to the terrible ordeal. Thirty-one thousand Confederates were surrendered on the forty-eighth day of the siege, July 4, 1863. Union men did not jeer their captives. A Confederate chaplain is reported to have said, "They did not seem to exult much over our fall for they knew that we surrendered to famine, not to them."

The Alabama 20th Infantry Regiment surrendered at Vicksburg on July 4, 1863 and were paroled there later in the month. Abner Clark Ingram was captured at Vicksburg on July 4, 1863. He was paroled on July 8, 1863 and furloughed at Enterprise, Mississippi about July 22, 1863. Rather than try to find means of transporting 31,000 men to prison camps in the north, the Union paroled all the men captured at Vicksburg except for one officer and 708 men who preferred to go to prison camps rather than be exchanged and risk having to fight again.

In September and November of 1863 the 20th Infantry Regiment fought in battles at Chattanooga, Tennessee.

In the summer of 1864, Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman was given the assignment of capturing Atlanta, the "Gate City of the South," and the second most important manufacturing center of the Confederacy. He planned to split the Confederacy by marching through Georgia to the Atlantic Ocean. Between July 20 and 28, 1864, the Confederate commander, Gen. John Bell Hood, fought Sherman's advancing army three times -- at Peachtree Creek to the north, again west of Decatur, and at Ezra Church to the east. Hood lost all three battles but the city itself remained in Confederate hands. The Confederates fell back into Atlanta and waited for Sherman to attack. He sealed off the city's supplies and waited. Federal guns shelled the heavily fortified Confederate trenches and the city beyond the trenches. The siege lasted for a month.

In order to destroy the only remaining rail connection which supplied food to Atlanta, on August 18th Sherman sent a division to destroy the Macon Railroad at Jonesboro, 20 miles south of Atlanta. The Union Division met with resistance from Confederate forces and returned north to Decatur. On August 31 Sherman sent most of his forces south to destroy the Macon railroad at three locations: Rough & Ready Station located four miles below East Point, Jonesboro, and a point midway between Jonesboro and Rough & Ready. General Hood sent troops to attack the encamped Union forces at Jonesboro. The Confederates suffered more than 1700 casualties; the Union less than a fourth as many. The Confederate forces returned north to Atlanta to help hold the city against the expected assault from Sherman, unaware that two Federal armies had moved to Rough & Ready and were controlling the city's last rail supply line. The Confederates evacuated Atlanta on September 1st and Sherman's armies marched into Atlanta the next day.

Abner Clark Ingram was captured near Jonesboro, Georgia on August 31, 1864. His name appears on a roll of prisoners of war exchanged by order of Maj. Gen. W. T. Sherman at Rough and Ready, Georgia, Sept. 19 and 22, 1864.

The 20th Infantry Regiment was consolidated with the 30th Infantry Regiment and designated as the 20th Infantry Regiment at Smithfield, North Carolina, on April 9, 1865. The regiment was surrendered by General Joseph E. Johnston at Durham Station, Orange County, North Carolina, on April 26, 1865.

Information above on activities of the 20th Infantry Regiment is from COMPENDIUM OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMIES, ALABAMA by Stewart Sifakis.

Information on battles is from: THE CIVIL WAR, RED RIVER TO APPOMATTOX
by Shelby Foote

THE CIVIL WAR, AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY
by Geoffrey C. Ward

143. ALABAMA 20TH INFANTRY REGIMENT

Organization: Organized at Montgomery on September 16, 1861. Regiment surrendered at Vicksburg, Mississippi, on July 4, 1863. Paroled there later in month. Consolidated with the 30th Infantry Regiment and designated as the 20th Infantry Regiment at Smithfield, North Carolina, on April 9, 1865.

First Commander: Isham W. Garrott (Lieutenant Colonel, Colonel)

Field Officers: John W. Davis (Major, Lieutenant Colonel)
James M. Dedman (Lieutenant Colonel, Colonel)
John G. Harris (Major)
Edmund W. Pettus (Major, Lieutenant Colonel, Colonel)
Alfred S. Pickering (Major)
Mitchell T. Porter (Major, Lieutenant Colonel)

Assignments: District of Alabama, Department of Alabama and West Florida (October 1861-January 1862)
Army of Mobile, Department of Alabama and West Florida (January-February 1862)
Barton's Brigade, Department of East Tennessee (May-June 1862)
Reynolds' Brigade, Stevenson's Division, Department of East Tennessee (June-October 1862)
Tracy's Brigade, McCown's Division, Department of East Tennessee (October-December 1862)
Tracy's Brigade, 2nd Military District, Department of Mississippi and East Louisiana (December 1862-January 1863)
Tracy's Brigade, Stevenson's Division, Department of Mississippi and East Louisiana (January-July 1863)
Pettus' Brigade, Stevenson's Division, 1st Corps, Army of Tennessee (November 1863-February 1864)
Pettus' Brigade, Stevenson's Division, 2nd Corps, Army of Tennessee (February 1864-April 1865)

Battles: Cumberland Gap (June 18, 1862)
Chickasaw Bayou (December 27-29, 1862)
Greenville Expedition (detachment) (April 2-25, 1863)
Vicksburg Campaign (May-July 1863)
Port Gibson (May 1, 1863)
Champion Hill (May 16, 1863)
Vicksburg Siege (May-July 1863)
Chattanooga Siege (September-November 1863)
Chattanooga (November 23-25, 1863)
Atlanta Campaign (May-September 1864)
Rocky Face Ridge (May 5-11, 1864)

GENERAL SERVICES ADMINISTRATION
NATIONAL ARCHIVES AND RECORDS SERVICE

ORDER FOR PHOTOCOPIES CONCERNING VETERAN

(See reverse for explanation)

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS SPACE

RECEIPT NO. 428 DATE 6-29-65

SEARCHER

FILE DESIGNATION

Ingram, A. C.
Company G, 20th Alabama Infantry
C. S. A.

Confederate.

I | 20 | Ala.

A C Ingraham
Pvt, Co. G, 20 Reg't Alabama Infantry.

Appears on

Company Muster Roll

of the organization named above,

for Sept 9 to Dec 1, 1861.

Enlisted:
When Sept 9, 1861.
Where Montevallo Shelby co Ala
By whom John W Davis
Period War

Last paid:
By whom
To what time , 186 .

Present or absent Present
Remarks:

Book mark:

A Mowry
Copyist.

(642)

Confederate.

I | 20 | Ala.

A C Ingraham
Pvt, Co. G, 20 Reg't Alabama Infantry.

Appears on

Company Muster Roll

of the organization named above,

for Dec 1 to 31, 1861.

Enlisted:
When Sept 9, 1861.
Where Montevallo Shelby co ala
By whom John W Davis
Period War

Last paid:
By whom J C Clark
To what time Oct 31, 1861.

Present or absent Absent
Remarks: Furloughed from the 23 Dec to 7 of Jan 1862

Book mark:

A Mowry
Copyist.

(642)

New Hope Church (May 25-June 4, 1864)
Kennesaw Mountain (June 27, 1864)
Atlanta (July 22, 1864)
Atlanta Siege (July-September 1864)
Jonesboro (August 31-September 1, 1864)
Franklin (not engaged) (November 30, 1864)
Nashville (December 15-16, 1864)
Carolinas Campaign (February-April 1865)
Kinston (March 7-10, 1865)
Bentonville (March 19-21, 1865)
Further Reading: Williams, Hattie Eunice. *A Brief History of Company C, Twentieth Alabama Regiment of the War Between the States.*

144. ALABAMA 20TH INFANTRY REGIMENT CONSOLIDATED

Organization: Organized by the consolidation of the 20th and 30th Infantry Regiments at Smithfield, North Carolina, on April 9, 1865. Surrendered by General Joseph E. Johnston at Durham Station, Orange County, North Carolina, on April 26, 1865.
Field Officers: James K. Elliott (Lieutenant Colonel)
Assignment: Pettus' Brigade, Stevenson's Division, 2nd Corps, Army of Tennessee (April 1865)
Battle: Carolinas Campaign (February-April 1865)
Further Reading: Williams, Hattie Eunice. *A Brief History of Company C, Twentieth Alabama Regiment of the War Between the States.*

GENERAL SERVICES ADMINISTRATION
NATIONAL ARCHIVES AND RECORDS SERVICE

ORDER FOR PHOTOCOPIES
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DO NOT WRITE IN THIS SPACE

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G | 20 | Ala.

A C Ingraham

Pvt., Co. G, 20 Reg't Alabama Infantry.

Appears on

Company Muster Roll

of the organization named above,

for Sept 9 to Dec 1, 1861.

Enlisted:
When Sept 9, 1861.
Where Montevallo Shelby co Ala
By whom John W Davis
Period War

Last paid:
By whom
To what time , 186 .

Present or absent Present

Remarks:

Book mark:

Allenby
copyist.

(642)

Confederate.

G | 20 | Ala.

A C Ingraham

Pvt., Co. G, 20 Reg't Alabama Infantry.

Appears on

Company Muster Roll

of the organization named above,

for Dec 1 to 31, 1861.

Enlisted:
When Sept 9, 1861.
Where Montevallo Shelby co Ala
By whom John W Davis
Period War

Last paid:
By whom J C Clark
To what time Oct 31, 1861.

Present or absent Absent

Remarks: Furloughed from the
23 Dec to 7 Jan 1862

Book mark:

Allenby
copyist.

(642)

VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI, JULY 5 1863.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN, KNOW YE THAT:

I A. C. Ingraham a Private of Co. Scott Reg't Ala Vols. C. S. A., being a prisoner of War, in the hands of the United States Forces, in virtue of the capitulation of the city of Vicksburg and its Garrison, by Lieut. Gen. John C. Pemberton, C. S. A., Commanding, on the 4th day of July, 1863, do in pursuance of the terms of said capitulation, give this my solemn parole under oath———

That I will not take up arms again against the United States, nor serve in any military, police, or constabulary force in any Fort, Garrison or field work, held by the Confederate States of America, against the United States of America, nor as guard of any prisons, depots or stores nor discharge any duties usually performed by Officers or soldiers against the United States of America, until duly exchanged by the proper authorities.

A. C. Ingraham
Private

Sworn to and subscribed before me at Vicksburg, Miss., this 8 day of July 1863.

Jno C Foy 2d Lt Reg't Ala Vols
Major AND PAROLING OFFICER.

New Hope Church (May 25-June 4, 1864)
Kennesaw Mountain (June 27, 1864)
Atlanta (July 22, 1864)
Atlanta Siege (July-September 1864)
Jonesboro (August 31-September 1, 1864)
Franklin (not engaged) (November 30, 1864)
Nashville (December 15-16, 1864)
Carolinas Campaign (February-April 1865)
Kinston (March 7-10, 1865)
Bentonville (March 19-21, 1865)
Further Reading: Williams, Hattie Eunice. *A Brief History of Company C, Twentieth Alabama Regiment of the War Between the States.*

144. ALABAMA 20TH INFANTRY REGIMENT CONSOLIDATED

Organization: Organized by the consolidation of the 20th and 30th Infantry Regiments at Smithfield, North Carolina, on April 9, 1865. Surrendered by General Joseph E. Johnston at Durham Station, Orange County, North Carolina, on April 26, 1865.
Field Officers: James K. Elliott (Lieutenant Colonel)
Assignment: Pettus' Brigade, Stevenson's Division, 2nd Corps, Army of Tennessee (April 1865)
Battle: Carolinas Campaign (February-April 1865)
Further Reading: Williams, Hattie Eunice. *A Brief History of Company C, Twentieth Alabama Regiment of the War Between the States.*

(Confederate.)

I | 20 | Ala.

A G Ingram*

Pvt., Co. G, 20 Reg't Alabama Infantry.

Appears on

Company Muster Roll

of the organization named above,

for Dec 31-1861 to Apr 15, 1862.

Enlisted:
When Sept 9, 1861.
Where Montevallo
By whom J W Davis
Period War

Last paid:
By whom Capt J G Clark
To what time Dec 31, 1861.

Present or absent Present.

Remarks:

* Name appears in Column of Names Present as A G Ingraham

Book mark:

A Mercer

(642) Copyist.

(Confederate.)

I | 20 | Ala.

A G Ingram

Pvt., Co. G, 20 Reg't Alabama Infantry.

Appears on

Company Muster Roll

of the organization named above,

for April 15 to 30, 1862.

Enlisted:
When Sept 9, 1861.
Where Montevallo.
By whom J W Davis
Period War

Last paid:
By whom Capt J G Clark
To what time Feb 28, 1862

Present or absent Present

Remarks:

Book mark:

A Mercer

(642) Copyist.

(Confederate.)

I | 20 | Ala.

A b Ingram

Pvt, Co G, 20 Reg't Alabama Infantry.

Appears on

Company Muster Roll

of the organization named above,

for April 30 & Oct 31, 1862.

Enlisted:

When Sept 9, 1861.

Where Montevallo Ala

By whom Jno W Davis

Period War

Last paid:

By whom Capt J B Clarke

To what time Apl 30, 1862.

Present or absent Present

Remarks:

Book mark:

Allcroft

(642) Copyist.

(Confederate.)

I | 20 | Ala.

A b Ingram

Pvt, Co G, 20 Reg't Alabama Infantry.

Appears on

Company Muster Roll

of the organization named above,

for Nov & Dec, 1862.

Enlisted:

When Sept 9, 1861.

Where Montevallo

By whom Capt Jno W Davis

Period War

Last paid:

By whom Capt J B Clark

To what time Oct 31, 1862.

Present or absent Present

Remarks:

Book mark:

Allcroft

(642) Copyist.

(Confederate.)

I | 20 | Ala.

A C Ingram

Pvt, Co. G, 20 Reg't Alabama Infantry.

Appears on

Company Muster Roll

of the organization named above,

for Jan & Feb, 1863.

Enlisted:

When Sept 9, 1861.

Where Montevallo

By whom Jno W Davis

Period War

Last paid:

By whom Maj J E McElrath

To what time Dec 31, 1862.

Present or absent Present

Remarks:

Book mark:

A McCrosby

Copyist.

(642)

(Confederate.)

I | 20 | Ala.

A. C. Ingrahm x

Private, Co. G, 20 Reg't Alabama Infantry.

Appears on a

Roll of Prisoners of War

paroled at Vicksburg, Miss., according to the terms of capitulation entered into by the commanding Generals of the United States and Confederate forces July 4, 1863.

Roll dated Not dated

Paroled at Vicksburg, Miss., July 8, 1863.

Where captured Vicksburg

When captured July 4, 1863.

Remarks:

x Duplicate shows name A. C. Ingram.

Number of roll:

4

P B Hinger

Copyist.

(6335)

(Confederate.)

I | 2c | Ala

W. C. Ingram

Pvt Co I 2c Regt Ala Inf

Appears on a

Roll of Prisoners of War

captured by the 15th Army Corps and forwarded to the Provost Marshal General, Department of the Cumberland, from May 9 to September 8, 1864.

Roll dated

Not dated, 186 .

When captured Aug 31, 1864.

Where captured Near Jonesboro Ga.

Forwarded Sept 21, 1864.

Remarks:

Number of roll:

1; sheet 42.

Army Corps.

(639b) W. W. McClain. Copyist.

(Confederate.)

I | 20 | Ala

A. C. Ingram

Pvt Co I 20 Regt Ala Inf

Appears on a

Roll of Prisoners of War

exchanged by order of Major General W. T. Sherman, Comdg. Military Division of the Mississippi, at Rough and Ready, Ga., Sept. 19 and 22, 1864.

Roll not dated.

Where captured Near Jonesboro Ga.

When captured Sept 1, 1864.

Remarks:

Number of roll:

1; sheet 21

(639b) L. Murdock Copyist.

(CONFEDERATE.)

I | 20 | Ala.

A. C. Ingraham

pvt, Co. G, 20 Reg't. Ala. Inf.

Appears on a

LIST

of officers and men of the 20th Alabama Regiment, Lee's Brigade, Stevenson's Division.

List not dated.*

Remarks:

*Other records indicate the men were furloughed at Enterprise, Miss., about July 22, 1863.

Herring

Copyist.

(CONFEDERATE.)

I | 20 | Ala

A C Ingram

Pvt Co G 20 Ala Regt

Appears on a

RECEIPT ROLL

for clothing,

for 2nd Qr, 1864 .

Date of issue June 8, 1864 .

Signature

Remarks:

Roll No.

Wygal

Copyist.

(Confederate.)

I | 2c | Ala

W. L. Ingram

Pvt Co. I 2d Regt Ala Inf

Appears on a

Roll of Prisoners of War

captured by the 15th Army Corps and forwarded to the Provost Marshal General, Department of the Cumberland, from May 9 to September 8, 1864.

Roll dated

Not Dated, 186 .

When captured Aug. 31, 1864.

Where captured Near Jonesboro Ga.

Forwarded Sept. 31, 1864.

Remarks:

Number of roll:

1; sheet 42.

Army Corps.

W. W. McClain

(639b) Copyist.

(Confederate.)

I | 20 | Ala

A. C. Ingram

Pvt Co. I 20 Regt Ala Inf

Appears on a

Roll of Prisoners of War

exchanged by order of Major General W. T. Sherman, Comdg. Military Division of the Mississippi, at Rough and Ready, Ga., Sept. 19 and 22, 1864.

Roll not dated.

Where captured Near Jonesboro Ga.

When captured Sept 1, 1864

Remarks:

Number of roll:

1; sheet 21

L. Murdock

(639b) Copyist.

THE INGRAM FAMILY

Our great-grandparents on the Ingram side of the family were Abner Clark Ingram and Martha Caroline Johnsey. Abner Clark was a farmer. He and his parents were born in Georgia. His parents' names are not known. Abner Clark served as a private in the Confederate Army. (See Abner Clark Ingram in The Civil War.) Martha Caroline Johnsey was born in South Carolina, as were her parents. The names of her parents are not known. Abner Clark and Martha Caroline were married the 23rd of December, 1858.

Name	Date of Birth	Date of Death	Age
Abner Clark Ingram	Dec. 5, 1836	Jan. 5, 1898	62
Martha Caroline Johnsey	March 26, 1840	June 10, 1888	48
John Wright, son	Feb. 9, 1860	July 5, 1923	63
Clark Terrell, son	June 16, 1861	Oct. 3, 1937	76
Stonewall Jackson, son	Oct. 24, 1866	Dec. 22, 1924	58
William Garrett, son	Sept. 9, 1868	Mar. 3, 1946	78
Samuel Davis, son	July 9, 1870	?	
Martha Sydney, daughter	Jan. 1, 1872	Mar. 3, 1946	74
Mary Josephine, daughter	Jan. 5, 1874	May 21, 1941	67
L. C. Ransome	Nov. 5, 1876	?	
Infant son born and died	April 30, 1879		
Lydia Elizabeth	Feb. 9, 1880	Dec. 26, 1948	68
Frank Zollicoffer	June 7, 1881	Feb. 13, 1932	51

Martha Caroline Johnsey Ingram is buried in the Spring Creek Cemetery. About four years after her death Abner Clark Ingram and his daughter Jocie called for letters of dismissal from the Spring Creek Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and it is assumed that was the year he left Alabama with his younger children to join two older sons who had gone to Texas earlier. The first sons to migrate to Texas were William Garrett and Samuel Davis. Three sons, John Wright, Clark Terrell, and Stonewall Jackson remained in Alabama, having already married and started families. Martha Sydney married Henry Alexander and remained in Alabama for a time before moving to Mississippi.

Abner Clark Ingram died Jan. 5, 1898 at age 62 and was buried in Texas.

Stonewall Jackson Ingram and Elizabeth Carolyn Alexander were our grandparents. They lived on a farm in the Spring Creek community near Montevallo in Shelby County, Alabama. They had seven children, four sons and three daughters. "Papa Jack" died in December of 1924 from injuries sustained from a falling tree. A neighbor had sent his young sons to cut down a large tree. They were having trouble and asked Papa Jack to help them. When he went to assist them, the tree fell on him.

Prepared by Margaret Ingram Godfrey
December, 1993

CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN
OF
STONEWALL JACKSON AND ELIZABETH CAROLINE TAMSON ALEXANDER INGRAM

Mattie Jane Ingram, born Nov. 23, 1894, died December, 1979. Married to James Robert Frost (1889-1962).

Son: James Robert, Jr.
Son: Jackson Mitchell (1927-1985)
Daughter: Martha Jo

Robert Douglas Ingram, born Jan. 18, 1897, died May, 1974. Married March 3, 1918 to Alice McLaughlin, (1897-Aug. 19, 1980)

Daughter: Helen Roberta, married J. Albert Driggers
Daughter: Mary Elizabeth, married William Goad
Daughter: Martha Alice, married Charles Allen Knowles
Son: Robert Edgar, married Barbara Taft
Daughter: Lara June, married Thomas W. Johnson
Daughter: Barbara Ann, married W. G. Hood
Son: Sidney Jackson, married _____

James Clark Ingram, born July 20, 1899, died March 24, 1948 from coronary thrombosis. Married August 12, 1922 to Bessie Dee Smelley, born January 24, 1903, died February 23, 1990.

Daughter: Margaret Doris, born Oct. 6, 1925,married Reuben Hearn Godfrey
Daughter: Jimmie Dee Ingram, born Dec. 22, 1927, married Herbert Eugene Pauly
Daughter: Betty Carolyn, born March 30, 1930, married Roland McDaniel
Daughter: Marion Rebecca, born Jan. 28, 1932, married Jack Blackerby, Jimmy McDow, Harry Davis, Bob McCullough, Dudley Culver, Robert White

Lydia Irene Ingram, born February 10, 1902, died early 1991. Married to Ferman Albright (1895-1988), buried in Harless Cemetery.

Son: Ferman Jackson, born March 26, 1925
Daughter: Elizabeth, born March 21, 1927
Son: Douglas, born May 30, 1930
Daughter: Judith, born November 20, 1936
Daughter: Ronda, born January 2, 1940

William Lawson Ingram, born June, 1905, died March 15, 1959 from coronary thrombosis. Married to Bessie Mauldin.

Son: Billy Newborn

Herbie Jackson Ingram, born February 12, 1907. Married to Irona Scoggins (born Nov. 6, 1911-1992)

Son: Houston David, married Helen Jacqueline Jones
Daughter: Myra Jean, married Johnny Patterson

Iva Mae Ingram, born November 13, 1908, died January 31, 1986. Married to Clifton L. Hitt who died March 25, 1977. No children.

THE ALEXANDER FAMILY

My father's cousin, Jim Alexander, did extensive research on the Alexander family. Most of the information which follows was obtained from my aunt, Mae Hitt, who obtained much of her material from Jim Alexander and from her cousin, Esther Dye. Additional information was provided by my cousin, Gloria Peterson Furnam.

Jim Alexander's account is that sometime between 1717 and 1735 five Alexander brothers landed in New York from Ireland. Then his account gets confusing. He says that one remained in New York or migrated to Pennsylvania, and one went to Rockham County, Virginia. He names four of the brothers who moved to the Catawba River Valley between Charlotte, N. C. and York and Rock Hill, S. C. about 1745. Two more brothers who were first cousins to the above mentioned Alexanders came into the Carolina area from either New Jersey or Maryland.

Henry Alexander married Hester Rush in 1766 in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and in the late 1700's moved to South Carolina. Henry and Hester are believed to be the parents of Henry Hastings Alexander.

Courthouse records in York County, S. C. contain a last will and testament with settlement of the estate of Henry Alexander, effective May 7, 1845. Heirs were:

W. M. Alexander	Marshall N. Alexander
James D. Alexander	Malinda Alexander
Delinah Alexander	Lucinda Alexander
Matilda Alexander	Rush Alexander
Margarite Alexander	Robert T. Alexander
Mary Alexander	John Alexander

We are particularly interested in James D. Alexander, Robert T. and John. Cousin Esther Dye told Aunt Mae that Henry's widow, Mary, went to Alabama between 1845 and 1855 with her children. (Esther Dye was the daughter of Mae's great-great uncle Robert Alexander, whom I assume is the Robert T. listed as an heir of Henry Alexander.) The area along Spring Creek between Calera and the Spring Creek community in Shelby County was settled by members of the Alexander family around 1850. John Alexander, another son of Henry and Mary, first came into Shelby County as a government surveyor. He was granted land along Spring Creek and purchased adjoining lands. Family records show that he also held an interest in old Tannehill ironworks which produced weapons for the Confederate Army until the 8th Iowa Cavalry destroyed the furnaces in 1865. (For additional information on John Alexander, see material provided by Gloria Furnam contained in this book.)

John Alexander sold portions of his land to some of his brothers who migrated to Alabama from the Carolinas. Census records indicate that one of these brothers, James D. Alexander, was living in Shelby County by 1850. Courthouse records in York County, S. C. indicate that in the fall of 1845 James D. Alexander and wife Elizabeth C. sold land valued at about $5,000. There are no more records of him in South Carolina. The Alabama census for 1850 and again in 1860 lists James D. and Sarah E. Alexander. Records indicate that James D. had two wives. The 1860 census includes James O. Alexander, age 19, in the James D. Alexander family.

John Alexander and his mother, Mary (wife of Henry Hastings Alexander), are buried at Moore's Crossroad Cemetery, along with other early family members. (Located on highway 119 between Montevallo and Alabaster, at intersection with highway 22 going out to the Spring Creek community.)

The 1870 census for Shelby County, Alabama lists James O. Alexander and wife, Catherine J. Alexander. James D. Alexander and wife, Sarah E., are also listed. Both families are in the Calera Post Office area. Both men list farming as their occupation. James O. Alexander was wounded in the Shenandoah Valley Campaign in the Civil War. According to family legend, when he was given a medical discharge after being wounded at

New Market, Virginia, he returned to Shelby County through South Carolina, where he met his wife, Catherine Jane Alexander Crawford. She had two children, James H. Crawford and Robert D. Crawford, by her first husband, R. D. Crawford. Catherine Jane became a mid-wife known affectionately as "Aunt Catie." It was said that her husband got her a gentle horse and she rode side-saddle all over the area as a mid-wife. Catherine Jane was a great-granddaughter of Henry Alexander and Hester Rush. Her husband, James O. Alexander, was a great-grandson of Henry and Hester.

The children of Catherine Jane Alexander and Robert Douglas Crawford were:

James (Jim) Hastings Crawford, born January 27, 1861. Died January 19, 1942. Lived in Calera, Alabama.

Robert Douglas Crawford, born October 26, 1862. Died July 16, 1887.

The children of Catherine Jane Alexander and James Oliver Alexander were:

Mary Isabelle Alexander (Molly), born June 4, 1866. Died May 19, 1932. Married Nicholas Wade Abbott, born June 30, 1850. Died October 4, 1921 (8 children)

Henry H. Alexander, born 1867. Died 1952, buried in Perkinston, Mississippi. Married Martha Sydney Ingram (sister of Stonewall J. Ingram), born 1872. Died 1942 (9 children)

John Montgomery Alexander (Presbyterian minister), born April 27, 1871. Died September 29, 1945. Married Pearl Wileman, born July 25, 1878. Died September 10, 1960. (3 children)

William Rush Alexander, born March 25, 1873. Died November 6, 1950. (Lived in Valley Grove community) Married Lenora Allen, born September 17, 1877. Died April 19, 1956. (8 children)

Elizabeth Caroline (Carrie) Tamson Alexander, born January 17, 1875. Died November 4, 1956. Married Stonewall Jackson Ingram, born October 24, 1866. Died December 22, 1924. (7 children)

Oliver Lee Alexander, born November 16, 1877. Died June 2, 1955. Married Mollie Huff, born August 31, 1879. Died June 15, 1979. (4 children)

George Calvin Alexander (Presbyterian minister), born 1879 or 1880. Died in Frederickstown, Missouri. Married Bessie Frierson. (1 son)

Margaret Corine Alexander, born in 1882. Died November 19, 1961. Married Herman H. Killingsworth. (2 daughters)

Myrtle Lee Alexander, born June 1, 1887. Died July 28, 1888.

Prepared by Margaret Doris Ingram Godfrey, October, 1993.
Revised April, 1996.

JAMES OLIVER ALEXANDER
in
The Civil War

James Oliver Alexander enlisted as a private in the Confederate Army on June 4, 1861 at Montevallo, Shelby County, Alabama. He was assigned to Company C in the 10th Regiment of the Alabama Infantry. The Alabama 10th Infantry Regiment was organized at Montgomery on June 4, 1861.

From May, 1863 to April, 1865 the 10th Infantry Regiment was assigned to the Army of Northern Virginia.

In 1864 the Union troops in Virginia were well supplied with food. The Confederates were poorly supplied. In June Lee sent 10,000 men under General Jubal Early north from Petersburg to push Union troops out of Shenandoah, to exact tribute from Pennsylvania towns, and to harass the city of Washington.

Union General Philip Sheridan and 45,000 men went into Shenandoah, Virginia, with orders to follow Jubal Early to the death and strip the valley. They demolished railroad lines, crops and barns. Herds were driven off and houses burned.

On September 19 Early and Sheridan clashed at Winchester and the Confederates were forced to withdraw. On October 18 Sheridan's forces defeated the last attempt by Early to destroy Sheridan's army. Thereafter the Shenandoah was closed to the Confederacy and the Confederates were deprived of much needed food supplies. Lee had to abandon Richmond, and on April 9, 1865, surrendered his army at Appomattox.

The Alabama 10th Infantry Regiment surrendered at Appomattox Court House, Virginia, on April 9, 1865.

Pvt. J. O. Alexander was apparently wounded twice in the Shenandoah campaign. Records show that he received his pay for September and October, 1864, in the hospital after being wounded on September 27, 1864. He was paid for November and December, 1864, at General Hospital, Howard's Grove, Richmond, Virginia. Certificate of Disability indicates that he received a wound from a minie ball in his left thigh on October 29, 1864, resulting in permanent disability for which he was retired from service on February 23, 1865.

Information on activities of the Alabama 10th Infantry Regiment is from COMPENDIUM OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMIES, ALABAMA, by Stewart Sifakis.

Information on battles is from: THE CIVIL WAR, RED RIVER TO APPOMATTOX, by Shelby Foote

THE CIVIL WAR, AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY, by Geoffrey C. Ward

A POCKET HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, by Nevins and Commager

(Confederate.)

A. | 10 | Ala.

James O. Alexander

Pvt, Co. C, 10 Reg't Alabama Infantry.

Appears on

Company Muster Roll

of the organization named above,

for June 4 To July 31 1861.
Last July 31 1861

Enlisted:

When June 4. 1861.

Where Montevallo Ala

By whom Capt Forney.

Period The War

Last paid:

By whom Not since last muster

To what time , 186 .

Present or absent Present

Remarks:

Book mark:

(62)

(CONFEDERATE.)

A. | 10 | Ala.

J. O. Alexander

Pvt. Co. C, 10 Regt Ala.

Appears on a Register of

Chimborazo Hospital No. 4,
Richmond, Virginia.

Disease Fever, Continued

Admitted March 8, 186 2

Returned to duty , 186 .

Deserted , 186 .

Discharged , 186 .

Furloughed , 186 .

Died , 186 .

Remarks: Transferred to 2d Ala. Hosp. by Surg. Genl.

Confed. Arch., Chap. 6, File No. 22, page 2a.

(623) A Ryce
Copyist.

4212

THE CONFEDERATE STATES, Dr.

To James O. Alexander

C. S. Army.

Co C. 10. Ala

	DOLLARS.	CTS.
For Monthly Pay; from May. 1 — 186 2 to Nov. 1 — 1862		
being 6 months, days, at $ 11 — per month,	66	00
" Bounty —	50	—
Deduct, due		
Amount paid,	116	00

I certify, that I have endorsed this Payment on Alexanders Descriptive Roll. S. M. Langston

A. R. Cumbie

Paymr

RECEIVED, Richmond this 3rd day of Nov 1862

from Maj John A. Cumbie Quartermaster C. S Army, the sum of

One Hundred & Sixteen Dollars,

being the amount, and in full of the above account.

WITNESS,

[Signed Duplicates.] — J. O. Alexander

(COLORADO)

4 | 10 | Ala

J. O. Alexander

Pvt. Co. C. 10 Regt. Ala

Appears on a Register of

Receiving and Wayside Hospital,
or General Hospital No. 9,
Richmond, Virginia,

Admitted Aug. 24, 1863.

Disposition H. Grove ward 1

Date Aug. 25, 1863.

Remarks:

Confed. Arch., Chap. 6, File No. 106, page 7

(635) Copyist.

4803

(CONFEDERATE)

F | 10 | Ala

J. O. Alexander

Pvt Co C. 10 Ala

Appears on a Register of

General Hospital, Howard's Grove,
Richmond, Virginia.

Admitted Aug 25, 1863.

Diagnosis

Remarks:

Confed. Arch., Chap. 6, File. No. 245, page 14.

(635) Copyist.

5169

(CONFEDERATE.)

10 | Ala.

James O Alexander

Pvt, Co. C, 10 Reg't Alabama Infantry.

Appears on

Company Muster Roll

of the organization named above,

for July & Aug, 1863.

Enlisted:

When June 4, 1861.

Where Montevallo Ala

By whom Col J H Forney

Period War

Last paid:

By whom Capt Haydon

To what time June 30, 1863.

Present or absent absent

Remarks: Sick at Hospital

Book mark:

J Patton

Copyist.

(642)

(CONFEDERATE.)

10 | Ala

J. C. Alexander

Pvt. Co. C 10 Regt. Ala.

Appears on a Register of

General Hospital, Howard's Grove, Richmond, Virginia.

Disease Debilitas

Admitted Aug 25, 1863.

Returned to duty Sept 30, 186 .

Discharged , 186 .

Deserted , 186 .

Died , 186 .

Furloughed , 186 .

When transferred , 186 .

Where transferred

Remarks:

Confed. Arch., Chap. 6, File No. 195, page 41

C. K Sims

Copyist.

(635) 5168

(Confederate.)

Pvt | 10 | Ala.

James D. Alexander

Pvt, Co. C, 10 Reg't Alabama Infantry.

Appears on

Company Muster Roll

of the organization named above,

for Sept & Oct, 1863.

Enlisted:
When June 4, 1861.
Where Montevallo Ala
By whom Col. J. H. Forney
Period War.

Last paid:
By whom Paid at Hosp.
To what time Aug 31, 1863.

Present or absent Present

Remarks:

Book mark:

J. Patrick

(642) Copyist.

A | (CONFEDERATE.) 10 | Ala

Jas. C. Alexander

Co. C 10 Regt. Ala Inf.

Appears on a
RECEIPT ROLL

for clothing,

for 2 qr, 1864.

Date of issue ....., 186 .
Signature .....
Remarks: .....

Roll No. .....

Copyist:

(Confederate.)

K | 10 | Ala.

James D Alexander

Pvt, Co. C, 10 Reg't Alabama Infantry.

Appears on

Company Muster Roll

of the organization named above,

for Sept & Oct, 1864

Enlisted:
When June 4, 1861.
Where Montevallo Ala
By whom Col Forney
Period War

Last paid:
By whom Maj Price
To what time June 30, 1864

Present or absent Absent

Remarks: At Hospital wounded Sept 27. 1864

Book mark:

C J Ward

(612) Copyist.

(CONFEDERATE.)

A | 10 | Ala.

J. O. Alexander

Pvt Co. C, 10 Regt. Ala

Appears on

Hospital Muster Roll

of sick and wounded soldiers in

2d Division

of General Hospital, Howard's Grove,

at Richmond, Va.,

for to Dec. 31, 1864
Dated Dec 31, 1864

Enlisted:
When 4 June, 1861.
Where Montevallo Ala.
By whom Col Forney
Period

Attached to Hospital:
When , 186 .
How employed

Last paid:
By whom Capt. Kemper
To what time Oct. 31, 1864.

Present or absent Present

Remarks:

Book mark:

W. Farmer

(645) Copyist.

1611

Gen. H. H. Grove 2nd Division Jan 27th 1865

Sir

In consequence of the absence of my Command and the nature of my wound I respectfully ask permission to appear before the Medical Ex. Board at this Hospital with view to retirement in accordance with an act of Congress Granting pensions invalids Corps for officers and men disabled while in line of duty. Annexed is certificate of Medical Ex. Board upon which the application is based.

I am Sir
Your Obedient Servt
Jas C. Alexander
Pvt. Co E. 10th Ala Regt

The Hon. Jas. A. Seddon Secty of War

Office Med. Ex. Board C. Hosp. Grove
Richmond Va. Feb 9th 1865

We certify that we have carefully examined Lt. A. Alexander Pivate of Co E. 10th Ala. Sanders Brig. and find him permanently disabled for field service because of G.S. Injection upon Middle 3rd left thigh resulting in permanent flexion of leg and thigh at right angles with thigh by Miscentur Contraction occasioned Oct 29th 1864 Newmarket Va. [illegible]

Surg. P.A.C.S. } Med
" P.A.C.S. } Ex
P.A.C.S. } Board

ARMY OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES.

CERTIFICATE OF DISABILITY FOR RETIRING INVALID SOLDIERS.

[Under Act of Congress, approved February 17, 1864.]

Prvt. J. O. Alexander, of Captain Moore's Company ("B"), of the 10th Ala Regiment, Forney Brigade, enrolled or enlisted by Col Forney, at Monte Valo Ala on the 4th day of June 1861, to serve During the war He was born in York District, in the State of S. C. is 25 years of age, 6 feet 3 inches high, Fair complexion, Blue eyes, Dark hair, and by occupation, when enlisted, a Farmer; and having appeared before this Board for examination, we do hereby certify—

[Here state whether the soldier is permanently disabled, and cannot perform duty in any branch of the military service, with a full description of the wound, injury or disease, and the disabling effects, and that it was received or contracted in the service of the Confederate States, in the line of duty. If it is a re-examination, made at periods of six months, state such fact. If the invalid, being disabled for duty in the field, is fit for duty in some department of the military service, recommend him accordingly. Should an invalid discharged overcome the disability, recommend him for such duty as he can perform.]

That he is permanently disabled for field service unfit at present for any duty because of G. S. posterior aspect middle 3d left thigh resulting in permanent flexion of leg upon thigh at right angles by muscular Contraction - wound still open and discharging Received in line of duty Oct 29th 1864 at New Market Retired and ordered to Report to Commdt of Post at Talladega Ala for pay and Emoluments

James McElroy, Surgeon P. A. C. S.

Geo. Williams, Surgeon P. A. C. S.

Ed Paine, Surgeon P. A. C. S.

Medical Examining Board.

PLACE: G H Howards Grove Richmond Va

DATE: Feb 21st 1865

(DUPLICATE.)

(CONFEDERATE.)

A | 10 | Ala

J O Alexander

Pvt Co. 6, 10 Regt Ala

Appears on a Register of

Medical Director's Office,
Richmond, Va.,

under the head of "Applications and Certificates for Retirement."

When received Feb 24, 1865

Date of paper Feb 21, 1865

Where from N G Hosp.

Where sent A. A. G.

Remarks: Appn

Confed. Arch., Chap. 6, File No. 145, page 222

J. T. Williams

(625) Copyist.

1761

(CONFEDERATE.)

A | 10 | Ala

J. O. Alexander,

Pvt. Co. 6, 10 Ala.

Appears on a Prescription Book of

Alabama Hospital,
Richmond, Va.

Complaint V. S. middle 1/3 left thigh flesh Minie

Admitted Oct. 30, 1864.

Disposition Retired from service Feb. 23, 1865

Remarks:

Confed. Arch., Chap. 6, File No. 425, page 122

Daniel A. Lane

(635) Copyist.

1404

Alexander, James O.
Co. C, 10 Regt. Alabama Inf.
Private

129. ALABAMA 10TH INFANTRY REGIMENT

Organization: Organized at Montgomery on June 4, 1861. Surrendered at Appomattox Court House, Virginia, on April 9, 1865.
First Commander: John H. Forney (Colonel)
Field Officers: Taul Bradford (Major)
John H. Caldwell (Major, Lieutenant Colonel)
Arthur S. Cunningham (Lieutenant Colonel) (temporary assignment)
William H. Forney (Major, Lieutenant Colonel, Colonel)
Lewis W. Johnson (Major)
James B. Martin (Lieutenant Colonel)
James E. Shelley (Lieutenant Colonel)
William T. Smith (Lieutenant Colonel)
James H. Truss (Major)
John J. Woodward (Major, Lieutenant Colonel, Colonel)

Assignments: E. K. Smith's Brigade, Army of the Shenandoah (July 1861)
E. K. Smith's Brigade, 2nd Corps, Army of the Potomac (July-October 1861)
E. K. Smith's-Wilcox's Brigade, G.W. Smith's Division, Potomac District, Department of Northern Virginia (October 1861-January 1862)
Wilcox's Brigade, Longstreet's Division, Army of Northern Virginia (April-June 1862)
Wilcox's Brigade, Longstreet's Division, 1st Corps, Army of Northern Virginia (June-August 1862)
Wilcox's Brigade, Wilcox's Division, 1st Corps, Army of Northern Virginia (August-September 1862)
Wilcox's Brigade, Anderson's Division, 1st Corps, Army of Northern Virginia (September 1862-May 1863)
Wilcox's-Perrin's-Sanders'-Forney's Brigade, Anderson's-Mahone's Division, 3rd Corps, Army of Northern Virginia (May 1863-April 1865)
Battles: Dranesville (December 20, 1861)
Yorktown Siege (April-May 1862)
Williamsburg (May 5, 1862)
Seven Pines (May 31-June 1, 1862)
Seven Days Battles (June 25-July 1, 1862)
Gaines' Mill (June 27, 1862)
Frayser's Farm (June 30, 1862)
2nd Bull Run (August 28-30, 1862)
Harpers Ferry (September 12-15, 1862)
Antietam (September 17, 1862)
Fredericksburg (December 13, 1862)
Chancellorsville (May 1-4, 1863)
Gettysburg (July 1-3, 1863)
Bristoe Campaign (October 1863)
Mine Run Campaign (November-December 1863)
The Wilderness (May 5-6, 1864)
Spotsylvania Court House (May 8-21, 1864)
North Anna (May 23-26, 1864)
Cold Harbor (June 1-3, 1864)
Petersburg Siege (June 1864-April 1865)
Appomattox Court House (April 9, 1865)

Granny Ingram's great-grandparents

Henry Alexander Born 1740's ?. Died 1820's? Married April 17, 1776 to
Hester Rush Born about 1752 (Penn.)

Granny Ingram's great-grandparents

Henry Hastings Alexander Born Feb. 24, 1772. Died August 9, 1842. Married to
Mary Garvin Born March 4, 1781. Died June 23, 1862

Granny Ingram's grandparents

James D. Alexander Born Feb. 12, 1807. Died Feb. 15, 1884. Married to
1. Elizabeth Caroline Tamson Alexander. Born ?. Died 12-4-1848 (Starkville, Miss.)
2. Sarah E. Blake. Born Feb. 11, 1819 (SC) Died 10-23-1882 (Al.)

Granny Ingram's parents

James Oliver Alexander Born Nov. 2, 1839. Died July 27, 1916. Married to
Catherine Jane Alexander Crawford Born March 20, 1842. Died June 3, 1918
Baptized May 11, 1861.

Children of Henry Hastings Alexander — Granny Ingram's great-grandparents

Granny Ingram's great-uncle →

1 John Alexander Born June 3, 1809. Died April 29, 1883 (74) Moore's Crossroads
1. Malinda Wells. Born Feb. 12, 1805. Died Feb. 19, 1868 (63) Moore's Crossroads
2. Sarah Ann _____ (Later married a Mr. Carlton)

Father of - Ben Alexander

2 William M. Alexander Born Sep. 23, 1811. Died March 16, 1888 (77) Married to
Catherine Ferguson Grafton Born June 24, 1818. Died Feb. 16, 1905

3 Thomas H. Alexander Born 1818. Died June, 1896
Lucrilia C. (Lou) — 3 children

Father of Aunt Esther Dee

4 Robert Thaddeus Alexander Born 1824. — 12 children
Martha Thomas. Born 18__. Died March 8, 1863.
Sarah M. Born 1844.

5 Rush Alexander. Born June 1814? Died Sep. 14, 1842 Bethesda Churchyard

6 Margaret Alexander Born 1818. Died 1879 (61)
Thomas McClusky Married 1856

7 Lucinda Alexander Born Sep. 2, 1802. Died Oct. 18, 1885 Married Oct. 1, 1821
Charles W. Davidson Born 1794

8 Mary M. Alexander Born 1825. Died in 1903-4. (Spent her last days in home of Granny Ingram)

9 Marshall N. Alexander Born Dec. 25, 1825. Died June 13, 1900 (73)
Sarah Ann Stroupe. Born 1840. Died March 1892 (52) (Sunday School teacher)

Granny Ingram's grandparents

10 James D. Alexander Born Feb. 12, 1807 (SC) Died Feb. 15, 1884 (Al) 77
Elizabeth Caroline Tamson Alexander Born ? Died Dec. 4, 1848
Sarah Elizabeth Blake Born Feb. 11, 1819. Died Oct. 23, 1882

11 Matilda Alexander Born 1813

12 Delinah Alexander Born 1800. Died Aug. 1, 1893

See p. 2 John Alexander biography

(Granny Ingram's mother)

Catherine Jane Alexander Born March 20, 1842. Died June 3, 1918 (76) Married March 24, 1850 to:
Robert Douglas Crawford Born Sep. 20, 1835. Died October 10, 1862. (27)
Buried Rose Hill Cemetery, Hagerstown, Maryland.

(Uncle Jim) → James (Jim) Hastings Crawford Born Jan. 27, 1861. Died Jan. 19, 1942 (81)
Robert Douglas (Doug) Crawford Born Oct. 26, 1862. Died July 16, 1887 (24)

(Granny Ingram's father)

James (Jim) Oliver Alexander Born Nov. 2, 1839. Died July 27, 1916 (77)
Retired from military February 23, 1865. Married later that year to Catherine.

Their children

(Granny's sister) 1 Mary Isabelle Alexander (Molly) Born June 4, 1866. Died May 19, 1932 (66)
Nicholas Wade Abbott Born June 30, 1850. Died Oct. 4, 1921 (69) 8 children

(See picture) 2 Henry H. Alexander Born 1867. Died 1952. Buried Perkinston, Miss.
Martha Sydney Ingram Born 1872. Died 1942. 9 children

(See picture) 3 John Montgomery Alexander Born Arril 27, 1871. Died Sep. 29, 1945 (74) Preacher (Presbyterian minister)
Pearl Wileman Born July 25, 1878. Died Sep. 10, 1960 (82) 3 children

(See picture) 4 William Bush Alexander Born March 25, 1873. Died Nov. 6, 1950 (77)
Lenora Allen Born Sep. 17, 1877. Died Arril 19, 1956 (78) 8 children

(Granny Ingram) 5 Elizabeth Caroline (Carrie) Tamson Alexander Born Jan. 17, 1875. Died Nov. 4, 1956 (8
Stonewall Jackson Ingram Born Oct. 24, 1866. Died Dec. 22, 1924 (58) 7 children

(See picture) 6 Oliver Lee Alexander Born Nov. 16, 1877. Died June 2, 1955 (77)
Mollie Huff Born Aug. 31, 1879. Died June 15, 1979 (99) 4 children

7 George Calvin Alexander (Minister) Born 1879-80. Died in Frederickstown, Missouri.
Bessie Frierson
One son

(See picture) 8 Margaret Corine Alexander Born 1882. Died Nov. 19, 1961
Herman H. Killingsworth
2 daughters

9 Myrtle Lee Alexander Born June 1, 1887. Died July 29, 1888

CHILDREN OF NICHOLAS WADE ABBOTT AND MARY (MOLLIE) ISABELLE ALEXANDER ABBOTT

Granny Ingram's oldest sister

	6-30-1850 - 10-4-1921	6-4-1866 - 5-19-1932
MYRTLE MAY	8-8-1890 - 8-18-1971	WILLIAM ALEXANDER REID
ARTHUR ALEXANDER	3-4-1892 - 12-18-1975	IDA BESS PILGREEN BLACKMON FLORA LaFRANCES COLE
KATIE BELLE	2-23-1894 - 11-20-1991	EARL THURLOW PETERSON
NALDA FLORENCE	10-1-1895 - 8-28-1985	
CORA FXIE	5-6-1897 - 7-13-1987	ARTHUR BAINE CRIM
JAMES WADE	8-29-1900 - 6-27-1974	LILLY ? EDITH MAE SORSBY DAVIS
DORA FELICIA	11-2-1903 - 7-29-1995	ALFRED VANN GARRETT
WALTER DOUGLAS	12-10-1905 -	AGNES MARIE McHALE

** JAMES D. ALEXANDER, FATHER OF JAMES OLIVER ALEXANDER 1807 - 2-15-1884

ELIZABETH CAROLINE TAMSON ALEXANDER - 1st wife Died Starkville, Miss. 12-4-1848

CHILDREN:

HENRY HASTINGS ALEXANDER BORN 1833 SC

GEORGE CALVIN ALEXANDER BORN 1835 MARRIED NANCY ADELINE JOHNSEY 1860

JOHN MONTGOMERY ALEXANDER ?

WILLIAM RUSH ALEXANDER BORN 1837

FANNIE ALEXANDER BORN 1840 (10 years old in 1850 census)

* JAMES OLIVER ALEXANDER BORN 1839 - died 1916 Granny Ingram's Father

SARAH ELIZABETH BLAKE 2nd wife

SARAH MARGARITE ALEXANDER BORN 1846 (14 years old in 1860 census)
MARRIED JAMES ADAMS WILLIAMS

MARY ALEXANDER BORN 1850 MARRIED SAUNDERS Granny Ingram's Aunt

THOMAS HENRY BORN 3-19-1853 - died 1938 MARRIED LUCRILIA HOWELL Daddy's great Aunt

Son Richard (1930)?
Daughter Myrtle Lee (1887-1911)

Our great-great aunt

* Granny Ingram's father

** Granny Ingram's grandparents

Granny Ingram's mother

SON OF CATHERINE JANE ALEXANDER AND ROBERT DOUGLAS CRAWFORD (first husband - died at Antietam)

uncle Jim JAMES HASTINGS CRAWFORD 1-27-1861 - 1-19-1942
ELLA WYATT, WIFE 3-16-1861 - 6-24-1905

CHILDREN:

PEARL J. CRAWFORD 1-18-1893 - 5-19-1966
JULIUS SIDNEY PILGREEN

KATIE LOUISE CRAWFORD 3-13-1890 - 3-16-1972
WALTER F. LEE

EULA BELL CRAWFORD 5-1-1896 - 3-15-1976
FLOYD GLENN SAUNDERS

JANIE ELLA CRAWFORD 1-16-1900
HENRY HAYDEN KILLINGSWORTH

WALTER LEE CRAWFORD 9-29-1885 - 8-29-1975

HENRY D. CRAWFORD 4-29-1888 - 1889

Copy of old picture

SPRING CREEK School ABOUT 1911-12

Row 1

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
6 FORREST KILLINGSWORTH

Row 2

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
3 MYRTLE ABBOTT
4 ~~MATTIE~~ INGRAM No! mg
5 Mattie Ingram
8 LAURA INGRAM
9 BAILEY?
11 VELMA KILLINGSWORTH
12 Loe BAILE

Row 3

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
1 GREEN?
7 FLORENCE ABBOTT
8 EXIE ABBOTT
9 EULA CRAWFORD
10 ANNIE KILLINGSWORTH

Row 4

1 2 11 12
1 HERMAN GREEN
2 WALTER ABBOTT
11 MATTIE BELL KILLINGSWORTH
12 DORA GARRE

Row 5

1 2 3 4 5 6

Spring Créek Cumberland Presbyterian Church History - Notes from 1963 and 1989

The church was organized in 1872 by the Reverend David Y. Wyatt, who served as the first pastor and filled the pulpit periodically for many years thereafter. Early church meetings were held in the homes of members. The first recorded member was Martha Pardue, who was received by letter September 22, 1872. A. C. Ingram served as the first elder, being installed on October 27, 1872, and serving until March 25, 1894. Family names listed among the early communicants include Alexander, Wyatt, Prestridge, Ingram, Allen, Killingsworth, Seale, Bailey, Crawford, Abbott and Miskelly.

Most of the present members are descendants of those people, among whom the oldest members today are Mrs. Ada Allen and Mrs. Lena Lowery. The last of the old Amen Corner Brethren passed on with the death of Bro. John Allen in 1938. Although the older leaders have gone to rest, they are still remembered for their dedication to the cause of Christ and to the church, that their descendants might have a place to worship God. It is a challenge to us today to prepare for the future for our children, for there is a future to those who believe in God and trust in His Christ with their lives. May the church ever live and may the memory of those saints that have gone before us lead us to a fuller dedication of life. Miss Lucy Bailey, who lives today, is one of those who should inspire us. She was a leader of the young people, ;and will be long remembered by all.

The original building was a one story structure made of hand-hewn timbers. The sills were 12x12 inches, some as long as 40 feet, and put together with wooden pegs. Capitola Alexander Miskelly, adopted daughter of John Alexander, said John gave the land for the cemetery and church, and the materials to build it. The cemetery was referred to as The Alexander Family Cemetery. Capitola was a charter member of the church and died in 1965. The cemetery has graves dating from 1872. One of the early graves is that of Moses Stroup, born in North Carolina October 12, 1874 and died March 1878.

Later a second story was added and the building served the community as a school and Odd Fellows hall. This building was torn down in 1948 and replaced by a one story frame structure with basement. During 1962 a manse was erected beside the church. Reverend W. V. Bozeman and his family were the first to reside in the new manse. The labor to construct the church was donated by members and the community. Money was donated by the former and present members and friends to help build and furnish the church. There were many items donated as memorials and space forbids mention of them.

In 1969 a building program was begun and the present recreational building constructed beside the sanctuary. Upon its completion in 1970 the old sanctuary was sold to Montsil Baptist Church and moved to its present site on Highway 119. The current sanctuary was completed in 1975, with the dedication service on November 9th. The buildings were designed to fit in with the natural features of the area. In February 1987, a service was held in which the notes were burned, symbolizing the final payments were made and the buildings paid for in full.

In addition to David Y. Wyatt, many pastors have served the church since its organization, some for more than one period of time. Records concerning pastors and their terms of service are not at all clear. An attached list begins with the earliest recorded pastors and continues to the present time. It is not complete due to the missing records.

The first wedding in the new church was that of Miss Jimmie Ingram and Mr. Eugene Pauley. She is the granddaughter of Elizabeth Caroline Alexander Ingram. Since then there has been a number of weddings, with children of those unions forming a greater majority of our childrens department.

Mr. B. R. Alexander (Benjamin), adopted son of William Alexander, son of Henry Hastings Alexander, originated the custom of annual Memorial Day services the fourth Sunday in May. It was first held on Saturday for the purpose of cleaning off the church and cemetery grounds.

On December 6, 1903, the Spring Creek congregation entered into an agreement with the Elliotsville C. P. Church whereby "The two churches agree to call Rev. S. B. Ingram for the next presbyterial year."

At the June 24, 1905, meeting of the session, "Elder J. W. Ellenburg was chosen to represent the church in the presbytery July 19, 1905, at Green Pond with Elder B. R. Alexander as alternate. The representatives were were instructed to vote against all measures looking at or favoring organized union or reunion with the Presbyterian Church U.S.A."

At the March 1, 1936, session meeting Elder Lawson Ingram was chosen chairman of a Light Committee to investigate the installation of electric lights in the church. This was done and the committee discharged on June 7, 1936. This, however, was not the last we would hear of the lights. It seems times were tough financially in 1939. At the November 5, 1939, meeting "It was decided to leave night services off for the next 5 months, to save on light bills." It was decided to turn them back on October 19, 1941.

Then as today the efforts of every member are needed so that the church becomes a lasting unity of the body of Christ, doing all in its power to finish the work committed unto it by our Lord, to "Go ye into all the world."

This information was gathered from the session books beginning 1872 and from information from those of the community, and edited by Miss Julia Frost.

Excerpts copies by Gloria Furman August 22, 1993.

List of Pastors of Spring Creek Cumberland Presbyterian Church
(Obtained from Gloria Furnam in September, 1995)

Rev. D. Y. Wyatt
Rev. J. J. Dalton
Rev. S. S. Oglesby

Rev. D. E. Lee (Called Gene Lee, often visited with James & Capitola Alexander Misskelly in their home in Birmingham. His father, Josh Lee, married James & Capitola.)
Rev. J. M. Alexander (Is John M. the brother of James Oliver Alexander, or son of J. O.?)

Rev. J. N. Wyatt
Rev. J. O. Alexander (James Oliver 1839-1916)
Rev. S. D. Lewis

Rev. L. D. Morgan
Rev. J. W. Cheshier
Rev. W. M. Carpenter

Rev. H. M. Jones
Rev. J. W. Alexander (John Willis, adopted son of John Alexander)
Rev. D. L. Allinder

Rev. F. H. LaFollett
Rev. S. G. Herring
Rev. A. C. Acton

Rev. R. L. Shurbet (Robert was a cerebral palsy victim and was accidentally killed working in his woodworking shop.)
Rev. Thomas Dorset
Rev. W. L. Chesnut

Rev. Frank Fisher
Rev. Charles White
Rev. Charles Morrow

Rev. Charles Hall (Currently pastor of First Presbyterian Church in Hueytown (1993))
Rev. H. V. Bozeman (First full-time pastor; first to live in the manse)
Rev. Emory Newman

Rev. Walter Cox
Rev. Larry Acton
Rev. Pete Hegwood

The 1989 history of Spring Creek has been compiled by Milissa Nannini to this point.

Rev. Gary Whitworth
Rev. Perry L. Muse

History of Spring Creek Cumberland Presbyterian Church - Related by Mrs. Hattie Prestridge: (written prior to Nov. 14, 1963)

This church was organized in 1876 by my grandfather, David Young Wyatt. My father, John N. Wyatt was born in 1845, and he told me he was 18 years old when his father moved from Leeds, Alabama, to his home one mile from the church. Grandfather organized several other churches, including one at Bridgeton near Leeds, Six Mile and Green Pond. He lived to be 67 years old. His wife, Louise Hill died the same year. They had six sons and two daughters. I am their oldest grandchild, born January 4, 1881, in the home of my grandfather. I am the oldest Wyatt living. When grandfather came to Spring Creek, he held services in homes of charter members. The names of the families who were the first members were Alexander, Ingram, Black, Allen, Wyatt, Killingsworth, Bailey, Seale, Miskelly, Pardue, Lee, Crawford, Crump, Prestridge, and Stroup.

Grandfather was pastor many years and gave part time to the other churches he organized, until his health failed. I believe the next pastor was Luther Cross, a fine young man. He was there many years and then came two brothers, Sam and _____ Oglesby. They served many years and were followed by Eugene Lee, a brother to Ed Lee. He was pastor when my husband and I married 60 years ago.

Among the pioneers who made up the early church, the Alexanders stand out as they were such a large family. I believe they came from South Carolina. They were very thrifty and religious. John was the one I heard the most of. He was married three times, but never had any children. He raised many orphans, among whom was my mother's family, the Crumps. He never adopted either of her two sisters and one brother. He got a home for her brother with Clark Ingram. Mrs. Black, his niece, raised my mother. His brother Marshall raised one and John kept one girl until her marriage. He also adopted a girl as an infant that is still living, Mrs. Capitola Black Miskelly. She lives in West End and belongs to a church there. She is almost 100 years old, but is unable to remember. She is the oldest living member of the church.

One of the boys John Alexander and his last wife adopted, became a Presbyterian minister. He was John Wills, better known as J.W. He died many years ago. John Alexander surely helped a large number of widows and orphans and lived to a ripe old age. He also cared for 3 spinster sisters, Delinah, Matilda, and Mary, who spent her last days with her niece, Mrs. Carrie Alexander Ingram. I knew all of them and spent many hours listening to their stories of early days. They were all charter members of our church and regular attenders until their deaths. Each lived to be 90 or more and are buried in our cemetery.

Robert Alexander was an early settler. He raised a large family and all are gone to rest but a Mrs. Esther Dye, who is past 80 and is an invalid. We talk most every week. I really enjoy it. She is a consecrated Christian and lives on a very small pension in a government home. There were 2 other spinster sisters in this family. Their mother, better known as Aunt Martha, sat in the same pew her entire life. William Alexander was the one I lived near and knew best. He had several children and his son, Ben, still has children living near there who are still members. I have ridden in all conveyances, but none gave me the thrill of the two-horse wagon with spring seat my sister and I enjoyed every Sunday.

James Oliver Alexander also had a wonderful wife known as Aunt Kate (Catherine Jane). She had two sons by a former marriage to Mr. Crawford. James and Kate had two sons who were ministers, John M. and Calvin. All of this family are gone except one daughter, Mrs. Corrine Killingsworth who lives here. James' father was also James and had many children, including Mrs. Margaret Alexander Williams* and Mrs. Mollie Alexander Sanders. The other boy I recall was named Thomas. He had a son, Richard (1930), and a daughter, Myrtle Lee (1887-1911).

I believe the Ingrams were next in size. They were all kind, considerate and thrifty, well liked by all. I am glad that some members of this family are still in the church, and giving so much of their time to it.

The Killingsworth clan made quite a contribution to the church. The Bailey and Seale families were always ready to help and were respected. The Allens were outstanding in their efforts to serve in their day and still lending a lot to the present congregation. The Lee family gave us two ministers and were an asset in the years they served. The Prestridges were a large family and were always on hand to help. All are gone but one girl, Mrs. Bettie Seale, who lives near Montevallo and is an invalid.

My first Sunday School teacher was Mrs. Sallie Stroup Alexander, Marshall Alexander's wife, who rode horseback to church and helped many young lives and minds in the right direction. I also had a teacher in my teens, Mr. N. W. Abbott** who was a school teacher, a singer, and a wonderful Bible student.

Mr. Prestridge and I were the first couple married in the old building and it lasted 54 years until his death.

Hattie Prestridge

Coped 10-6-91
Gloria Furman

* Her relatives now live in the James Oliver Alexander home, behind where the Valley Grove Church once stood. Directly across the road was the Abbott home.

**My grandfather, who married Mary Isabelle Alexander, daughter of James Oliver and Catherine Jane.

Drawing Ingram's great-uncle (Elizabeth Caroline Alexander Ingram)

JOHN ALFXANDER
1809-1883

He was born March 3, 1809, in York County, South Carolina, and was the third eldest of seven sons and five daughters of Henry Hastings and Mary Garvin Alexander. He and his brothers and sisters were reared on their father's plantation. Part of this land is now in the confines of the city of Rock Hill, S. C.

In his maturity he was a very large man, standing six feet, seven inches tall. With a rather solemn countenance, he was an impressive, if not awesome presence.

He came to Alabama sometime prior to the year 1844, when he bought a parcel of land in Roures Valley. This land lies in what is now known as Tannehill State Park. He also had a part in surveying and laying out the town of Calera, Alabama.

Between the year 1847 and 1860 he accumulated over 3,800 acres of land lying within a triangle formed between Calera, Elliotsville and Montevallo. He established a plantation, built his home and water powered mills along Spring Creek. About the year 1854, at his urging, his mother, brothers and sisters sold their holdings in South Carolina and came to Alabama. He sold them some land and they settled near him.

John expanded his interests in Roures Valley and along with Moses Stroup established a blast furnace. This venture was first named "Stroup and Alexander Forge", then changed to "Roures Valley Iron Works". This operation was destroyed by federal troops during the war between the states. When John finally disposed of the iron works and surrounding property, it consisted of 2,615 acres.

John and his first wife, Malinda, had no children. They adopted an infant girl in 1863 and named her Capitola. She married James Edward Misskelly in 1883. John and his second wife, Sarah Ann, had no children. They adopted a boy they named John Willis.

On April 29, 1883, after an extended illness, John passed away at his home on Spring Creek. His obituary reads in part: "A man of large heart, kind, benevolent, and charitable. He was noted for his hospitality, and the poor and needy always found in him a friend."

His considerable estate was dissipated in long years of litigation and alleged waste by his executors.

By Claud Thacker, grandson of Capitola Alexander Misskelly

The James Oliver Alexander and Nicholas Abbott homes were part of John's property.

MOORE'S CEMETERY - CROSSROADS BAPTIST CHURCH - HI. 119

SARAH ELIZABETH BLAKE ALEXANDER - 2nd WIFE OF JAMES D. / JAMES D. ALEXANDER FATHER OF JAMES O. / MARY GARVIN ALFXANDER WIFE OF HENRY H. / MALINDA - JOHN WIFE OF JOHN

These graves are on the back of the cemetery. The only stone standing is Malinda. A fund has been started to restore John's stone. I do not know why John is buried there and his brothers William and Marshall and his sisters, are buried at Spring Creek. I understand he gave the land for Spring Creek Cemetery and it was first known as Alexander Cemetery. Alex Mill road, which turns to the right after crossing the bridge to the cemetery, was for customer's of the mill to have their grain milled.

JAMES OLIVER ALEXANDER
1839 - 1916

He was born in South Carolina to James D. and Elizabeth Alexander. The family migrated to Shelby County, Alabama, and settled in the Spring Creek or Valley Grove area. He enlisted in the Confederate army at Montevallo, Alabama, on June 4, 1861, at age 22, as a private in Company C, 10th Regiment, Alabama Infantry, by Colonel Forney. He was a lookout scout, whose job was to capture and eliminate Union soldiers carrying messages through the lines to their commander. He removed the ears and turned them in, receiving $5.00 for each one. He turned in about 9.

He was wounded in the hip by a mini ball on October 29, 1864, at New Market, Virginia, and captured. He was condemned to be shot, but was pardoned by Lincoln. As a condition of his pardon, he had to renounce any southern affiliation, his right to vote, and he may have lost his pension.

He was honorably discharged from Richmond, Virginia, on February 23, 1865. He started home to Alabama on horseback, but at some point was robbed of it, and had to walk a great distance. He knew that relatives lived in York, S. C., and made his way there, staying at the Crawford home. There he met Catherine Jane Alexander Crawford, the widow of Robert Douglas, who died at Antietam, leaving two young sons. Catherine found a job for him teaching school for the winter. Their friendship blossomed, though they were cousins. Their grandfathers, Henry H. and Herman, were brothers.

There was disapproval of their relationship by her family. Nevertheless James told her that he wanted to marry her, but did not know if he could plow and make a living for them. She said they could teach her boys to plow, so they married and joined a wagon train with the Allen, Frost and Youngblood families to travel to Alabama.

On January 18, 1870, John Alexander sold land to James Oliver. He built a log house. Though it has had structural changes through the years, it is still lived in by Alexander descendents. Because of his pardon agreement, James could not be part of a Southern church so he started a brush arbor meeting in his front yard. Presently the group got a tent, and then built one room with a steeple. Later they added on more room and another steeple. It was called Valley Grove Presbyterian, a U.S.A. Northern Church, and was built around 1908.

There were 9 children from their union. Catherine was 19 when the first Crawford child was born and 45 when the last child, Myrtle Lee, was born. She was an artist and her work was stored in their barn which burned to the ground when struck by lightening. There are several artists from both the Crawford and Alexander side. Catherine became known as a midwife who rode a gentle horse sidesaddle and delivered babies in the community. She was affectionately known as "Aunt Cate".

This information is from notes Mae Ingram Hitt had gathered and from conversations I had with Jim Alexander, son of Oliver Lee, L. D., son of Oliver Lee, and Betty Alexander Killingsworth, daughter of Howard Alexander.

L. D. said he remembers sitting on the willow porch settee with his grandfather, eating apples. JOA would hitch his horse to the buggy and take eggs and milk to Calera to sell.

HONOR ROLL

LIST OF MEN WHO HAVE ENTERED MILITARY SERVICE DURING MONTHS OF NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER

MUSCODA DIVISION	WENONAH DIVISION	ISHKOODA DIVISION	ORE PLANT
Floyd Smith (white) Glenn Oglesby (white) Lewis F. Miller (colored)	Edmond Wesley (colored)	John L. Phillips (colored)	None

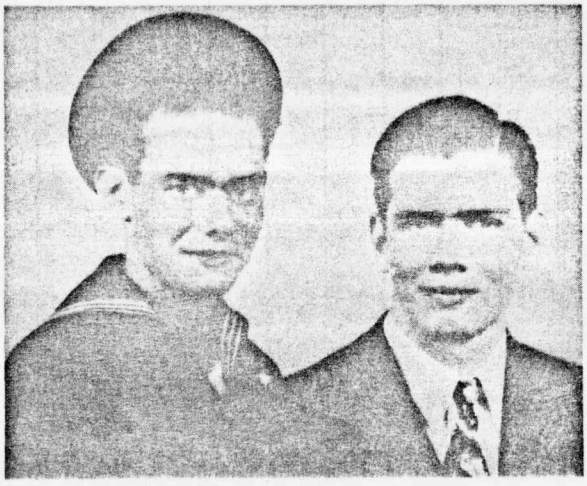
DOLONAH
None

PERSONAL GLIMPSES OF FORMER EMPLOYEES NOW IN SERVICE

MISSING IN ACTION

T/Sgt. Archie McDaniel

T/Sgt. Archie McDaniel was reported missing over Algiers last year. He formerly worked at No. 13 Mine and entered the service January 6, 1941. He is the son of Charlie McDaniel, Assistant Mine Foreman, No. 10 Mine.



Roland McDaniel
3rd class quartermaster

Gordon McDaniel
Apprentice Seaman

Roland McDaniel, 3rd class quartermaster, and Gordon McDaniel, Apprentice Seaman, Merchant Marines, are the sons of Charlie McDaniel, Assistant Mine Foreman, No. 10 Mine. Roland formerly worked at the Ore Conditioning Plant, entered the service in December, 1942 and is now somewhere in the South Pacific. Gordon, who formerly worked at the Tin Mill, entered the service December, 1944 and is now stationed at St. Petersburgh, Florida.

State of Alabama
County of Shelby

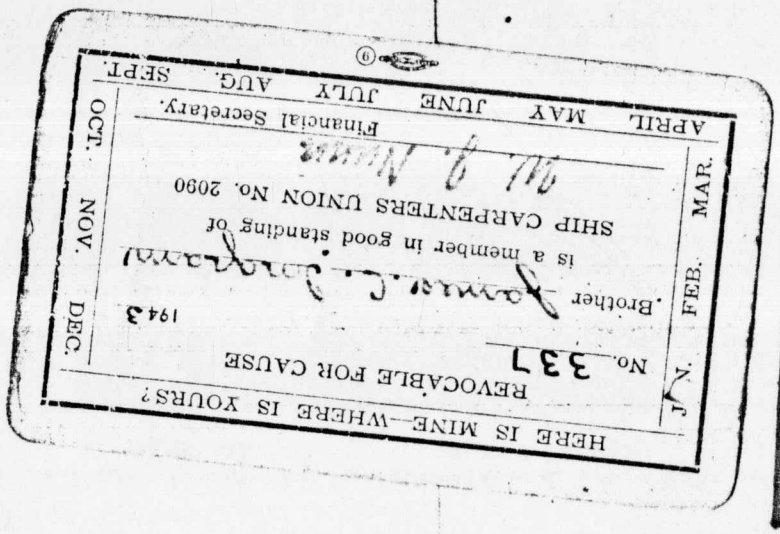
I hereby certify that my maiden name is Elizabeth Caroline Alexander. I also certify that James Clark Ingram was born to myself and Stonewall Jackson Ingram on the 20th day of July 1899.

Elizabeth Caroline Alexander Ingram

Sworn and subscribed to before me this the 25th day of August 1942.

R. M. McGee

Notary Public


HERE IS MINE—WHERE IS YOURS?
REVOCABLE FOR CAUSE
No. 337
Brother
is a member in good standing of
SHIP CARPENTERS UNION No. 2090
Financial Secretary.
JAN. FEB. MAR. APRIL MAY JUNE JULY AUG. SEPT. OCT. NOV. DEC.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MARGARET INGRAM GODFREY
or
The Pleasures of Growing Up on a Farm in Shelby County, Alabama

I was born October 6, 1925 on a farm near Longview, Gregg County, Texas. I have no conscious recollections of our life in Texas. We moved to the Spring Creek community near Montevallo, Shelby County, Alabama before my sister Jimmie was born, probably in 1926.

I can remember living in two different houses on farms near my grandmother before Daddy built a small house for us on a part of my grandmother's farm. This was during the depression. Uncle Herbie has told me that Daddy borrowed the money from the bank to buy a house in a coal mining town nearby. He and his brothers tore down the house and moved the lumber to build a four-room house with big front porch. When Daddy borrowed the money his mother signed the promissory note with him and she later worried that she was going to lose her entire farm because he was not making enough money farming to pay back the loan. The money Mother received from a settlement with an oil company on the farm her father had started buying in Texas enabled Daddy to pay off the note at the bank.

My sister Jimmie was born before we moved into our house; Betty and Marion were born after we had moved so it must have been in 1928 or 1929. The two front rooms of the house were bedrooms, heated with fireplaces. The back room on the right was a kitchen with wood-burning stove and the back room on the left was the dining room until it was needed for a bedroom as the family grew. There was no indoor plumbing. Later, the front bedroom adjoining the kitchen was made into a living room, the front bedroom was Mother and Daddy's bedroom and we four girls shared the back bedroom which held two double beds, a dresser and a closet for our clothes.

Daddy was a farmer, as had been his father and grandfather. His income was from growing cotton, truck farming, and raising chickens. Since he had no sons, we girls had to help. The cotton and corn had to be hoed to get the weeds out as it was growing; cotton had to be picked in the fall; butterbeans, string beans and tomatoes had to be picked to be sent to the market, etc. We raised chickens for food and eggs for ourselves and for the income from selling broilers and eggs. Since we did not own a car, Uncle Herbie would take fresh produce, eggs and butter to Montevallo on Saturdays to be sold to his regular customers door-to-door or, during the depression, to be exchanged at the grocery store for staples which could not be grown on the farm. During the depression, when cash was scarce for nearly everyone, the grocer would give "due bills" instead of cash if the customer brought in to him produce worth more than the groceries needed. The due bills could be used instead of cash for future purchases.

One of our most distasteful chores was "dressing" chickens for sale. We would buy baby chicks in the spring to raise for our use and for income from selling eggs. When the cockerels reached broiler size they were dressed and sold to Alabama College for use in their cafeteria. "Dressing" seems an inappropriate term for the process of killing the chickens,

scalding them in a pot of boiling water to loosen their feathers, picking off the feathers, and eviscerating the chickens. We girls had the chore of picking off the feathers. For years my sister Jimmie would not eat chicken.

When Mother wanted a chicken or hen to eat, she would catch the unlucky fowl she had chosen and wring its neck. When we became old enough we were sometimes given the task of killing the chicken. Our method required two of us to hold the hen down on Daddy's kindling chopping block, one at the head and one holding the feet. A third sister would chop off the chicken's head with an axe. Since we didn't like to see blood shed, we would close our eyes when the axe fell. Fortunately, although we may sometimes have missed the chicken's neck on the first try, we never chopped off a sister's hand.

Most of our food was home-grown. Mother canned vegetables and fruits, jams and jellies, sausages and pork tenderloin. We had peach, apple and pear trees, plums and blackberries. We dried apples and peaches on the tin roof of the brooder house. The sliced fruit was spread on the roof early in the morning of a sunny day and taken up in the evening after the tin had cooled, repeated as many days as necessary. Our meat was chicken or pork with occasionally doves, rabbits or squirrels which Daddy had killed with his rifle. Our diet was not as varied or healthful with fresh fruits in the wintertime as we would have liked, but we had good food. Mother was a good cook, as were the other women in our family.

Our water supply for many years came from a cistern into which water drained off the roof and through a charcoal filter. Daddy had tried having a well dug but did not strike water. I remember a man going around the yard with a Y-shaped branch "water-witching." If he walked over ground in which there was water, the branch was supposed to turn down. I don't know whether the branch just never turned down or if it did and there was no water there. Years later Daddy had a well drilled and we did have our own well of water, with a pump to get water into the house.

The cistern was not a good source of water. If there was insufficient rain, the cistern water would be used up. I remember Daddy hauling water from the creek with the mule and wagon for Mother to have wash water. Sometimes she would just take the dirty clothes, tubs and wash pot to the creek and wash there. Washing clothes was a good half-day's work. Water had to be drawn to fill three tubs and a wash pot and a fire had to be built under the wash pot. The white clothes -- towels, bed linens, etc. -- were put in the wash pot until the water boiled. Then they were taken out, rubbed on a washboard in the first tub, then rinsed in the other two tubs. The last tub had "bluing" added to make the clothes whiter. It was a disgrace to have dingy white clothes! The clothes and linens were then hung on a clothesline to dry. The good colored clothes were not boiled -- only scrubbed on the washboard. Dresses had to be starched all over before they were hung out to dry. Then when dry they had to be sprinkled so they would be damp enough to be ironed with the andirons heated on the wood stove.

Daddy worked hard and so did Mother. They got up early each morning, made a fire in the stove and in the fireplace in the winter. Cows had to be milked every morning, breakfast cooked and children sent off to school with lunches prepared the evening before. Daddy would work until lunchtime, come home, eat lunch, rest a little while, then go back until late afternoon.

Mother would sometimes go help him in the afternoons do some hoeing. I can remember going with her when we girls were all very young. She would put the baby on a pallet at the end of the rows in the shade while she helped Daddy. It was my job to watch the younger ones. She would take a jug of water and a snack for us to eat. Sometimes when she stayed at home, she would send us with fresh water and a snack for Daddy out working in the fields.

We did not have electricity until after I had started to school. I remember the joy of having bright electric lights instead of the coal oil lamp. The first two purchases after electricity was installed were an electric iron and an electrically powered radio. We had had a battery powered radio prior to that. Mother had been heating andirons on the stove or, in the winter, before the fire in the fireplace to do her ironing. The irons had to be tested before beginning ironing to be sure they were not too hot, then they cooled off and had to be put back on the stove to heat up again.

Daddy's brothers and two of his sisters had settled with their families in the Spring Creek community so our playmates were usually cousins. Holidays and special occasions were spent at Granny Ingram's house with aunts, uncles and cousins assembled. There was always plenty of good food with every mother bringing her special dishes. On July 4th and Christmas the men and boys enjoyed shooting off firecrackers. The girls never participated in this. Also, as the boys became old enough, they would go hunting with the men.

Since there were four of us sisters, we found plenty of things to do to entertain ourselves. We spent a lot of time playing in pine thickets near our house, marking off boundaries of houses and streets with pine straw. In the summertime we could go swimming in Spring Creek, which was always ice cold. We would visit back and forth with cousins our age, sometimes "spending the week." Our cousin Elizabeth Albright lived on a hill right above Spring Creek and we liked to spend days at a time at her house where we could play in the creek every day.

One of our greatest pleasures in the summertime was making ice cream. When Uncle Herbie went to town on Saturdays, he would bring us a block of ice so we could make a freezer of ice cream. We girls would turn the crank until it got so hard we couldn't turn it and than Daddy would take over. We six would eat the entire gallon of ice cream!

We and most members of our extended family attended Sunday School at the nearby Spring Creek Cumberland Presbyterian Church. There was "preaching" at this church one Sunday a month and at the Valley Grove Presbyterian Church a different Sunday each month. We usually attended both services since my grandmother's brother, Uncle John Alexander, was pastor of the Valley Grove Church.

There were Memorial Day dinners every May at the church, when former members who had moved away returned for a day of fellowship and dinner on the grounds. The memorials consisted of placing flowers on each grave in the Spring Creek Cemetery, which had been especially cleaned off for the day by the men in the community. The morning service at the church included a special program by the children -- singing and reciting "pieces" which had been memorized and rehearsed for weeks.

We rode the school bus to Calera to elementary and high school. I liked to read and liked to learn. I graduated from Calera High School on May 25, 1943, valedictorian of our class of thirteen students.

In August of 1943 I started working for the American Mutual Liability Insurance Company in Birmingham, Alabama. I stayed at the YWCA during the week, but went home every weekend. I continued this arrangement for about a year, then for the next year stayed with the Fennells, friends of our family. The following year my Aunt Mae's husband died and she and I rented an efficiency apartment -- one room in a big house on the southside. We lived there for about a year, then moved in with my Aunt Mattie and her family, who had moved from Spring Creek to a house in Tarrant City. My sister, Jimmie, had in the meantime graduated from high school and started working with American Mutual. Aunt Mae, Jimmie, my cousin Martha Jo, and I shared a bedroom in Aunt Mattie's house.

When civilian manufacturing began again after the end of World War II, our family was able to buy a car. Jimmie and I moved back home in the fall of 1947, commuting from Spring Creek to our jobs in Birmingham.

Daddy died from a heart attack on March 24, 1948.

My sister Betty graduated from high school in the spring of 1948 and was married to Roland McDaniel in August. Mother, Jimmie, Marion and I remained on the farm until the spring of 1950, when we rented an apartment in Ensley, a section of Birmingham. Marion graduated from high school in May. Jimmie and Gene Pauly were married in July of 1950 and rented an apartment on the southside. Gene had started to school at Birmingham Southern and Jimmie continued working at American Mutual.

On May 26, 1951, I was married to Reuben Hearn Godfrey, who was working as payroll auditor for American Mutual. He had been transferred to Nashville, Tennessee in the early spring of 1951 and we made our home there, renting an apartment on Bernard Circle. Our son, David, was born on February 17, 1952. We moved to a house on Himes Drive in November of that year and our daughter, Annie Mae, was born on May 17, 1953.

In November of 1954 Reuben was transferred to the Atlanta office of American Mutual. My sister Betty, her husband and two sons, Archie and Clark, were living in Atlanta at that time. Reuben and I bought a house on East Harrington Drive. On January 10, 1956, our second daughter, Carolyn, was born.

In 1957 Mother sold the farm in Shelby County to my cousin Houston Ingram. She bought a house in Ensley. At the time she was working for New Williams as a seamstress. She had to stop working in 1959 when arthritis in her neck became so painful, sold her house, and began working as companion to elderly women. She did this until 1967 when she bought a trailer and had it installed in the yard of her friend Pernie Howell in Calera, Alabama. She moved into a nearby housing project in 1968 or 1969 and lived there until she had to move into a nursing home in November, 1986. She died following a stroke on February 23, 1990.

Our children attended Medlock Elementary School and Druid Hills High School in the DeKalb School System. I stayed busy during those years with household, school and church activities. A particular concern was my work with other concerned DeKalb Countians in opening a day care center in the Trinity Presbyterian Church in a low-income neighborhood in Decatur. This center had to be closed after about a year but was reopened later in the Scottdale community.

When our family moved to Atlanta we had joined Clairmont Presbyterian Church. On May 13, 1962 we moved our membership to North Decatur Presbyterian Church, where we are still members. The activities we have engaged in and the friendships with members of our church family have been through the years and still are an important part of our lives.

As our children were growing up, we enjoyed tent camping. We usually camped in various campgrounds in north Georgia, Winfield Scott or Lake Rabun, being particular favorites. Tent camping enabled us to take trips that we otherwise could not have afforded -- to Washington, D.C., New York City, Boston, and Jekyll Island. Our children still enjoy camping with their families.

In February of 1964 I decided that I wanted to teach. Although I had a high school diploma, I did not have the required number of credits in English, math and science to be admitted to Georgia State. I took these three courses at Decatur High School Night School and started classes at Georgia State in September, 1964. I completed my course work there in December of 1969 after having done my apprentice teaching fall quarter at O'Keefe High School in Atlanta. On February 3, 1970 I began teaching at Avondale High School. I received my B.A. degree in June, 1970, and continued working on my M.A.T., which I received in August, 1973. When the DeKalb School System began operating remedial math labs in the 1974-75 school year, I set up the lab at Avondale. I continued to work with remedial math students until my retirement at the end of the 1988-89 school year. After my retirement from the DeKalb School System I worked as a part-time instructor at DeKalb College for five quarters.

Our children all graduated from Druid Hills High School, then went on to earn degrees in their chosen fields. At this writing, David is working as Natural Gas Vehicle Specialist with Atlanta Gas Company, Ann is an environmental engineer with the Environmental Protection Agency in Atlanta, and Carolyn is a Learning Products Manager with Hewlett Packard in Cupertino, California.

David and Nancy Porteous were married July 23, 1977 and have a daughter, Amelia, born September 20, 1986. They live on Page Avenue in Atlanta.

Ann and Jack Kittle were married on June 30, 1979. They have three children: Andrew, born September 20, 1983; Sallie, born May 19, 1986, and James, born December 20, 1990. They live on Garden Lane in Decatur.

Carolyn and Hal Prince live on Middlefield Road in Palo Alto, California.

Reuben and I have thoroughly enjoyed our retirement years, especially being able to spend time with our children and grandchildren.

Prepared by Margaret I. Godfrey
Dec. 22, 1991

RECOLLECTIONS OF BETTY INGRAM MCDANIEL

I was born on a forty acre farm in the center of Alabama to James Clark and Bessie Dee Ingram on March 30, 1930. It is now 1995, and our world is very different to the world of 1930. When I was born there were no paved roads in our farming community of Spring Creek. There was no electricity and no running water. Life was much simpler but harder. We had to use outside toilets in all kinds of weather. It was a life without televisions, VCRs, airconditioners, computers, refrigerators, freezers, electric or gas stoves, microwaves, fans, tape players,hair dryers, record players, electric irons, washers, dryers, and all the other electrical appliances we have such as toasters, blenders, mixers, waffle irons, crock pots, etc. That's the way it was in 1930 in rural Alabama.

We not only did not have running water in our house, we also did not have a good well for years. Rain water was collected in a cistern which was in our back yard. This was accomplished with gutters and pipes from the roof of our house. Bathing was done in a number two wash tub. Water had to be heated on the wood stove for bathing, washing dishes and cleaning. Clothes were washed outside. The white clothes were boiled in a big black pot. They were then scrubbed clean on a rubboard and rinsed at least twice. Bluing was put in the last rinse water to make the clothes whiter. They were then hung on the line to dry. After the white clothes were washed we washed the light colored clothes and then the dark colored ones. After we had a well dug and had running water we got an electric wringer washer. I was a big girl by then.

Before we had a well dug and had running water our cistern would sometimes go "dry" during a dry summer spell. Then Daddy would carry water in wash tubs from Granny Ingram's house. Her well never went dry. I remember on at least one occasion when we had to go to the creek to wash clothes. The creek was on Uncle Herbie's farm, but it was a long walk through the fields, pastures, and woods. I think I remember Aunt Alice being there to wash clothes too.

One bad memory I have is of falling into a wash tub full of water that Daddy had brought from Granny's house. We, my sisters and I, had been playing in the water. We were told to stop before one of us got hurt. Everyone went in the house except me. I somehow fell head first into a tub of water and couldn't get out. Granny Smelley came back out and found me in time. I can still remember the pain of trying to breathe in the water. I have a fear of water to this day.

I can remember the day that electricity was turned on in our house. I had not started to school, so I could not have been more than six years old. There was a single light bulb hanging from the ceiling in each room. There were no wall switches. The light bulbs hung low enough for adults to reach up and turn them on and off. We also got an electric iron and radio soon after the electricity was installed. Before she got an electric iron Mother ironed with flat irons that were heated on the wood stove or at the fireplace.

I remember one day when we came in from school our younger sister, Marion, had tried to pick up one of the flat irons. Her hand was badly burned, and she and Mother were both crying. Mother would grate raw potatoes and put on the burn to "draw out the fire."

Our home was always a very secure place to me. I had the love and protection of my mother and father plus three sisters. Margaret and Jimmie were both older than I, and Marion was two years younger. We were also within walking distance of my grandmother, several aunts and uncles, and eighteen cousins. We didn't misbehave much, because if a sister didn't tell on you, someone else would!

We were luckier than most families during those depression years. We always had plenty to eat. Most of our food was raised on the farm. Mother canned all summer over a wood stove. As soon as we were old enough we helped. The first fresh vegetables from the garden were a real treat each year. We picked blackberries where we could find them. We had peach, apple, pear, and plum trees. There were no freezers, so all vegetables and fruit had to be dried or canned. We had cows for milk and butter, chickens for eggs and to eat, and pigs raised for meat. Surplus eggs and butter were traded for flour, sugar, and other essentials. Corn was taken to the grist mill and ground into cornmeal. Uncle Herbie had a syrup mill, and we raised our own cane for syrup - both sorghum and ribbon cane. We sold most ot the sorghum since we preferred ribbon cane. We grew our own peanuts and popcorn. There was a cellar under the house which had a low shelf all around. It was covered with fresh pine straw each year, and there we kept the potatoes.

Our house was heated with the fireplace and kitchen stove. Wood had to be carried in each evening. There was a woodbox behind the stove to be filled. Daddy always kept a good supply of wood cut - one pile for the stove and one for the fireplace. We slept under several quilts in the winter. All the quilts were made by Mother. She also made most of our clothes.

We did not have many toys when we were growing up. Our paper dolls were cut from Sears catalogs. We made houses for them out of cardboard boxes and made furniture and decorations. In the summer we made play houses in the pine thickets from pine straw. Often our cousins were with us, especially Elizabeth Albright and Martha Jo Frost. We had a little red wagon that lasted for years. We mostly got clothes for Christmas, but if the crops were good, there would be toys. There was always candy and fruit at Christmas.

On the holidays we gathered at Granny Ingram's house. All of Daddy's brothers and sisters with their children would be there. We had to eat in shifts there were so many, but we always had a lot of fun.

Some things I don't actually remember happening but remember being told about them. One good example is that when Mother had to go milk the cows because Daddy was working late in the fields she had to leave us alone. To keep us from getting into the fire she would put a bed-post on our dress tails. The bedsteads were iron, so they were too heavy for us to move. When we became older and she left us alone we usually got into the sugar. It was years before we figured out how she knew we got into the sugar.

Sometimes when the corncribs were empty in the summers we would make a play house in one of them. I recall that once when we were playing in one a thunderstorm came up. We were scared to stay in the crib and too frightened to go to the house. We prayed all the prayers we knew and then repeated them several times. Like most summer storms it was soon over and we ran home.

There were several jobs on the farm that were very unpleasant to me. We did not spray our garden for insects. This meant that potato bugs and bean beatles had to be picked off by hand. They were then dropped into bottles or cans with a little kerosene in the bottom to kill them. This job was usually done by the children. I hated gathering eggs. The hens were reluctant to give up their eggs, and hen pecks can be painful. I never learned to milk because I was afraid of the cows. Occasionally Daddy would need the mule while it was out in the pasture. He would give each of us a stick, station us in strategic locations in the pasture and tell us to run the mule into a corner so he could harness it. I was afraid of cows and terrified of mules, so if the mule started running toward me, I scooted under the fence. Daddy would become upset, but eventually he caught the mule.

Mother assigned each of us certain jobs for a week at a time. Jimmie always liked working outside and I preferred working inside, so we sometimes swapped jobs. Mother always had a beautiful flower garden and assigned us each a bed to work. One year Jimmie planted her own vegetable garden in a gully between the house and barn. She worked very had clearing the space, planting, weeding, and harvesting it. She made vegetable soup with her vegetables. I thought it was some of the best soup I ever ate. Her love of working with flowers and vegetables remained with her all her life. She and her husband, Gene Pauly, were tragically killed an an automobile accident in October of this year. Another job I disliked was closing the chicken house after the chickens went to roost. It would be getting dark, and I could imagine monsters lurking behind every tree and bush all the way to the hen house and back.

We worked hard, but there was time to play too. Even in the worst of times we had newspapers. They came a day late, delivered by the mail man, but we read them from cover to cover. All of us enjoyed reading. Evenings in the winter were cozy. We read, played games, and listened to the radio. Popcorn was popped over the fireplace. The popcorn popper was like a little wire cage with a long handle. It had to be held over the hot coals, shaking it constantly to keep the kernals from burning. We picked out all our nuts-pecans, walnuts, hickory, and scaley barks. On summer evenings we played outside until dark. We caught lightening bugs just as my granddaughters do now. We would also catch June bugs. We tied strings to their legs and let them fly while holding the end of the string.

All of us did well in school. Margaret was valedictorian of her graduating class from Calera High School. None of the rest of us did that well. We all started school at Calera. Buses for Calera and for Montevallo passed our house, so I changed to Montevallo when I entered high school. Montevallo offered art classes, and I wanted to take art. I chose to take Home Economics instead of Physical Education. We were taught to cook, sew, different methods of cleaning, and how to reupholster furniture.

Six days before my eighteenth birthday my father died unexpectedly with a heart attack. I still remember the day very vividly. The sky was the bluist blue without a cloud. I remember thinking how Daddy's eyes were blue like that. He had the bluist eyes I've ever seen.

Mother was working on a new dress for me for my birthday. It was a pink plaid Gibson girl pattern which was all the rage at that time. Daddy died at hime with Mother and a neighbor, Carl Johnson, with him. Uncle Herbie had gone for the doctor, but he didn't get there in time. Someone came to school to get Marion and me. Margaret and Jimmie were working in Birmingham at that time and got home later. When Marion and I got home Mother was lying on the couch. Granny Ingram, Aunt Irona, Aunt Bessie, Uncle Herbie, and others were there. The doctor or coroner was there. He needed information from Daddy's Social Security card. It was in his billfold which was in the front bedroom. Daddy's body was still on the bed in that room. Mother asked me if I could go in and find it. I told her I could because I knew she was too upset to do it. After I entered the room I stood and looked at him for awhile thinking, "It doesn't look like Daddy." I had never seen him so still and pale. He had always been so busy and moving. I found the billfold and took it to Mother. Then the undertaker came and took him away. His funeral was held in our family church, and he was buried in the church cementery.

I graduated from high school that year, and in August of the same year married Roland McDaniel. We have been married forty-seven years. We have moved nineteen times and have many friends in many places. Roland was attending the University of Alabama the first three years of our marriage. When Roland graduated from the University we moved to Anniston, Alabama. Roland worked for Monsonta Chemical Company there. Our son, Archie Roland, was born in Tuscaloosa on April 3, 1950. Our second son, Charles Clark, was born in Anniston, Alabama on November 1, 1951. We moved from Anniston to Atlanta, Georgia in 1954. We moved from Atlanta to Decatur, Georgia after about a year. Roland was working at Robert and Company and attending Emory University during that time.

Roland accepted the Covington, Georgia Church of God to pastor in 1955. We moved to Covington and he pastored the church for nine years. He commuted the thirty miles to Atlanta all those years. Roland and I had joined the Church of God in 1949, and the church is still a vital part of our lives. In 1964 Roland accepted a position teaching at Lee College in Cleveland, Tennessee. Lee College is a four year accredited college owned by the Church of God. He retired in 1987 from teaching but still stays busy in the local church and preaching as often as he can.

I graduated from Lee College in 1970. I began teaching that fall in the first grade at McDonald School. In 1979 I transferred to North Lee School and taught there until I retired in 1990. I have many fond memories of teaching.

In 1972 Roland was invited by Harry Begay, a Navaho student at Lee College, to preach at a youth camp and revival at Rocky Point Church near Gallup, New Mexico. That visit started an annual trip to the reservation for Bible School and Youth Camps. We now have many friends in Arizona, New Mexico, and Utah as a result of these trips. In August, 1995 we also held a Bible School near Deer River, Minnesota. This was on a small Chippawa reservation.

The greatest joys of our lives have been our sons and now our granddaughters. Our two sons have always been very close. I suppose one reason for this is the closeness of their ages. They were both in cub scouts, little league ball, and band together. Archie now teaches math in a local junior high school. Clark sells carpet. They both live on our street and are just a few blocks from their work.

On April 25, 1988 Stephanie Marie McDaniel was born to Archie and Fay. Then on July 31, 1988 Chelsea Camille was born to Clark and Twana. They are now big girls, seven years old, and we enjoy them so very much. We seldom miss a day seeing them.

I have had a good life with the love of Christ, family and friends. I do count my blessings and thank God for all he has done for me.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ROLAND (JOHN) MCDANIEL

When my father, Charlie J. McDaniel, and my mother, Amy Rhodes McDaniel, moved to "the mines" around Birmingham, Alabama I was less than two years old. My father, being white, made $1.50 per day while blacks made only $1.00 per day. My birthplace, Cramerton, North Carolina, was a small textile mill village. The attending physician signed my birth certificate John, but my mother who was an avid reader had planned to name me Roland after the French knight of Roland and Oliver fame. When I sent for my birth certificate in order to secure a passport to go to Russia in 1983 with the Lee Singers, I received a certified copy with the name John crossed out and Roland written in longhand above it.

My mother died when I was about two years and eight months old. She was six years older than my father. He had never been to school and was totally illiterate. Mama taught him to read and write and to appreciate the worth of the written word. She encouraged him to take correspondence courses to further his "formal" education. She also encouraged him to accept Jesus as Christ and Lord of his life. He became a Baptist deacon.

My first recollections were of the little three room (shotgun) house in Browns Station, Alabama. The house was down by the railroad tracks and had no electricity or inside plumbing. We lived there until I was about 5 or 6 years old. We then moved across the field to a little house that had both electricity and inside plumbing.

After my mother died my father married again. My stepmother was the only mother that I remember. She was an orphan child who was living with her sister and brother-in-law, Emma and Monroe Highfield. She had an older brother, George Ferrell, and a younger brother, Henry Ferrell. Her name was Elsie Florella Ferrell, but she was called Flodie. She took my brother, Archie, my sister, Mildred, and me as her own. Archie was able to remember our mother, and he resented our new mother and did so until he was grown.

No mention was ever made of our being stepchildren to Mama and half brothers and sisters to our little half-siblings, Gordon (DEON), Lillian (Emma Jean Tattle-tale Sewing Machine), Billy Gene (Reuben), Ethel Sue (Doodie), and Charles Leonard (tic or Bob or Charlie).

The nearest Baptist church to us was the Union Baptist Church on the far side of the little settlement of Lipscomb. We could

not afford the 5¢ fare to ride the street car that went from Birmingham to Bessemer, so we walked the two or three miles either on the street car tracks or on the railroad tracks to the church services every Sunday morning. I usually road on Daddy's shoulders, he held Mildred's hand, and Archie either went a few steps ahead checking out everything of interest to him or he brought up the rear and complained of being tired.

When Brother Tunnell preached a tent revival in Browns Station there was a tremendous response and the people persuaded him to organize a Baptist Church and to be its first pastor. Prior to his coming there was a little Sunday School at the Wenonah School. Wenonah was a private school provided by the Tennessee Coal Iron and Railroad Company (TCI & RR Co.) that was a subsidiary of United States Steel Company. There was a swing and slide set on the school yard, and Archie was standing up in the swing pumping himself as high as he could go. Gordon was a little toddler who could barely walk and he ran into the path of the swing as it was in its lowest position, and it hit him in the head. He was unconscious for several days. Whether the doctor told that if he lived he would probably be blind or mentally retarded or if Mama imagined it, we always believed it. He probable turned out to be the most intelligent one of the bunch. Gordon's stuttering was always a sore spot with all of us and we really resented anyone laughing at him or mimicking him. Mama's brother, Henry, thought his stuttering was so funny, and I resented it. I'm sure he did not mean to ridicule Gordon.

Mildred, (Sassy), loved to play school and taught me all that she knew before I started to school.

Archie, (Stud), was nicknamed by one of the Hill boys who lived next door to us.

My Uncle Archie Rhodes nicknamed me "High Pockets".

Gordon was nicknamed DEON because when we tried to teach him to spell his name G, O, R, Gor-, D, O, N, don, he did fine spelling Gor and don, but when we would say now put them together, G-O-R-D-O-N, Gordon, he would always say DEON.

Lillian was given her nickname, Dicey, because of the little black girl named the same in a little primer reader, and she claimed the name for herself. I am not sure why she wanted to be called Dicey, but it seemed that she disliked the nickname that Marion Rhodes gave her, i.e. Lillian Emma Jean Tattle-tale Sewing Machine McDaniel. When he passed our house he would call her Sewing Machine because she refused to tell him her name. Then when he asked again she would say, "I'm gonna tell on you." He would then call her "Tattle-tale." She began to argue with him that her name was Lillian Emma Jean McDaniel. After much

persuasion he convinced her that Lillian Emma Jean Tattle-tale Sewing Machine McDaniel was her full name, so she changed her name to Dicey. She and Gordon were born eleven months apart.

Billy (Bill or Reuben) could not walk until he was about 3 or 4 years old partly because he was so fat. He was the happiest and the most contented baby I have ever seen. When we would sing to him "Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking," he would try to sing but always came out with, "Wooben, Wooben, I ben fanking." Hence, his nickname Reuben. I tried and tried to teach Bill to swim. It was a hopeless task. About 15 years later when he was stationed in England while an M.P. in the Air Force he wrote me a letter telling me that he came out third in a swimming meet. He added a post script at the end of the letter and said that there were three of them in the meet.

Suzy (Doodie) would try so hard to get attention from the baby Charlie. To do this she would screw up her little face and try to cry. Then we would make over her and pet her and say, "Suzy's sick." The term degenerated to the expression, "Doodie Dick."

Charles Leonard was named after Daddy and Leonard Moore. When Archie was discharged from the Civilian Conservation Corp (CCC) he brought his best friend, Leonard Moore, home with him. Leonard was raised in Ashland, Alabama where most of the boys carried a gun. Archie said that Leonard was the strongest boy (man) that he had ever seen. Charlie was a guard on his high school football team, and he was nicknamed "Tic" then. I do not recall where he got the nickname "Bob." I was 17 years old when he was born. Archie was 21, and Mildred was about 19. All of us spoiled him rotten, and at the same time he was teased constantly. When the paper boy told him that he was going to cut off his ears Bob sicked his dog, old Mussolini who was nicknamed Moose, on him. When Moose got through with the boy he never teased Charlie again.

By his 16th birthday Gordon was bigger than I. He teased Charlie constantly, mainly by telling him that his mama was fat. One cold day when there was a fire in the fireplace Bob picked up the fire poker and said, "If you say that again, I'm gonna hit you with this poker." Daddy told Gordon not to say it again, so Gordon began to shape the words with his lips but not speak. Bob raised the poker. Gordon turned to run. Bob threw, and Gordon hit the floor. I don't think he ever teased Bob about his mama being fat again.

When I came home on leave from the Navy in July of 1943 Bob was only about 3 or 4 years old. He wanted me to make him a kite, which I did. In Alabama in July there is never a breath of air moving and most certainly not enough wind to fly a kite. However, we ran up and down the hill in front of our house for hours flying Bob's kite.

Daddy, Archie, Gordon, and I would toss Bob from one to the other, and he loved it. He would run and dive face first off the back porch to us, and we would catch him. One day he had jumped to me at least ten times. I kept telling him to stop, but he would just run back up the 10 steps and jump again. I finally went to the corner of the house and told him I was going around the corner and to not jump anymore. He dove off and I ran to try and catch him and managed to reach his face and kept it from hitting the ground, but his little body hit the ground. He trusted no one anymore. He would never jump to anyone again.

After the 1929 Stock Market crash and all of the unemployment and misery that went with it, Men would work for a meal or any kind of food. I remember working one fall at a mill making syrup. We could eat all the syrup we wanted and drink all the raw juice. On the first day we probably consumed at least 1-2 quarts of juice and had diahrea so bad we did not drink but little the rest of the week. We would take a couple of biscuits and eat them with the syrup. My wages for the week was a one-half gallon of syrup, and my brother's wages was 2 one-half gallons of syrup. I remember how Mama cried and I thought Daddy was going to cry when we proudly brought home our wages of three one-half gallons of sorghum syrup.

We used sorghum syrup as a sweetener. Mama mixed it with biscuit dough and made cookies. She also cooked it down and we pulled it into taffy. I vividly recall Mama giving us a little spoonful of sugar when she was fixing a "sugar tit" for the baby. A sugar tit was a pacifier made of a spoon of sugar in a rag with the ends tied together forming a little ball for the baby to suck on. Usually it worked and the baby would go to sleep.

Once we walked 3-4 miles to Bessemer, Alabama and worked all day cleaning bricks. Archie was 14 or 15 years old and I was 10 or 11 years old. I made 15¢ for a day's work. Since we had not eaten all day we went immediately to a store, and I bought some cinnamon rolls and a Nehi drink, either a Nehi Orange or a Royal Crown (RC).

Another time Archie and I went down on the Coosa river near Childersburg, Alabama and worked on a farm. The share cropper had moved away, and the owner told Mr. Dolphus Acker that he could take over the crop and "lay it by" and later harvest the crop getting the former tenant's share after he paid the bills that were owed on the crop, i.e. after hd paid for the seed and fertilizer. Archie McDaniel and Archie Acker plowed, and the rest of us were hoe hands. Finally Mrs. Acker had no food in the house but a bag of flour. There was no sugar and no shortening. She managed someway to make some kind of biscuits for breakfast, and

for supper she picked a dishpan full of blackberries. She dropped dough balls in the boiling berries, and we had berry dumplings. I do not recall having any dinner (lunch). I think Archie made two dollars for two weeks of work from daybreak to dark, and the only pay I got was the food I ate such as it was.

During this period in the early 30s my father left home walking, hitch-hiking, riding the rails, and hoboing to look for work. When he came home we were so glad to see him it really did not matter that he was unable to find work.

In the early 1930s when the economy began to pick up as a result of the Franklin Roosevelt New Deal policies, the miners in the Birmingham (Pittsburg of the South) area began to organize into unions. One of their first goals was to try to get equal pay for blacks. Daddy was the president of the union and in the beginning all the officers of the union were white although there were at least twenty times as many blacks than whites belonging to the union. Some called us "Nigger Lovers." However, they were in the minority. Most of the white men felt that there should be equal pay for equal work.

During the 1936 strike there were several instances of violence. Daddy went night and day trying to cool the hot head unionists and also to keep the strike breakers and hired goons from killing the union men or at least beating them up. After the strike was over Daddy and all the leaders (officers) from all the Union Locals were replaced by scabs. After 2-3 years of legal maneuvering, including a trial, a ruling was made to reinstate all the 150 plus union men and pay them all back wages. Rather than go through years more of litigation and appeals the men agreed to a settlement that amounted to I believe about 1/4 to 1/3 of the amount of their lost wages.

From the period 1936-1939 the 150 men who were laid off because of union activities were black balled which meant that they were unable to find employment with any company of any size in the state of Alabama.

Another thing that I remember was that when a group of goons were hired to break the strike, they drove by the union hall one night during a meeting and began to shoot into the building. The meeting place was a Negro church. Guards had been posted on the outside and they simply riddled the car with bullets as it sped away. No union men were killed. If any of the strike breakers were killed it was not made public. After this episode Daddy was so concerned about our family's safety that we all slept in the back room of the house. Two black men and one white man would constantly patrol around the house. One night a car passed and someone inside threw a lighted cigaret out of the car. It was almost a miracle that some innocent person in the car was not killed.

In 1939 when Daddy and the other men were put back to work Daddy was made an assistant mine foreman since he showed such leadership qualities as president of the union.

In 1899 when Daddy was only one year old and Granny Mindy McDaniel was expecting a baby, Joshua Austin McDaniel deserted his pregnant wife and year old baby boy and married another woman without getting a divorce from Mindy. Granny went back to her parent's home. My grandfather Joshua Austin(AUS) McDaniel went to jail for bigamy. Mindy worked chopping cotton to help pay his fine, but he never came back to her. Daddy never saw his father again. He never made any attempt to locate him. Aunt Lillie was born a few months after Aus deserted them.

Daddy, Aunt Lillie and Grandma McDaniel really had a rough life. Granny Mc would cry and tell about Daddy working with two of his uncles, who were Mindy's brothers. He started when he was only nine years old driving a team of mules hitched to a wagon loaded with shingles. After loading the wagon they would set him on the shingles, tie the reins to his wrists, and his team would simply follow the wagon in front.

When he was fourteen years old Daddy walked fifteen miles to Sylacauga and one of his uncles helped to get him a job in a textile mill.

At the turn of the century the South was still suffering in the aftermath of the Reconstruction period after the War between the states. Around Bon Aire and Sycamore there were no hospitals, schools, and very few churches.

Daddy had an uncle named Terry Mizzell who was the same age he was. Uncle Terry was a little man and packed a gun whenever he went anywhere. While growing up I thought of Uncle Terry as a big man who was afraid of no one. However, when he was over 70 years old he became a Christian. When I heard this I went to see him, and he told me that since he became a Christian that he was no longer afraid and carried a gun no more. Uncle Terry was like Daddy in that he worked hard and took correspondence courses. He eventually became a foreman in the textile mill. Eventually he became a plumber in Oxford, Alabama and had his own very successful business. He and Aunt Rena had an only son named George who was the same age as I.

Wenonah school had grades one through eight. Each of the four teachers had two grades to teach. When Agnes and I were in the second grade, Raymond was in the first grade. Agnes was the next to youngest of seven children of Alvin Rhodes who was the oldest brother of my mother, Amy Rhodes. His wife's name was

Mayo Crimm Rhodes. Their children from the oldest to the youngest were: Louie, Herman, Marion, Evola, William (Bill), Agnes, and Dorothy.

Raymond was the oldest son of Uncle Archie Rhodes and his wife Amy Cockran Rhodes. Their children were Raymond, Fred, Peggy, Rodney, and Jerry.

Raymond was double promoted from the first to the third grade and he, Agnes, and I were in the same grade from the third grade through the twelth. I do not ever remember Agnes tattling on us, but Raymond and I were never sure that she would not.

The way I remember it, once while Raymond and I were "swimming" in the wading pool that was only about 18-20 inches deep, Sam (Snake) Bullard came and began to duck us. I don't remember saying much about his ducking me but picked up a shovel that had been left there beside the pool and told him not to duck Raymond anymore. When he came toward me to take the shovel and threatening me with what he was going to do, I swung the shovel as he turned around and he caught the blow in his back. Raymond and I ran thinking that I might have killed Snake. Snake never bullied us again.

The school auditorium was the classroom for the first and second gradesby day and a meeting place for the young people. There were special programs at Halloween, Thanksgiving, Christmas, Easter and also there were plays etc. In one play entitled Little Lame Prince I played the part of the little crippled Indian boy. Cecil Parsons was the great Spirit and Vernon Davis was the older sister of the little lame prince.

When I was older-possibly about 13 years old- the older boys were trying to get the younger boys to box Sugar Foot Tate. He was bigger and stronger and could easily beat any of the boys near his age. Sugar Foot offered to box any of us with one hand t ied behind him. My brother, Archie, told me that I was no coward and would either box Sugar Foot or him. I got the best of Sugar Foot with only one glove, so they persuaded me to box "fair", i.e. against two gloves. Sugar Foot nearly beat me to a pulp. All the older boys and Sugar Foot respected me after that.

I believe my Dad's philosophy ran something like, "Don't ever start a fight nor pick on someone smaller than you, but you had better not run from one." He and Archie were proud of me for boxing Sugar Foot and that meant everything to me.

One time I would have been better off to run. There was a small drug store in Lipscomb, and Mama sent me to get something.

I doubt if the purchase was a prescription drug. We seldom ever went to a doctor. I was grown before I ever went to a dentist. Usually, old Doctor Garmon would prescribe what people today call home remedies. He prescribed warm salt water for sore throat and to soak a sprain. Lipscomb probably had three or four times the population that Browns Station had and the number of boys was about the same ratio. I made it to the drug store without encountering any boys, but coming back home I was walking the ties on the railroad track and saw four boys ahead. I knew I was in for trouble unless I ran. They were Charles (Chibble) Gibson, K.O. Hill, Goose Lips, and Robert Gibson who was too mean to have a nickname. They surrounded me and Chibble jumped on my back. I managed to reach over my shoulder and pull his head around. When I went down I was on top of him with his face in the railroad gravel. The other three began to pummel me both with their fists and one used a rock. They tore my shirt completely off me. When I got home I was bloody and shirtless. Archie ran and got the ice pick to go back and get them. We had an ice box then and bought 5¢ or 10¢ worth of ice from the ice peddler. It was all Mama could do to restrain Archie and to take away the ice pick.

As everyone expected Robert Gibson went to prison several years later. One of my cousins, Bill Rhodes, got on the street car in Bessemer to go home one night and Robert who had just gotten out of prison also got on. Many people thought Bill and I were twins and could not tell us apart. I never even thought we favored in the least. However, Robert, who had not seen me in years, must have thought that Bill was me. He followed Bill off the street car. There were no street lights at the stop. When Bill turned around Robert hit him with a brass knuck. A brass knuckle had five finger holes and slipped on a man's knuckles. They were devastating in a fist fight. The last brass, or iron, knuckles I saw were found in the school house in Tennessee where Sam Houston of Texas fame taught school. I believe his initials were on the thing. Robert was arrested and went back to prison.

I thought Miss Anne Hoague, my first grade teacher, was the prettiest thing I had ever seen. All the girls would run to her squealing every morning and hug her around the legs. It was taboo for the boys to do this. This was the only thing that I ever was envious of the girls about. I planned to marry Miss Hoague, but she did not wait for me.

I claimed several little girls from 6 years old and up as sweeties, but Ruth Adams was the first girl that I ever "courted."

Ruth was an adopted child and lived in the big house next to where the mine superintendant, Mr. George Neal, lived. I think her father was an assistant to the superintendant and was over and supervised all building and maintenance. When my class moved from the 5-6 grade class room to the 7-8 grade class room, we were the next thing to being an 8th grader. Many of the 7th graders would listen to the teacher and also to the 8th graders as they recited. Usually if a question could not be answered by someone in the upper class one of the 7th graders could answer it. I do not recall for sure but I think that due to illness and missing school so much Ruth had been retained in the 7th grade. I made Raymond go with me and carried her books home from school.

Margaret Sue Heard was retained in the 6th grade, and when I passed to the 6th grade I caught up with her. I had a big crush on her. Once I was writing her a love note that went something like: Dear Margaret Sue, I think you have the prettiest squinch eyes I have ever seen. Love, Roland. I got the expression "squinch eyes" from Pete Boger who was 13 years old and was just waiting until he was old enough to quit school. Margaret Sue was 12 and everyone else in the 6th grade was 11 years old except Raymond who was 10. When Miss Walls saw me covering my paper with my arm she made me give her the paper, and she read it. After she read it she did not punish me. I would have prefered a firing squad to having it read to the class. However, she did neither and never mentioned it again. After I became aware that she was going to do nothing I changed my opinion of her and actually learned to like her.

Junior Cowart would bring his Daddy's chewing tobacco in the 4th grade and give all the boys that wanted it a little chew. The only place to spit was in the ink well that was mounted in the upper right hand corner of the desk. All of our work was done with a lead pencil, but we had to learn to write with an ink pen that had to be dipped into the ink well. When Junior gave L. C. Davis a chew he became deathly sick because he swallowed the juice rather than spit in the ink well. He was nauseated and throwing up. When they took him to old Doctor Gorman he immediately diagnosed what caused the sickness, and L.C. told his mother who told the teacher who punished poor Junior very severely. Every Monday morning all the boys who had three checks beside their names for whatever reason were switched. We got a check for tardiness, cheating, or whispering in class. I do not ever recall a girl being switched.

Sometimes boys were switched for just one infraction of the rules as Junior was. From the first grade through the 12th grade I do not ever recall one of the boys betraying another. The code of silence among them could only be broken by someone lying as

was done with Raymond Rhodes. The aforementioned ink wells were not only used for a cuspider, but usually as the result of a dare would be used as a urinal by the boys. When it was discovered because of the odors emanating from the wells, Miss Mary Kate Gulley (Miss Gully) who was the 7-8 grades teacher and also the pseudo principal and chief executioner, proceeded to take each boy into the clock room and grill them. Her third degree methods included all manner of threats, but her clincher was that all the other boys claim that, "You are the guilty one so you might as well confess." This brought a confession on the part of Raymond, but he never mentioned the particular name of anyone else. He just stated that he was not the only one. She switched him so hard that his legs swelled and were "black and blue." The switching stopped after this when Uncle Archie and Aunt Amy threatened legal action, and Uncle Archie told her that the mules that worked in the mines were never beaten so unmercifully.

Wenonah was such a small school that by the time my class reached the eighth year there were only 12 of us who graduated and went to high school. There were 7 boys and 5 girls. When Wenonah played Ishkooda, Muscoda, and Edgewater in a basketball tournament, I think we lost 57 to 3. The winners of the first two games then played for the championship.

Louie Rhodes was the oldest of all my cousins. I always thought of him as a big man when actuallyhe was a very small man about 5'-7" tall and weighing about 135 pounds. Louie and his brother, Herman, were two of the first to join the CCC. When the mines began to operate again in the 30s they began working for the TCI &RR Company.

When Louie, Aunt Minnie, and Granny Rhodes moved to Jemison, Alabama on highway 31 located a few miles south of Calera and the site of El Campo. Raymond and I went down to visit them for two weeks one summer. I have no idea how old we were, but I think Louie was about 18 and Aunt Minnie was around 23 years of age respectively. They ran a small grocery store and gasoline service station. Raymond and I were not paid to help out, but we swept up, burned the trash, pumped gas, and finally would look after the place for a few minutes at the time when Louie or Aunt Minnie went home to eat, etc. We would be given a nickle candy bar or an RC cola.

One day during the two week visit we went to visit the old Weldon home place where Granny Rhodes was born. Some of the old timers called her "Lish." Granny Alicia Weldon Rhodes was a descendant of James Weldon whose name is on the deed signed by President Andrew Jackson. The soldiers who came with Old Andy Jackson to fight and conquer the Creeks at Horse Shoe Bend were given 160 acres when Alabama became a state in 1819. The deed is written on sheep skin.

Not only were descendants of Weldon still living but descendants of their "servants" were also. After the slaves were given their freedom no provision was made to care for them, and after wandering around many of them simply wentback "home." I do not recall if the husband was called "Uncle Posh' or the wife was called "Aunt Posh." Slaves were given the name of their owners and were considered as "family."

A new house had been constructed. The old Civil War house was still there with all the furnishings. The Weldons were not real wealthy, and their slaves consisted of Uncle Posh and family. I think there were a couple of real old blacks still living on the place in the 30s.

We were always fascinated by the tales of the "Yankee scum" sent out from Elyton Village, later to become Birmingham, Alabama, to pillage, rape and even murder. They would kill all animals - horses, mules, cows, all fowl, pigs, sheep, and goats - that they could not take with them. They would hide from the Yankees all animals, money, jewelry, silverware, and anything else of value. Many times this stuff was hidden so well that it was never found. It was not hidden near the house but on a dry place in the swamp, if possible.

I know that the Rhodes were concerned about Archie, Mildred, and me and wanted to be sure that we were not mistreated. Aunt Minnie wanted my Mother's violin, but of course Daddy would not let her have it. Mama was sure that someone ransacked our house but nothing was missing. The violin was kept under lock and key in an old trunk. When Daddy was out of work so long when the mines were shut down on strike and could not make mortgage payments on our little housewith electricity and inside plumbing and to keep the bank from foreclosing, Daddy deeded the house to Mr. Butler. We moved to a little settlement located between lipscomb and Brighton. The house burned, and everything we had including my Mother's violin except the clothes we had on our backs. I was 14 years old and Archie was 18. We moved into a two-room store building beside the Lipscome jail. In many ways the time we spent there were the worst years of my life. We depended on our old cow to live, and had to stake her out along the railroad or street car tracks to graze. We would also have to carry her water during the day. Archie graduated from Jones Valley High School in 1936 and immediately joined the CCC. With the small amount Daddy got from the Union's strike fund we managed to exist. I think the boys in the CCC were given $5.00 per month, and the balance of their pay was given to their families.

When Daddy received his back pay and went back to work we moved to a house beside the North Bessemer street car track and Highway #11. It was by far the nicest house we had ever lived in. It had a bathroom. Daddy also bought a new 1939 Nash automobile. I was 17 years old, and Daddy would let me drive from the front around to the back via the alley behind the house to wash the car. I was willing to wash it every day to get to drive from the front to the back.

One day Bill was riding with me and I decided to drive down a block and cross the railroad tracks. I was creeping along and heard a train whistle just as I straddled the rails. I slammed on the brakes and the engine went dead. Bill promised to not tell Daddy. While we were eating supper Bill kept grinning and looking from Daddy to me. When he looked at me I would shake my head and frown at him. Finally he said, "Don't you worry Roland. I'm not going to tell Daddy that a train nearly hit us when you stopped the car on the railroad tracks." Daddy was a very understanding person and never said anything else about it, but Mama did.

Daddy did not smoke, chew, drink, or curse. The only adjective that I can recall that he used when exasperated was "dadblamed." He could play a harmonica by ear very well. We called the harmonica a French harp which was a rather large stringed instrument. That is what Daddy called it though, so we did also. I did not know until many years later that it was not a French harp. He could also play what we called a Jews harp or juice harp. It was actually a special kind of harmonica called a mouth organ.

Daddy had the patience of Job especially with junk cars, Mama, and children. The day Betty and I married we finally got ready to leave from where we lived in Wenonah mining camp to drive to the Spring Creek community where Betty lived. She lived in a little square, four-room house without plumbing until not long before we moved across the road from them. After we were all ready to leave and loaded in the car it would not start. We pushed and pushed, and it still would not start. Daddy started to get out of the car and snagged his right back pocket and tore it. When Mama told him that his pants were torn from the pocket down about two or three inches, he looked back and without even a "dadblame" took hold of the hanging pocket and yanked it with all his might. The tear increased from two inches to 12-14 inches. Without a word he turned and started walking back to the house with his drawers showing. When the kids began to question Mama she said, "Shhh, be quiet. I think Daddy's a little bit upset." Daddy called Leonard Moore and borrowed his car. I do not recall if the car gave out of gas about 3-4 miles out of Bessemer or if Leonard's old car just broke down.

I got out and began to hitch hike. It took me only about one or possibly 1 and 1/2 hours to get there. The family did not make it to my wedding which was at the Ingram's home. The Baptist pastor from Calera named Bean married us. After the wedding Betty and I rode with him to Calera and caught a bus to Montgomery where we spent our honeymoon for one night in a hotel. We ate supper

and breakfast at a drug store counter and went back to Daddy's home where we lived with them a couple of weeks until classes started at the University of Alabama. Mama bought me a suit to marry in, and Gordon gave me $20 for a wedding present. I gave the $20 to Pastor Bean for marrying us.

When I returned to my job in the mines on Monday morning some of the boys on the crew that I worked with began to tease me, and I put a stop to it. I did not have to resort to cracking some heads with a pick handle as I threatened, but the use of some strong adjectives and references to the circumstances of their births along with the fact that Gordon worked on the same crew as I did was sufficient. At this time Gordon was much bigger than I. He was about 6' 2" tall and weighed about 180 pounds which compared to my 6' 0" and 145 pounds. Since he had gotten so much bigger than I he always tried to protect me, but he still looked up to me as his big brother. He and I buddied together to carry a load. Steel girders, wooden posts twelve to eighteen inches thick by eight to eighteen feet long, 90 pound rails and cross ties would have to be loaded on small four wheel dollies. They would have to be carried to the working place where the wooden posts and steel girders were used to shore up the roof to keep it from caving in. Gordon always tried to protect me by grabbing the short end of the carrying stick or choking up on the rail dogs which would put the greater part of the load on him.

Archie was among the first draftees. He was inducted into the Army in 1940 and was stationed at Camp Blanding, Florida. At first he was in the Medical Corp and was assigned to the psychiatric ward. Hitting one of the patients was a court martial offense. One patient who was obviously trying to get a Section 8 (a medical discharge) would spit what he cleared from his throat on the medical attendants. When the boy spat on him, Archie slapped him down, and the boy never spit on anyone else. Since he had nothing against his record Archie was never court martialed. After Pearl Harbor he was permitted to transfer to glider pilot school. While stationed in Virginia be began to write home about a girl and send pictures of her. When he went to North Africa apparently they had some kind of agreement to not become too involved. I do not believe they were ever engaged. Mildred seemed to think they were.

On Pearl Harbor Day, December 7, 1941, I was working as a blender at the big ore conditioning plant on the "hoot owl" (11-7) shift. Along with all the other teen aged and twenty year old young men I had to register for the draft. I did not wait until I was inducted but went to Atlanta and tried to enlist in the Navy and go to pilot training school. I passed the physical without any trouble but did not pass the physics part of the written examination and was sent back home. I joined the regular Navy

in Birmingham and was sent to San Diego, California for three months of basic training. My first night there I was chosen for the "mid-watch" (12-4AM guard duty).

Several of the boys I knew were among the 200 men sent to Great Lakes Training Station in Illinois on the same day that I left Birmingham with 10 boys for San Diego because the 200 men filled the quota for the G.L.T.S. in Illinois.

Daddy and Mildred took me to the train station and left before the other guys got there. I was most thankful since none of the other fellow's families were there. However, Faye (Dopey) Dameron did come. She pledged her love for me and really put on a show of the little girl left behind. When Cecil Gregory arrived for training soon afterwards, he told me that she met Clayton Hammonds, and they went "honky tonkin" the same night after my departure. Clayton and Faye got married after his hitch in the service. When I was discharged she sent word by Valpo (Flagpole) Walls that she was available at anytime that I wanted to come to meet her.

During the three months basic training things got much better. On our first day we were told to hurry and obey every order without any question and to act as if we wanted to do so. After we had our heads peeled, were given our G.I. issues, had run to the chow hall and back 3 times, and each had been permitted to choose his own bunk,"the smoking lamp was lit". This meant that you could smoke. Throughout my hitch of 3 years, 2 months, and 15 days we were never told that we could smoke, but that, "The smoking lamp is lit." This was a great part of the old Navy tradition along with calling the right side of the ship,"the starboard side" and calling the left side of the ship, "the port side."

When the old chief petty officer who was our company commander came outside, blew his whistle, and bellowed, "Fall in by your bunks on the double," I took my time and stepped aside and let everyone pass taking a last few drags on a cigaret. I extinguished it in the butt can that was filled with sand, very leisurely fell in behind the next to the last man. The chief gave me a real dressing down and reminded me of the order to hurry and obey and <u>never</u> be last. My punishment was to stand the mid watch which was 12-4 AM guard duty. Before I had always believed that someone had to be last. I never was late again. Where ever we went there would always be some old salts who would yell things like, "Is anyone from Alabama?" If you had not learned to never answer such a question, they would come back with something like, "Well, I would not admit it," or, "Are you bragging or complaining," or "You look like something from Alabama."

In addition to learning discipline by having insulting slurs screamed at us, and drilling in such close formation that the club-footed baboon behind you who did not know his left foot from his right foot would step on your heel, drill commands were given in the old traditional way like:

1. "Harch" or "Hotch for "March."
2. "Hup, hoop hreep, whoarp" for "One, two, three, four."
3. "Heytshun" for "Attention."

Everyone seemed to derive immense amounts of pleasure from seeing new comers suffering just as he did or worse.

In the beginning the uniform of the day would be whites which we were compelled to wash using strong lye soap, a scrub brush, and cold water in a big 4" deep pan about four feet wide by 12-14 feet long. This was an every night occurence.

We were told over and over again that we had better not lose anything and that anything belonging to someone else had better not be found among our baggage. When something was reported stolen there would be a baggage shake down identical to the regular baggage inspection every Saturday morning after the big parade of all trainees on the parade ground.

It seemed to me that there were dozens of shots in the arm at the shoulder level or in the right or left cheek of our back porch. Those who passed out from the shots were sometines the biggest and toughest guys.

Men would also pass out after having to stand at attention so long on the parade ground every Saturday morning. After about a monthe or two a "boot" company would march in review before the top brass, who I think was an admiral, and then we got our first "liberty" (pass to go to town).

My first liberty I went over to the Marine barracks to visit Lester Johnson, who was the third child of Aunt Trixie and Uncle Jack Johnson. Their other children in the order of their births were as follows: Alice Laura (oldest), Carl Everett, Lester,Joe, and Wayne (youngest).

Before my first liberty I believed that the discipline (crap) that Navy boots had to endure was the roughest. However, my mid watch punishment was absolutely nothing compared to Lester's punishment for reporting that someone had stolen his watch. His punishment was to stand the mid watch for an indefinite period of time until he learned to never accuse another Marine of being a thief. He was totally exhausted and looked terrible. After completing boot camp Les sent to the South Pacific Theater of War where I next met him on Guadalcanal.

I was the only one of the ten men who went to San Diego together who was from the Jefferson County area. One of the guys was named McKinsey and another was named McKelvey. On the train

going across country it appeared at first that we might become good friends and called ourselves,McDaniel, McKinsey, and McKelvey, "The Three Musketeers."

Our friendship did not last very long. I caught both of them trying to cheat in a game of chance. McKinsey was guite an athlete and also a bully. I was a little taller than he, but he was probably 20-30 pounds heavier. Regular meal times, nutritious food and enough sleep did wonders for me, and I gained about 20 pounds or more. One day when McKinsey was pushing a little fuzzy-faced boy around I told him to leave the kid alone. He pulled a knife on me. I can not remember little Fuzzy's name. He was one of the youngest and smallest in the entire company and slept in the bunk below me. He became my shadow after that.

Daddy wrote to Archie and me nearly every day. Mildred wrote to us pretty often, and Aunt Minnie wrote probably once each month. I am sure I wrote at least 4-5 letters a week while in boot camp. Fuzzy got Mildred's name and address from an envelope and wrote to her. He did not know that she was five years older than he was until she wrote and told him. Sassy was thrilled to death to get his letter.

Everyone was required to take a battery of placement tests to determine who went to school and also which school you attended. I scored high enough to go to Quartermaster School. Those who did not get to attend school were given leave to go home. Those who attended schoolhad to wait and get leave after completing their schooling. Since I did not get to go home I loaned $100 each to Joe Dodd and a kid named Marcum who were both from Waco, Texas. Neither ever paid me.

A Navy quartermaster was a petty officer (non-commissioned officer) or mate whose responsibilities consisted of attending the ship's compass, sextant, maps, clocks, blinkers, signals and semaphor signals. He also assisted in navigating the ship. Every member of the ship's company except the captain and executive officer had to stand watch. The time span of each watch was as follows:

0 00 - 04 00 Midnight to 4 AM
0 400- 06 00 4 AM to 6 AM
0 600- 08 00 6 AM to 8 AM
0 800- 12 00 8AM to 12 Noon
12 00- 16 00 12 Noon to 4 PM
16 00- 18 00 4 PM to 6 PM
18 00- 20 00 6PM to 8 PM
20 00- 24 00 8PM to Midnight

The duties of the quartermaster of the watch included keeping the officer of the deck posted (reminded) of all scheduled events, calling the watch, keeping the ships log, and during the 04 00 to 06 00 watch assisting the navigator by keeping time and recording the sextant's (navigator's instrument) readings as he "took shots

of the stars to locate the ship's position and to plot it on the nautical charts (maps).

During the 3-4 months at quartermaster school I was assigned the task of keeping the chief's lounge clean and a constant flow of fresh coffee. I really tried to do a good job and am sure it could have helped some in my being recommended for rank of Quartermaster 3rd class when I finished school. If the chief's (instructors) did not recommend you for rank it did not matter what grades you made. However, if you had superior grades and had their recommendations, you were promoted to QM 3/c when you graduated.

My first ship was the light cruiser, St. Louis. She was in "dry dock" in Vallejo, California which was located on the north eastern side of San Francisco Bay and across the bay from San Francisco. During action in the South Pacific against the Japs she took a torpedo and had most of her bow blown off. In addition to the repairs the most modern radar, new guns, and fire control equipment were installed. There was a hanger deck below the fan tail (the stern part of the main deck) that housed a small sea plane which was catapulted into the air to direct the firing of the ship's guns and also to locate the enemy. The first radar was not perfected as it is today.

Nearly everyone went across the bay to San Francisco on day or week end passes. It was nextto impossible to find a hotel room when the money was available. Bus and railway stations and lobbies of hotels would be packed with sleeping service men. The U.S.O. in San Francisco was fantastic. They provided free pepsi, cookies. hot dogs, sanwiches and fruit. The trolley cars were reasonable and people would run and catch them on the move. If you were hanging on more outside than in, you would not have to pay for a couple blocks ride.

I met Marion Betti at the U.S.O. The volunteer hostesses were not supposed to make a date with any of the guys, but I suppose they all did. She lived with her sister several miles from downtown near the Pacific ocean beach. Her parents were deceased. She was Roman Catholic. I really fell for her, and we talked about marriage. She obviously told all her friends, her sister, and her priest. They persuaded her that it would not work out. I am very thankful that we did not get married. Our situation could have been much worse than Bill's and Pauline's, the little English girl he married.

After the St. Louis was repaired we had a shake-down (trial) run south to Los Angeles and back. Then a few days later we left for the South Pacific theater of War. When we crossed the Equator, the first timers across were subjected to every conceivable indignity that could be imagined. There was a young officer, Ensign

Marshik, who was about 6'-6" tall and had played college basketball who was hazed more than any of the officers. A little Irish Bostonian named McKinley had to carry a hospital urinal around for the benefit of anyone who wanted to use it. All the enlisted men had to crawl through the slop chute made of sail canvas with several inches of raw, stinking garbage that had been saved since we left San Francisco, and it was rotten. As you exited the chute a belt line was waiting. The polliwogs began these activities in their shorts, but by the time of the exit from the slop chute almost 100% were naked. I do not know of anyone being struck with a belt buckle nor being hit in the face. When you crossed the equator and suffered the initiation you officially became an old salt. Many of the men on the St. Louis were career men and were aboard on December 7, 1941 at the Jap's sneak attack on Pearl Harbor. She was one of the few that managed to get under way and leave the harbor and sustained no damage at Pearl.

By the time one became an old salt a new vocabulary had been learned like:

1. Frisco for San Francisco
2. Aft for to the rear
3. Dago for San Diego
4. Head for toilet
5. Pogy bait was a term used for fresh, smooth faced seamen. A pogy (surfperch) was any of a family of sea surf fish that bear living young and live in shallow water along the Pacific coast of North America. The term as used had pretty sinister implications.
6. Bulkhead for wall
7. Helm for steering wheel
8. Belay was a nautical colloquilism for stop or hold
9. Secure for store, hold, or cease

We stopped at Samoa as we were going across the Pacific to the New Hebrides Islands for supplies and refueling. We were constantly having all manner of drills. Almost every drill was begun with a call to "general quarters." At G.Q. everyone had a special assignment. The quartermaster of the watch ordinarily was a QM 3/c. At G.Q. the quartermaster of the watch was QM 1/C , "Porky" Helms. During one of my first watches as the quartermaster of the watch the Officer of the Deck passed word through the voice tube from the Conning Tower to the Wheel House to sound General Quarters (G.Q.). Porky was assisting the navigator in taking the morning shots of the stars and since my G.Q. station was at the helm I was the quartermaster and helmsman until Porky arrived. The next order was to "Make Smoke." Since this would have been Porky's responsibility, no one had ever told me how I was to make smoke. As a matter of fact I had no earthly idea what the term even meant. On the bulkhead of the wheel house there was a signaling device that sounded a horn and flashed a light to the engine room to inject a substance in the diesel fuel causing an unbelievable amount of smoke to

come from the smoke stacks. A ship could start circling and hide in the huge cloud of smoke. Since I did not know what to do, someone called down and said to push down the handle on the bulkhead, which I did. But the handle I pushed down signaled to abandon ship. We then had to pass the word to, "Belay the last order."

We did not have make smoke drills, but rather secured from G.Q. I was sure that the entire ship's complement of 3,500 men would know what I had done. Instead my immediate superiors knew that it was not my fault and apparently only a handful including QM 1/C Porky Helms, the other QM 1/C Red (I don't recall his name), the old chief Quartermaster and the navigator who was third in command after the Captain and the Executive Officer. When we arrived at Tulagi Bey in the New Hebridies Island group the St. Louis had an admiral aboard, hence she was the flag ship of the Cruiser Task Force consisting of two light cruisers and five destroyers. The destroyers were constantly patroling, searching for submarines, and escorting troop and supply ships. The entire task force would make a run "up the slot" to bombard enemy positions in Guadacanal.

Before the landing on Bouganville Island we provided support to the marines with a barrage of the beaches where they were to go ashore. Then we would patrol near the island and bombard enemy positions. I never found out if the torpedoes fired at us were from submarines or from the beach.

To enhance my macho image I boxed the middle weight champion of the Pacific Fleet. He hit me in the throat which is one of the most dangerous foul blows in boxing. That night in the "sick bay" (ship's hospital) I was not sure I would make it through the night. Fifty-four years later when the internist sent me to the throat specialist because I had such serious problems with my throat and bronchials every time I had a cold, sinusitis, bronchitis, or any viral infection. Many times I have been forced to sit up in order to breath. When I returned to the specialist to get the results of the CAT scan (Xrays) he asked whether or not I had ever had a massive blow to the left front side of my throat. When I related my experience while boxing the punk in the Navy, he informed me that my trachea had been crushed. Because of the lack of proper medical facilities I had been returned to active duty. My trachea grew back with the place caved in. When he first looked down my throat the doctor thought I had a huge tumor.

Another vivid recollection of mine was the bombing of the St. Louis by Jap planes. We were bombarding a landing beach when some planes began to attack. We were already at G.Q. and the planes had been picked up on radar. We also had visual contact with them. One plane managed to fly through the anti-aircraft barrage and dropped a bomb that hit the St. Louis. It penetrated two decks where it exploded in a section of the crew's quarters.

All the men whose G.Q. station was in this damage control area were killed. Actually there was very little serious damage to the ship. No powder magazines were hit nor was the aviation gasoline ignited. This was due to watertight integrity being set where every below deck compartment was sealed off. All passageways that ran throughout the ship were divided into compartments with a hatch (bulkhead to hold water back). With the order to general quarters came the order to, "Batten down the hatches," and, "Establish watertight integrity." All the men aboard the ship were aware of the importance of "Damage Control."

The after steering compartment was located beneath the plane's hangar compartment. In case the wheel house was bombed or the wiring from the helm to the rudder was destroyed the ship would be steered from the after steering room. To go to our GQ station in "steering aft" we had to go through a hatch in the hangar deck which was in the overhead (ceiling) of the compartment. It required two men to open the hatch because it was so very heavy. There were three men, an Electrician 2/C, a QM 3/C, and a Seaman 1/C stationed there during G.Q.

When the ship was hit the E 2/C who wore the head phones which had earphones and a mouthpiece (speaker) panicked and wanted us to help him open the hatch so we could abandon our battle station. His fears were not unfounded. We had discussed how hopeless our situation would be when the aviation gasoline stored above us on the hangar deck became ignited because the only access to our battle station was through the hangar. No one could leave battle stations until ordered to do so by the "Conn" i.e. the captain who was conning (directing) the ship from the "Bridge."

Each of the men who were killed were sewn into a bag of sail canvas and buried at sea. One of the men that was killed was a young kid who was only 17 years old and was always smiling, hence the nickname, "Smiley." His bunk was next to mine in the crew's quarters.

The captain of the ship was real short possibly 5'-6" short. The admiral was a tall, lanky fellow. During the funeral service the captain wept, and the admiral put his arm around his shoulders and called him "Shorty."

Our ship went into drydock in the New Hebrides Islands and I received orders to return to Frisco for reassignment. I was given leave and assigned to the USS Alpine (PA 92) in Bremerton, Washington. I flew home and returned to duty by train. At this time the train schedules were miserable. Since our train was several hours late all the servicemen on the train were given a statement by the conductor verifying that the train was far behind schedule. Every man whether he was only hours late or up to 30 days, received a one month's fine, and his records did not show that he was AWOL (Absent Without Leave).

Nearly all the crew on the Alpine were the survivors of a baby carrier that was sunk by torpedoes from a Jap submarine. The salvo of torpedoes hit the carrier at the crack of dawn. One hit one of the ship's magazines and she sank so fast that no boats were lowered into the water. The men simply jumped overboard. Some had their life jackets on, but many did not. Since the sea was calm most of the men were rescued who were not seriously burned or injured by exploding magazines.

The captain of the Alpine was the most strict disciplinarian I ever saw. He required that all men on duty (watch) topside wear undress blues with shoes polished. There was no personal talking while on watch in the wheelhouse or on the conning tower. The quartermaster of the watch or the officer of the deck had better be aware that he had come to the area and call everyone to attention. He was especially rough on the Executive Officer and ordered him around at every opportunity.

Prior to the ship's launching we had fabulous duty. The captain had not come aboard, and we were given liberty except when we had duty. Most of the time a fellow who has out of money and credit would stand the watch for $2 -$5.

When I arrived in Bremerton with a boy who had boarded the train in Tennessee and a couple of very young Australian soldiers we "made the town" together. At one place everyone would try to pay for everything you bought. A gang of sailors came in with a Boatswain Mate 3/C who decided they were going to take over the place. Several civilians were present and were called 4-Fers (men who were classified as 4-F because of physical handicaps, family responsibilities, or were employed in some vital type of work). The term was used by some servicemen as an epithat to accuse someone of being a coward. It did not apply to us, so the two Australians, Tennessee and I were not involved. We stayed out of it. When they could not get a rise out of any of the old men civies, the Boat 3/C proceeded to tell how tough he was, that he and his boys were from Texas. I do not recall what was said or done to the two kids, but one of them told the mouth that they were not looking for trouble and were with two American sailors from Tennessee and Alabama.

They were told that he did not care who they were with, so I informed him that I was the one and told him to leave them alone. He wanted to know if I was looking for troublebecause,"Me and my boys are ready." I picked up a one quart bottle by the long neck and prepared to either hit with the bottle or break the bottom out against the bar. It would have become a devastating weapon, and I am glad the guy suddenly changed his tune and backed off.

A few days later after I reported to the ship I saw the Boatswain 3/C on the ship and told him that I remembered him

and related what had taken place a few nights back. He denied being the gang leader and claimed that everywhere he went on the Pacific coast people accused him of picking fights and leading a gang of young seamen into places to threaten and intimidate.

The chief quartermaster's name was Bateman. A quartermaster seaman named Price who had survived the baby carrier sinking back-talked him one day, and instead of putting Price on report and causing a bad report on his record and probably time in the brig Bateman invited him back to the fantail to show who was boss. Price could have stomped him in a fair fight, but I have an idea that the chief would have remained boss. Bateman was a career man with red service stripes on his arm indicating longevity of service. Those who had nothing in their service record against them wore gold service stripes. Everyone in the Navigation department respected and even liked old Bateman after this episode.

After the ship was launched we had our shake down cruise down the coast to San Diego. We were given one night liberty and were told that the last boat would leave the dock at midnight for the ship. I was at the dock at the appointed time. Three boats came alongside the dock, and I thought they were all from our ship. I jumped in the nearest one and it left with only a few men. I realized that I was on the wrong boat and was told that it was going to Mare Island where the WAVE barracks were. The boat's coxswain would not take me back to the dock nor to the ship. Just as soon as we got to the island I reported to the Officer of the Deck and requested transportation back to the Alpine. The ship was contacted, and I was told to catch the boat bringing the civilian harbor pilot just before we got underway at about 0500. The pilot was acquainted with the harbor so well that he could "conn" the ship out to sea without any problem.

When I climbed up the ladder about 0430 the QM of the watch told me that my gear along with the gear of anyone else who missed the ship was about to be unloaded and sent over on the beach, and that all of us were AWOL. I retrieved my gear. I hoped that since I made it back before the ship "sailed" my name would simply be erased from the list. Instead I was put on report and had to go to captain's mast which was a summary session held by the commanding officer to try minor offenses. When my turn came to stand at attention before the captain while the charges were read I expected the worst and got it. All the "old man" said to me was, "McDaniel, you'd better learn to handle your liquor." Then he reduced me in rank from QM 3/C to Seaman 1/C.

I continued all my duties as QM 3/C. When the results of the captain's mast were examined by a review board somewhere off the ship, the captain's sentence was overturned and I got my rank back.

While enroute to Hawaii to take on troops and equipment we constantly drilled and always were called to GQ during the dawn watch (0400-0600). The captain, whose name was G.K.G. Reilly, was such an ornery old rascal that every person on ship was afraid of him. When the flag ship signaled to our ship that a light was showing on our topside during GQ and to extinguish it forthwith (at once) the old man reamed out the Executive Officer because the damage control officer had reported to him that all hands were at battle stations, watertight integrity had been set and all lights were out topside. The word was passed over the intercom to find the light, have it extinquished, and report to the bridge who the guilty party was. It turned out that the light was shining through a port hole in the captain's "little" cabin located in the aft part of the bridge. Before the location of the light was found, another message was sent from the flag ship to extinguish the light now or it would be shot out.

The captain was required to make a detailed report to the Admiral. We never knew what excuse he concocted or who he put the blaim on.

The Alpine (PA 92) was a troop transport. We took on troops and supplies at Pearl Harbor for the invasion of Guam. One of the army privates was an orphan boy named Albert Bradford from Brown Station that I had known for several years. His nickname was "Goat." I did not call him Goat nor tell anyone his nickname.

When Goat and I were quite young a group of us boys camped out one night. We were the youngest of the bunch. Usually when we camped out the only food we took with us was a bag of potatoes. If we could catch any fish or gig some frogs, we sould roast them over a fire. When the fire burned down we would cover the potatoes and ears of green corn still in the shucks with red hot coals If it was not the time of year to "glean" any fresh corn and we could not get any fish or frogs, we only had roasted potatoes. Phil Key was Goat's cousin and he saw to it that Goat had a share. Archie looked out for me also. All the older boys loved to torment us by teasing us with tales of ghosts, semi-human beings, and murderers. Goat believed everything they ever told us.

When the Army landed on Guam Albert was a runner for the colonel. He was given a medal for bravery in contact with the enemy. I was really proud of him.

Down in the South Pacific the temperatures below decks would be almost unbearable, so nearly all the crew would sleep on the deck topside. The officers' quarters were above the main deck and they could open a porthole and get fresh, cool air.

The ship's water treatment plant would not convert enough salt sea water to fresh water for the crew to have a bath, so we had to bathe and wash our clothes in sea water. It was bad enough to have to suffer the humiliation of having to bathe in a communal shower room.

We also would let our clothes soak in a bucket of strong lye suds. Then on the mid watch(0000-0400) tie them to a rope and throw them over the side to wash them by letting them drag in the water.

After the invasion of Guam the Alpine went back to Pearl Harbor to take on more troops and supplies for the Saipan invasion. Again I was transfered to another ship. Now since I had duty on a cruiser and a big troop transport behind me and could talk and act as salty as the next one it did not matter that I had gotten a QM 3/C rank in school.

It was unimaginable the scuttle butt (rumors) that men could concoct. It got to where I was as expert at starting these rumors as anyone else. If you wanted to find out the latest wardroom (commissioned officer's lounge) gossip or rumor a question like, "Mr. _____ is it true what someone is telling about the ship going back to Pearl?" I was not prepared for the lack of discipline on the LST 123 (Landing Ship - Tank). The captain was an old mustang which meant that he came up through the ranks. There were only five officers, besides the captain, and I think less than 100 enlisted personnel aboard. None of the officers were regular Navy (Annapolis trained).

The lack of discipline was due to the officers not knowing what real discipline was. The purpose of discipline was and is to train both officers and non officers to develop self-control, character, orderliness, and efficiency. It also meant strict control to enforce obedience to orders. The old mustang captain despised the 90 day wonders who had gone to school less than 3 months whereas it had taken him many years of service to receive a commission. All the officers were college boys who had 90 days of OCS (Officer Candidate School).

The names of the other officers besides the old mustang captain were:

Ensign Rothstein - Communications Officer
Ensign Griffith - Gunnery Officer
Ensign John Calvin III - Deck Officer
Lt. J.G. Fiedler - Navigator and Executive
Ensign Dirk - Engineering Officer

The LST 123 rated a Chief or a First Class quartermaster. I was a QM 3/C and acting chief. There was a Chief Machinist Mate named O'Brien and there was also a First Class Machinist Mate named Roberts. The acting chief signalman was a Second Class Signalmen named Echols. The acting chief gunners mate was a Gunners Mate 3/C named Miller. The acting chief Boatswains mate was a second class named Boucher. I do not remember the chief Cook's name. There was a Radioman 3/C. There was also a chief commissary officer whose name I cannot remember.

Seaman 1/C Bailey was a hillbilly from Tennessee who could neither read or write. I would read and write letters for him. A "Dear John" letter from his wife informed his that she wanted a divorce - that she had another man. Bailey was real upset but released his frustration by working hard. He could dismantle clean and reassemble any of the 20 MM or 40 MM guns faster than anyone else in the Gunnery Department. He was promoted to third class gunners mate.

Boatswains Mate 2/C Boucher was from New York. I do not remember the Borough he was from. He was not a bully, but he did have a temper and got into fights not because he looked for one but because he did not run from one. He was an Italian and did not mind being called a "Wop" or a "Dago" unless he believed that he was being disparaged. He was advanced to first class. He actually ran the "Deck Crew." John Calvin III received reports from him and passed orders down to the deck hands through him but never interfered with how he ran the deck gang.

I do not know what caused Boucher and Bailey to have a fight, and I did not see it. Others told me that Bailey was really working Boucher over, and John Calvin III tried to break it up. Bailey did not hit John Calvin but did shove him. Bailey was demoted back to Seaman 1/C for insubardination towards an officer- not for fighting. Boucher later told me that Bailey picked him up above his head and threw him down on the steel deck. He said that he was hoping that someone would break up the fight because he thought that Bailey was going to kill him. Being demoted was worse on Bailey than losing his wife.

John Calvin III was a Beacon Hill Bostonian whose face was as smooth as a baby's behind. He gave $100 bills for Christmas presents. That was more than an entire month's pay for a Third Class Petty Officer.

Gunners Mate 3/C James Hannon was from Philadelphia, PA. He became one of my best friends. There were only four men in the quartermaster gang, so gunners mates would have to stand helmsman watches. Hannon and S 1/C Ralph Waldo Gritts (a full-blooded Cherokee Indian) stood watch on the wheel (helm) when I was the quartermaster of the watch. Gritts seldom ever said a word except to say, "Gimmee a cigaret." Hannon teased him constantly. Whereas Waldo Gritts seldom ever spoke, Hannon talked incessantly. He called Waldo, "Chief," and eventually everyone

did also. Hannon would take out a pack of cigarets and say, "Ugh, Chief," as he held them out to the chief. Waldo never answered, but he always took one of Hannon's cigarets. We always talked about visiting each other after the war was over. In 1963 when my wife, Betty, and I and sons, Archie and Clark, went to the World's Fair in Brooklyn, New York we stopped on the New Jersey turnpike when we were nearest to Philadelphia and I called. His wife told me that Hannon had died with cancer a few weeks before I called.

When the helmsman was steering the ship and the Officer of the Deck called any order down from the Bridge over the voice tube he was supposed to repeat the order back and say, "Aye, Sir," which meant that he understood the order and was responding or would respond. Orders and responses would go something like this:

O.D. "Helmsman come right to 350°.

Helmsman, "Come right to 350°, Aye Sir."

After coming right to 350° the helmsman would report, "Sir, I have come right to 350°, to which the Officer of the Deck would respond, "Very well, Steady as you go."

The helmsman would then say, "Steady as you go, Aye Sir."

This could go on forever. Theoretically the helmsman should then say, "Sir, I am now steady as I go."

The O.D. would reply, "Very well."

When Chief Ralph Waldo Gritts was on the helm someone else would have to answer for him.

Hannon's constant chatter while on watch finally got him in trouble. When the moon was not shining at night it would be pitch dark. When the captain came through the Wheel House from the Chart Room he told Hannon that he was going to have his mouth taped up the next time he heard him carrying on his personal conversation while on watch.

The next time he heard Hannon's "bull" the captain told him to go down to Sick Bay and have his mouth taped up. I told the kid that the captain would probably forget telling him to go. I think I said something like, "Aw, the old man will probably forget. I wouldn't go if I were you." When the captain caught him the thirdtime and asked why he did not obey him, Hannon told him that he and I had thought that the order was just a threat and was not intended to be obeyed. The captain had him put in the brig on bread and water. Since there was no brig (jail) on the ship the crews' shower room was used to incarcerate Hannon. I do not know how many guys took a tray of food to him. There was no lock on the door, and the seaman guards did not dare try to restrain anyone who wanted to enter.

The only time I ever recall the captain coming to the crews' quarters was when he came down to check on Hannon. He did not put Hannon on report and nothing was put in his record.

The crews' mess (food) was indeed what mess implied. I honestly do not know if the scuttle butt (gossip) was true, but the crew was informed that we could have much better food if the captain and commissary officer had tried to get better food for us. On the other hand the officers mess on the LST was superir to that on the St. Louis and Alpine. They had bacon and eggs for breakfast, fresh fruit and fresh vegetables as long as they could be kept so in the ship's cooler. The chief ship's cook spent more time cooking fresh bread, cakes, cookies, pies etc. for the officers mess than he did for the entire crew of about 100 enlisted men. All the men despised the scummy bum. Boucher told him once what he thought about the dog "shoo" that we had to eat while he always saw that the officers were well fed. Cookie picked up a meat cleaver and went for Boucher but was restrained by some of the men plus Boucher's belligerency.

The old captain drank beer all time. The crew would have beer parties on some stinking South Pacific island while we were anchored and either just waiting for a convoy to form for the next invasion, or taking on troopsor supplies in preparation for the next invasion. The beer was always under lock and key so the officer in charge could never determine how so many cases were missing. I do not think he ever realized that the pins in the hatchway covers could be removed. The number one priority when we took on stores was the beer so the commissary officer would just have the number of cases on hand counted and would owder accordingly.

The crew did not dare borrow too much of the beer so as a substitute torpedo juice (alcohol from the sick bay, infirmary), was mixed with water or fruit juice if available. Many of the men would smuggle several bottles of booze aboard when we had shore liberty near a city where liquor stores or bars were. The primary substitute was "raisin jack" which was made from fermented raisins, sugar, yeast and water. It was usually consumed while still green or in the first hours of fermentation. The results were nausea and vomiting more than a kick (inebriation).

The crew called an LST (Landing Ship-Tanker) a Large SHOO tub which was shortened to a SHOO Barge. We were sure that LST duty was the lowest level of duty in the entire Navy. Our opinions changed one day when a small convoy of LSMs that we were overtaking signaled our convoy of LSTs and asked for our location- latitude and longitude.

Navigation methods included dead reckoning and simply plotting the ship's position by considering the direction traveling, ship's speed, and time. The wind direction was very important, and its velocity and direction had to be taken into consideration. the ocean's currents were most important. For instance if the ship's heading was due North at 20 knots and the current was due south at 10 knots, the distance the ship traveled would be 10 knots north.

During cloudy weather and bearings could not be determined from the sun and stars, the navigator would have to depend entirely on dead reckoning.

While we had marines (Second Marines) aboard with all their gear (equipment and supplies) the commanding colonel was aboard our ship. He was the only person who was permitted to lounge on the quarter-deck. Someone cut the bottom out of the captain's folding chair that had a canvas back and seat, except for a few threads to hold the seat until someone sat down in it. This area was directly in front of the wheel house. As luck would have it the colonel sat in the chair. The last threads broke, and the colonel sat in the floor.

Whoever did this to the captain's chair never admitted to anyone that he did it. I certainly do not blame him. He would have been keelhauled (To haul a person through the water under the keel of a ship from one side to the other. This was a former method of punishment for seamen).

The Second Marines that we transported to invasions were the best disciplined I could ever inagine. Practically all of them had been involved in one or more "landing". Just before we reached our destination which was their time of demarkation from the old Shoo Barge they wanted a hair cut. One of the deck hands was a professional barber and cut and trimmed the officers hair in his spare time. I bought a pair of hand clippers and scissors and usually did not charge to cut the guys hair. I cut the hair of one of the sergeants who had been decorated and expected immediate obedience to his orders. I do not know if they had been ordered to shine their shoes and get a haircut, but they seemed to want to look their best when they hit the beach. One even commented that he did not wish to die looking like a bum.

LSTs were flat bottomed and had two enormous doors in the bow. At low tide the ship would actually land on the beach. The doors were opened and men and equipment could be unloaded in record breaking time. Usually when relieved of all the weight it had landed with the ship would float and could easily back off. Sometimes we would have to wait until high tide. The difference between high and low tides could be several feet. We were sitting ducks while waiting to get off the beach for shore guns and for Jap planes.

The Navy Seabees played a very important role in these landings. With their bulldozers they could level a spot for an airfield and then lay steel mesh over a landing strip and within days have planes operating.

There was a 20MM on both sides of the wheelhouse. I had never fired anything except a rifle in boot camp, so I did not know that these guns should be fired in bursts of 5-10 seconds duration to be followed by a pause of 10-20 seconds. I persuaded the gunners mate to let me fire while we were at GQ one day. Everyone on the bridge was yelling at me to cease firing because without a pause to permit the barrel to cool it could become redhot causing a shell to explode. The gun did not explode. With the big helmet and life jacket that we all had to wear during GQ they just thought I was the gunner who had become so excited that he was not firing in bursts.

A 40MM gun did explode while firing because in all the excitement the gunner did not fire in bursts.

Another time when Jap planes attacked one of the gunners kept firing even after the plane went down below the superstructure on the ship next to us. No one was injured, but we received a signal (message by semaphore) that if it happened again, they would return the fire.

The number one jackass in the entire U.S. Navy had to be Ensign Rothstein. We refered to him as Jerkstein.

When a Jap submarine released its torpedoes, they were directed toward the spot the ship would be at the time of impact. This could easily be done if the ship was at the same speed and on the same heading. Therefore, periodically the ship would alter its course, and each course change would be a different amount. A convoy of ships would have to change course simultaneously. This would alter the ship's position in the convoy. To maintain its proper place in relation to the flag ship a constant surveillance must be kept and requires a slight change in heading and in revolutions per minute of the ship's engines.

If a ship was in line directly behind another, the helmsman would usually be directed to steer on the ship ahead.

To keep from closing in or dropping back the O.D. would take stadimeter readings to ascertain if/when we were and direct the engine room to either increase or decrease the number of rpms as the circumstance required. Mr. Rothstein would give rpm changes so fast that the ship would not respond to the previous order until he would give another. He constantly heckled both the helmsman and the engine room watch. Finally the black gang (rngine room gang) would add or subract many more rpms than had been ordered, and we would be much too close to the ship ahead or far behind.

When we were zig zagging and were required to alter course at the same time as all the ships in the convoy the O. D. could leave most of the responsibility to the helmsman, but Rothstein always gave several orders like:

1. O.D., "Prepare for course change."
2. Helmsman, "Prepare for course change, Aye Sir."
3. O.D., "Right full rudder."
4. Helmsman, "Right full rudder, Aye Sir."
5. O.D., "Rudder amidship."
6. Helmsman, "Rudder amidship, Aye sir."
7. O.D. "Left one-half rudder."
8. Helmsman, "Left one-half rudder, Aye Sir."
9. O.D., "Right one-fourth rudder."
10. Helmsman, "Right one-fourth rudder, Aye Sir."
11. O.D., "Steady on course 127°."
12. Helmsman, "Steady on course 127°, Aye Sir."

There was no way for the Jerk to have the same feel of the ship as the helmsman did. If he had simply given the order: O.D., "Right full rudder, come to course 127°," as the ship made the turn the helmsman would know when to begin to ease up on the rudder and when to change to left rudder to check the swing of the ship. An experienced helmsman could then come to the proper heading of 127° without swinging past.

It is not quite the same, but directing the helmsman when to change the rudder and how much would be almost as foolish as someone sitting on the roof of an 18 wheeler truck telling the driver when to rotate the steering wheel etc. while traveling down the interstate at top speed.

I really cannot imagine how Mr. Rothstein managed to do it, but he missed the execution of one of the zig zag course changes and almost collided with some ships. The captain had to be called to take over the "conn." If he could have, he would have sentenced Rothstein to a very severe punishment. Instead, Rothstein was confined to quarters for several days which required that the other officers would have to stand his watches. Apparently, things were so SNAFU (Situation Normal All Fowled Up) that this did not hinder him being promoted to Lieutenant Junior Grade at a later date.

Pete Dardzinske was a big bald headed Pollack from Chicago. He was married, and his wife was expecting a baby. I think that both his wife and the baby died during childbirth. Pete could not get special leave to go home because the Red Cross had to confirm any death notice or any type of emergencies, and by the time they had been able to substantiate the news the funeral was over.

When the war ended in Europe, we were tied up alongside a dock in Oakland, California, I was restricted to the ship and could not go ashore to celebrate. Gunners Mate 2/C Miller from Texas had a sister who was in Frisco. Miller wanted me to date her after he introduced us at the little place where she worked as a waitress. She was a bigger nut than her brother and tried to get me to jump ship and stay with her. Miller went AWOL one night because the new captain wanted at least one-half the ship's complement to be aboard. The officers who had duty could bring their wives aboard to spend the night. Miller was busted back to GM 3/C because he left the ship to see his wife. He felt that it was worth the penalty to have one more night with her.

After we went back to the South Pacific we were unable to swap one of the films we had for one we had not seen, so for recreation a boxing ring was set up on the deck. The three heavyweights on our ship were Rothstein, Pete and a Boatswains mate 3/C named Simmons. Rothstein was sure that he could take Pete because he was some bigger. There was no fancy boxing, just toe-to-toe slugging it out. Everyone was pulling for Pete. He got the best of Mr. Rothstein, and the bout was stopped when Rothstein went into a clinch after Pete landed a solid blow to his chin. Although Pete won the boxing match, Rothstein really improved his image with his spunk.

During the big hurricane of 1944 near Saipan all larger ships were ordered to get underway and leave the harbor because there was less danger from the storm when the ship was at sea than in a harbor. When the storm hit the ship was headed into the wind and would hence be steered directly into oncoming waves. The waves were over 50 feet high, and the wind exceeded 100 miles per knot.

Since the LST 123 was flat bottomed with no keel she would ride the waves like a roller coaster. When a wave hit, the bow of the ship would rise out of the water and as the wave reached the middle of the ship the bow would drop and the stern would rise. By the time the wave reached the stern the ship's rudder and propellers would be completely out of water. It was a nightmare to try to steer the ship because it was absolutely impossible to do so with the rudder completely out of the water.

Then the worst possible disaster struck when the electrical controls to the rudder from the helm malfunctioned, and we had to steer from the aft steering compartment. There was a compass in the steering compartment, but instead of the rudder being turned by an electric motor we were having to move the rudder with two cranks with manpower.

Ensign Griffith was sent back to oversee the operation. When the captain realized that someone with some expertise needed to be in charge he put the acting chief quarter-master in charge with two men to turn the cranks. Since the storm was so severe

we went to GQ and no one was allowed top side except in a dire emergency. At GQ Ensign Griffith, the gunnery officer, was on the bridge with head phones. Ensign Dirk was in the engine room with head phones. I think Ensign Rothstein was in damage control in headphones. I was in "steering aft" with headphones.

Word came over the phones that the severe pounding had caused a big crack in the ship's hull about midship. Boucher was told to personally check the damage and report directly to the captain rather than go through the chain of command i.e. through John Calvin III who would then report the extent of the damage. It looked like the ship was going to break in two parts. We were not aware at the time that the bow of a light cruiser had broken completely off in the storm.

One of the worst parts of the entire hurricane was our helplessness. Nothing could be done about the break in the hull and it was impossible to steer the ship unless the rudder and propellers were in the water. When the captain began to pass the word to steady up the ship on course and finally had the speaker ask who was supposed to be back there, I could not reply to the captain as I wanted to because I would have been court martialed. What made it even worse was that Rothstein kept laughing and heckling me over the phone everytime the captain would pass some stupid command or some assinine remark. Griffith told him to knock it off.

As soon as we secured from GQ I went to the bridge and addressed Mr. Fiedler, the navigator, and told him what the Jerk had done. The captain was sitting there next to me and he asked Ensign Griffith who had been in the headphones and if he heard this. I answered for him, and told the captain that he, Griffith. heard everything. The captain sent me down to tell Rothstein to report to him. I think I told Rothstein before we secured from GQ that I was going to report him, but he did not believe me. When I told him the captain wanted to see him he became furious and stood in my way so I could not pass and put his mug right in my face and dared me to hit him.

The captain gave Rothstein quite a dressing down and told him that he had better not ever ride me again about anything and that if he did, he would be ridden down into the deck.

In addition to my regular duties as acting chief quartermaster, I was the ship's mail clerk. Usually the very first order passed over the intercom after we secured the ship when we had entered port was, "Lower the mail boat. Mail clerk lay up to the quarterdeck." This gave me many extra privileges. Usually the captain would go ashore on the first boat that left the ship if we were at anchor. If we tied up to a dock or alongside a refueling or supply ship, sometimes I would just walk over to the staging area where the mail bags would be piled into huge mountains. If there was a PX (Post Exchange), I would buy a whole list of things for any of the guys.

There was a huge book of postal regulations that I never read. All Mr. Fiedler told me was to never borrow anything from the $300 fund. This money was used to purchase stamps that would immediately be sold. To be sure that I had $300 in cash and stamps, I always put $10 - $25 of my own money in the fund. When Rothstein was put in charge of the ship's post office, he discovered in the book of regulations that the amount in the fund must never vary and that no personal monies should be kept in the fund. He opened the safe and found that there was not $300 cash in the money box. His first reaction was to accuse me of using the money. I honestly felt that he had stolen the money and was going to have me court martialled. I unlocked the safe, and there was less than $300 cash but with the stamps on hand there was a total of about $325. When I pointed this out to him he put me on report for falsifying my monthly report which I always showed as $300 cash and stamps on hand. Mr. Fiedler simply told him to drop the charges, but advised me to keep only $300 total in the fund henceforth.

Since Rothstein was the Communications officer he had the authority to approve or disapprove whether I had passed the "signal" requirements to advance to 2nd class.

One of the requirements for a QM 2/C was to be able to send and receive semaphor messages (Signaling messages using flags held in each hand and extended at arms length from the body) and to receive and send morse code messages using blinker lights. It was not necessary for a QM 3/C to be as proficient as a signalman. However, because I was not as capable in this area as a chief signalman, Rothstein gave me a grade of "C". I had perfect scores on all my tests except this one. I never knew if this disqualified me, and I never was advanced. I am sure that it did not help me.

When Rothstein was promoted to Lt. J.G. (Lieutenant Junior Grade) from Ensign, his attitude changed somewhat, but I always kept an eye out for him because he would have surely gotten even with me if at all possible.

After V.E. Day (Victory in Europe) ships, planes, men and all manner of equipment began to transfer over to the Pacific Theater of War. After we were overhauled we loaded up and went back to the South Pacific. Before we left I went to see Marion Betti's best friend, Rita, whose husband was a captain in the U.S. Army. Marion married a sailor assigned to a PT boat and who she had known from high school. She was writing to him while we were dating.

Enroute to the invasion of the Philipines there were more ships in our convoy than I had ever seen before in the Pacific. There were ships from horizon to horizon.

The Jap plan to use suicide attacks with planes was in full swing at this time. A Jap pilot would attempt to crash his plane into a ship after he had dropped his bombs. A small plane with only one bomb could leave the Japanese mainland with only enough fuel for a one-way trip. The young pilots were honored to die for country and emperor who was not only the supreme ruler but also considered to be divine. They attended their own funeral ceremony prior to their departure. Rumor had it that these ceremonies, along with the blessings of the emperor, and a bottle of sake (sa'ke) prepared them for their mission. Sake was a Japanese alcoholic beverage made from fermented rice and usually served warm.

By the time we entered the gulf between the islands of Leyte, Luzon, and Mindinoa there had been several suicide or kamikaze attacks. I saw a fellow from the Alpine (1A92) who said that one crashed into her. The pilot's head was severed from his body upon impact and came flying across the deck. A steward's mate was so frightened to see the head coming in his direction that he ran to the other side of the ship and jumped overboard.

While we were beached at Tacloban and were unloading a gunner's mate named Hinton came rushing to the bridge to report that MacArthur had fulfilled his "grand" promise to the Phiipines, "I shall return." He landed in his typical flamboyant style by debarking from his gig (small boat) in a few inches of water so he could splash ashore as the Marines and Army had done a few days before.

After unloading we had to wait for high tide before we could back off the beach. We could watch and participate in the most indescribable scene that could be imagined. We could see the action on the beach as well as the kamikaze attacks.

I cannot believe that any G.I.s condemned President Truman for authorizing the atomic bombing of Nagasaki and Hiroshima. Our regret was that he waited too long and did not have a dozen bombs dropped on as many Jap cities.

After the Japanese surrender everyone who had enough points was sent back to the States as soon as possible for discharge. In an effort to keep enough experienced enlisted personnel the men who were elegible for advancement were offered the next rank and also a large bonus to "re-up" reenlist. In just a very short time we had officers who were transfered back to the states as they became eligible for discharge. When the captain was transfered the senior officer became the captain. When I accumulated enough points to be discharged, Lieutenant J. G. Dirk was captain and Jerkstein was the executive officer. The jerk required all the men who were being transfered that day to have a "sea bag" inspection. At first I thought that he was just letting me know that if he found anything in my gear he would have me court martialed for stealing. However, it appeared that he just wanted to exercise as much authority over us as possible before we left.

Some of the guys dared me to shout an anti-Semitic remark about Rothstein after I left the ship and was on the boat to go ashore. I was not about to do so because I knew I would probably be punished very severely.

A quartermaster named Gog, nicknamed Grogg, kept yelling at me after I had gotten on the boat.

When we arrived at Bremerton, Washington no one had any duty and every effort was made to try to get us to "re-up." We had the best food I had ever seen. Discipline was next to nothing.

When I was discharged a new era arrived for me. I believe my life can be divided into three distinct ways as follows:

A. In one sense I consider my life consisting of the following eras:
   1. Date of birth on April 28, 1922 to date of enlistment in the Navy in December 1942
   2. Date of enlistment to date of discharge from the Navy in January 1946
   3. Date of discharge until the date I die

B. In another sense I think of my life consisting of:
   1. From April 28, 1922 when I came into the world until August 21, 1948 when I was married to Betty Carolyn Ingram
   2. From the date of my marriage until the time I shall leave this world.

C. And then I think of my life consisting of two eras, one prior to and the other after the date of my becoming a Christian.

I have heard many guys say that they simply came home and picked up where they left off, and their war experience seemed nothing more than a bad dream. Things were never the same again with me. After being declared missing in action Archie was eventually classified as killed in action. While I was overseas on the St. Louis I got word that the glider on which he was co-pilot had iced over and the additional weight had caused the tow line to break. This happened over the Mediteranian Sea during the allied invasion of Sicily. I have had recurring dreams of his return home periodically since I received word that he was missing in action. The last time I had the dream was a few months ago. In my dreams he looks the same as he did the last time I saw him as a young man about 24-25 years old, but I am my present age and have my appearance as I am now.

Daddy had bought a farm of 160 acres in Shelby County, Alabama located in the triangle formed by Alabama highways #31, #25, and #119. Alabaster was at the junction of highways #31 and #119. Calera was at the junction of highways #31 and #25. Montevallo was at the junction of highways #25 and #119. We had lived in or around Browns Station since I was one year old until I was 20 years old. Now I was a 23 year old veteran. Although I did not want to go back to the mines, it did not take long to realize that we were not farmers. After trying to farm for over a year I decided to go to school under the G.I. Bill. While growing up I never even considered going to college. There were so many former G. I.s trying to get into Auburn and the University of Alabama that it was simply impossible for me to get in either of these two schools. The Alabama State College for Women located in Montevallo

temporarily let men enroll. About 12 men who were all from Shelby County, I think, enrolled. I was one of about 12 men among all those women who were mainly Alabama girls. I dated some of them, but primarily I dated girls from the Moore's Cross Roads and Spring Creek vicinity.

Today the school is Montevallo University and of course is coed.

Sylvester Pendley married Mildred while I was in the service. Mama's and Daddy's first grandson, Archie Roland, was born to them. Their other children were Larry and Ronnie. Syl was from Pea Ridge, Alabama.

Gordon married Virginia (Jennie) Holcomb. Their first child, a baby boy, died in childbirth. Their other children are Steve, Anita, and Karen.

Bill married Pauline, an English girl that he met while stationed in England. They had one child, Cheryl. Pauline divorced Bill and he married Bobbie Hollis, a widow with three little girls named Sarah, Cindy, and Judy. Bobbie and Bill have one son, Brian.

Sue married John Church. Their three children are Danny, Ricky and Jim.

Bob (Charles Leonard) married Paulette Monkus. Their three children are Kim, Lori, and Paula.

Daddy finally moved back to Browns Station after selling half the farm to a retired Navy man named Anderson who had a big blond daughter named Gretchen. He was a worse farmer than we were.

Lillian married W. C. "Doc" Horton, and they lived in the house on the farm, and I stayed with them until Daddy moved my cousin, Carl Johnson, with his wife, Ruth, and 4 or 5 children on the farm after Dicey (Lillian) and Doc moved to Bessemer. I continued to stay on the farm and lived with Carl and Ruth.

Across the road from us lived Mr. Clark Ingram, his wife, and four daughters. In the order of their ages Margaret was the oldest, then Jimmie, next Betty Carolyn, and Marion was the baby. Once while I was plowing with a tractor in a 20 acre field, as I faced the Ingram farm across the road I would always "check" to get a glimpse of the girls. When I finally spotted one of them waving at me I turned the engine off so I could hear and so I could respond to her waving. She asked if I had seen their cow. Every time I tell about this incident I embellish the tale by adding that when I told Daddy about Betty looking for their cow in our 20 acre field that he said, 'Son, I have got to talk to you."

In the summer time, the young people would gather at the swimming hole in Spring Creek behind the Cumberland Presbyterian church to swim. One day no one came but Marion and me. She was about 15 or 16 years old and we had a great time together. Fifty years later Betty and I were visiting Marion and Dudley, and I asked her if she remembered. She did and said that her parents were real upset.

We had a hammer mill and would grind feed for ourselves and the neighbors. Mr. Clark Ingram and his brothers, Bob and Herbie, came regularly.

After Margaret and Jimmie finished school and started to work in Birmingham they commuted to Birmingham and rode with the pastor of Calera Baptist Church, Pastor Bean.

Mr. Clark bought a new Ford and invited Dicey and me to go to Montevallo to see a movie one night.

I really liked Mr. Clark. He and his brothers invited me to help burn off some fields in the early spring. When the rabbits started running I think I hit everyone that I shot at. I had never been hunting before. They thought I was an expert hunter, and I am sure I gained some respect because of this. Besides gaining favor with the people because Gordon and I were eligible as prospective sons-in-law we also gained respect because when no one else would castrate our big 600 pound boar that had gotten too big for breeding purposes, Gordon and I got a couple men to help hold him down, and I did the job. Instead of using used oil and/or axle grease I covered the wound with two tubes of a sulfanilamide type salve to keep down infection.

The Culps were tenant farmers on our farm. He was a good worker and had a group of kids who worked. I think the oldest was "Junior", then Trilby, "Doc", Joy, Betty, Guy, Jane and Theda. Jane was about 3-4 years old and was a real stinker. I was grinding feed in the hammer mill one day, and Trilby who was a big strong girl came out to help. Jane came out and Trilby tried to make her leave so she began to yell, "Mama, Nolan is out here kissing Silby."

Trilby could work as hard as any man and took great pride in being able to pick more cotton, pull, shuck, and shell more ears of corn, strip more sorghum cane, load more fire wood, and such like than either of her brothers, Junior and Doc. She prefered men's work outside to house work. They were always trying to challenge me to compete against her. However, I was well aware that if she and I pulled 10 acres of corn and I did manage to pull more than she did that Mr. Culp would be the winner by getting several days of free work out of me.

Our farm was located between the Spring Creek community made up of Cumberland Presbyterians and the Moores Cross Roads community made up primarily of Baptists and Methodists. Religion wise we did not fit in with either group, but socially we were accepted by both groups and Gordon, Dicey and I were invited to all the home parties and gatherings. I could hardly believe that preteens through earliest twenty year olds would go to the home parties. After a month of this I usually would seek for some socializing in Bessemer or Birmingham.

Everyone knew what everyone else was doing and one of the girls asked me to meet her in Birmingham where she would have a bus stop lay over while enroute to Cullman. I did not meet her.

Another girl who had been jilted by her boyfriend asked me to take her out and let her get drunk. I did not take her either.

Since there was no Church of God nearby, we went up to Helham to church until Brother Rowe Woodard and his wife, Bessie, came to Moores Cross Roads and began to have services in the old barny building where Frank and Emmy Johnson had been, but the church had been disbanded. I worked with Brother Woodard fixing up the church, and we cut timber off our farm, hauled it to the saw mill, and then took it to the planer mill. We used the lumber to build a parsonage for the church.

We did not have power saws, so we had to cut down the trees with a cross cut saw with a man on both ends. Then we used our mules, Old Red and Nigger, to snake the logs to a loading area where we loaded them on our old short-wheel-base Dodge truck. One time we overloaded the truck and when we started up a little hill the front wheels came up completely off the ground. Brother Woodard yelled to get ready to jump, but I managed to not panic and we finally made it to the saw mill.

Our entire family loved the Woodards very dearly and have kept up with them through the years. She is now living alone in a trailer in Falkville, Alabama.

Betty and I were married on August 21, 1948. In September we moved to Tuscaloosa where I attended the University of Alabama. Granny was never hostile toward me, and we both made up our minds to have as good a relationship with each other as possible. I went out of my way to make over her by hugging and kissing her everytime I saw her. She never tried to influence us about anything except to encourage us. She was never critical but once, and if she everinterfered in anyway, Betty never told me. Mama and Daddy loved Betty dearly. The one time that I recall Granny being critical was when she was visiting us and I was helping Betty with housework. She informed me, "Now Roland, you're spoiling her. She wasn't raised that way."

Our first home in Tuscaloosa was a little one-room army hut that was converted to a one room efficiency dwelling from the sleeping quarters for 4 soldiers. Our landlord had installed a shower stall, commode, lavatory, an apartment sized stove, a bed, a homemade table and chair, and a chifforobe. When we ate, one of us would sit on the bed and the other would sit on the little chair.

The first year I attended the University of Alabama I tried to find any type of a job but could not. We attended the Church of God. In order to have the money to buy Betty a pair of shoes I quit smoking. A pack of Bugler cost 6¢ and a pack a day for a month would cost about $1.80. I bought her a pair of shoes after I quit smoking. I craved tobacco and would dream about smoking for years after I quit. I did not really sympathize with people who were hooked (addicted) and had such a time trying to stop because I had quit because of my love for Betty. However, the information that has been revealed about tobacco companies adding as much nicotine to tocacco as possible to insure that tobacco users would be so addicted that it would be extremely difficult for them to "kick" the addiction has changed my feeling and I am much more understanding.

While living in the converted army hut an event occured that brings me some of my fondest memories. Betty woke me up one night crying. I thought she was homesick and told her, "Baby, if you want to go see your mama, we will make the arrangements some way for you to go." She replied, "No, I don't want to go and see Mama. My home is with you. I just had a dream that Jesus had returned to rapture the church. I was going, and you were not going. I told Him that if you were not going , I did not want to go to Heaven either." She reached me as all the preaching, teaching, singing and so forth I had heard all my life had never been able to do. We got out of bed, knelt beside the bed, and prayed our first prayer together. I asked God to forgive me and save me. I was not completely satisfied that I was saved until shortly afterwards I went to the altar at church. I do not know what I expected to happen, but when I looked up and saw the tears flowing from Betty's eyes and the love she had for me I seemed to realize that I did not have to do anything to be saved - only repent and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. Indeed this memorable event was what separated the two eras of my life, namely:

1. From the time when I was born on April 28, 1922 until I was saved.
2. From the time I was "born again" until the time I shall depart from this life.

Betty and I both joined the Church of God in Tuscaloosa, Alabama. Brother Carl Green was the pastor, and his wife's name was Postella.

The church was small. Everyone accepted Betty and me. I told Brother Green that I wanted something to do in the church. I knew that we needed a Bible teacher for the adults, a youth leader for the Young Peoples Endeavor, and a clerk for the church. He expressed his gratitude and told me that there was a great need in the church and that it would take a great load off him if I would take the job as janitor. I took the job and did the very best I could to keep the church building clean. I kept the job until we left the first of June to go to Wenonah to work in the mines during the summer vacation. About 20-25 years later Brother Green was the pastor of a big church in California and was the the chairman of the board of directors for West Coast Bible College. I was working on my doctorate. He must have thought I did a good job as church janitor because he approached me at the General Assembly and said that he would like to recommend me as president of West Coast Bible College. I felt that I had to refuse because I needed to finish my dissertation to complete the requirements for a doctorate and did not believe that I could take on this responsibility, move to California and have the time to write my doctoral dissertation.

We became acquainted with the Marcums in 1949. One Sunday morning nearly all the Marcums were at the Tuscaloosa Church of God. As the spirit began to move all of Z. D.'s sisters converged on him and nearly dragged him to the altar. Z. D. and I began seeking for the baptism with the Holy Ghost together. We went to the altar practically every time we had service. Sister Avery's niece, Z.D. and I were encouraged to fast and seek until we were filled. We decided we were not going to eat anything until God baptized us. Z. D. and I lasted only two or three days, but Sister Avery's niece fasted for 7 days and was filled.

Betty and I received $90.00 per month until Archie was born. We had Ruth and Z.D. over once a month for Sunday dinner. Z.D. started to work in the B. F. Goodrich plant. Carl Wayne, their son, was a year older than Archie.

We became the best of friends. After I graduated from college we moved to Anniston, Alabama where they visited us.

My junior year we lived in a little apartment in Ellie Mae Marcum's home. Archie was born in 1950 while we lived there. There has never been a better mother than Betty. How we managed financially as well as we did I do not know. We saved as much as we could during the summer vacation and saved $90.00 to pay the doctor for Archie's delivery. I never knew that new born babies were such grotesque and ugly little things. They had to use forceps to help extract him and his head was squeezed into a point. His big black eyes were wide open and he looked like a deformed tadpole. Betty cried when she first saw him and kept saying that he was beautiful. Betty's grandmother, Becky Smelley, came with Bessie to see Bessie's first grandchild and said, "Now Betty, don't you feel bad. They all look like that when they are first born."

During my sophomore year we lived in the little converted army shack in the Avery's yard. I worked as a timber setter in the mines at Wenonah during the summer vacation of 1948 after my freshman year (1947-1948) at Montevallo. Gordon and I were in the same crew. At the beginning of the shift one day we were walking to our work place and passed under where a man was testing the roof to see if it needed to be shored up i.e. braced with timbers or pinned up with steel. Someone yelled to run that the roof was going to come down. Everyone ran to the face (end of the tunnel) and the entire roof behind us caved in and filled the tunnel with hundreds of tons of rock. We could crawl out by going over the rock in the space where the rock from the cave-in had fallen. No one was hurt or killed. For a long time I really felt guilty for running to the face and remembering Gordon only after I reached safety.

My junior year we lived in one side of Ellie Mae Marcum's home. It was a great improvement over the army shack. We had two rooms and could use the Marcum's refrigerator. I could not afford bus fare, so I walked over two miles to school in the morning. When I had afternoon classes I walked home for lunch and back to school in the afternoon. When I had physics lab at night I would walk to school but would try to ride the bus back home.

Archie was born while we lived with the Marcums. During the summer vacations of 1949 and 1950 I worked as a rodman with the mining engineers. I bought a second hand bicycle and paid down on a small trailer that was 8 feet wide by 25 feet long. We parked the trailer in old Sister Burroughs yard. When I came in from school I would put Archie in the basket on my bicycle and ride down to watch the trains pass. In one end of the trailer there was a little "bedroom" about 8 feet by 8 feet with a sliding door and a small clothes closet. There were small cabinets above the bed. On the other end was a couch and fold away table and a stool. In the center there was a counter, a small two-eyed stove with an oven, a sink, wall cabinets, and a small heating unit. We could connect to the water faucet in the yard but had to empty the honey pot a couple of times a day. Betty never complained one time about anything. During the spring break, Christmas, and Thanksgiving holidays I would put her and Archie on the bus and then

hitch-hike to Bessemer. I think I arrived first every time. Because of the cramped space Archie did not learn to crawl but very little. I made him a baby bed from some scrap lumber with sides so high that he learned to pull up and walk.

When I graduated from the University of Alabama in 1951 I applied for a job with Monsanto Chemical Company. I was hired along with Bill _____ for $350.00 per month which was the biggest salary of any under graduate from the University that year. I began work at the company plant in Anniston, Alabama on Monday morning after receiving news that I had passed. I opted to not go through the graduation exercises since I did not have the money to pay the fees, nor to rent a cap and gown, nor to get me a suit and Betty suitable clothes to wear.

Shortly after moving to Anniston we traded the trailer as a down payment on a little four room house that cost about $2500. It had a small bathroom with a small shower rather than a bath tub. Archie was so thrilled to have the "big" house with enough room to run around from the living room to the bedroom to the little dining area, to the kitchen, and back to the living room. We got him a little tricycle as soon as possible, and shortly after Clark was born we got him a wagon.

I spaded up a garden spot on the back one-third of our lot and we had a real good garden.

Wayne Johnson, my cousin, died the day before Clark was born. We thought that we had prepared Archie for a baby brother. He would tell everyone, "I'm gonna get a baby brother." He was willing to stay with Mildred at our house so I left him with her and stayed with Betty at the hospital. Mildred took him over to Aunt Trixie's house and he became so upset that he cried himself sick because he did not know anyone. There was so much crying and emotion that he began to beg for me or his mother. After the baby came I went to get him and he was in a terribly traumatic condition and wanted me to hold him and not leave him. They let Betty come home with the baby the next day. I took Archie with me to go and get them. When he saw Betty coming down the hall in a wheel chair with Clark in her arms he said, "No! No!." He would not go near her or the baby. I would take him in my arms over to the basinet and he would twist completely around and face the opposite direction. When I put his little hand on the baby, he would wipe his hand on his clothes.

The children next door would not let him ride in their wagon. When we got him a wagon, Archie wanted to ride in it any time I would pull him. It seemed to compensate for is baby brother. Granny Ingram gave us a big beautiful collie dog named Beau. He was very protective of Archie and watched after him at any time he was outside.

I liked working at Monsanto and in about 6 months was given a nice raise. After a year I was promoted to the position of estimator and checker.

We attended the little church in West Anniston where we lived rather than go across town to the 16th Street Church of God where Brother A. L. Burroughs was the pastor. The pastor of the church at West Anniston was Brother Joe James. He really wanted me to be baptized with the Holy Ghost, and we would go out in a Negro cemetery to pray. This went on for some time. One day he asked me if I would go with him to pray for a Negro woman who was the pastor of a little independent church. Betty and I both believed I was going to have to preach. While Brother James and I were praying for Sister Pittman her old gray haired mother came over and began to pray for me. Then everyone began to pray for me, and Sister Pittman's mother said, "Son, God will baptize you with the Holy Ghost if you will accept the call to preach." When I promised God that I would even go to Africa to preach I began to speak in tongues. I was still not satisfied. I realized later that I must not expect some great physical phenomenon but by faith claim that the simple manifestation of speaking in tongues and accepting the promise of God's word were sufficient.

The first sermon I preached was at a little People's Church in Anniston. The only person present that I knew was Pastor Joe James and I knew nothing about any problems in the church. While I was preaching some people got up and stomped out. Brother James told me the message had offended them because they were causing so many problems in the church. They thought someone had told me and I was directing everything I said toward them. This was not the case. I had no idea that anything I said applied to them.

The second sermon I preached was in the Tuscaloosa Church of God. Since Brother James thought it was a good sermon I decided to try and improve it and preach the same sermon over again. The pastor, Brother Weeks, was sitting behind me. I read my scripture and looked up and my mind went blank. I looked at my notes and they made no sense. I read my scripture again, looked at my notes, glanced over the congregation and panicked. I could not think of anything to say, so I looked back at Brother Weeks who had his face in his hands and his elbows on his knees. I simply closed my Bible and sat down. That came close to being my last sermon.

We went to Lee College to talk to the academic dean to see about attending Lee. Dean Tarpley told me that I had as much education as any teacher at Lee at the time and advised me to go to Emory University School of Theology (Methodist) or to Columbia School of Theology (Presbyterisn).

I was offered a fabulous raise to go to St. Louis when the engineering office was transfered to Monsanto's main offices there. I talked with the chief engineer, who was a Methodist, and told him I was going into the ministry and was going to attend Emory to prepare myself educationally. He sent me to talk with his pastor who was the pastor of the largest and wealthiest church in Anniston. The pastor told me that the Anniston First Methodist church sponsored 5 seminary students at Emory every year and that since Mr. Durrett was recommending me the church would sponsor me by putting me on salary and paying all my expenses to attend Emory. The only catch was that I had to join the Methodist Church. I told him I could not do this and also told Mr. Durrett who agreed to contact the Chief Mechanical Engineer at Robert

and Company Associates named Frank Spires and see if he would hire me and let me go to school part time. He hired me based on Mr. Durrett's recommendation without an interview or an application. He wanted me to report the following Monday morning with my drawing tools ready for work. Mr. Durrett allowed me to leave without working out a "notice" and told me that if I ever changed my mind to come back to my job.

Mr. Durrett's son, Tim Durrett, Jr., was working at a small engineering office near the Robert and Company Associates building. Mr. Durrett asked me to get him to have lunch with me, but he never would do so. Tim, Jr. was suicidal and had threatened to commit suicide when his wife left him. The Methodist pastor in Anniston had worked with him and Mr. Durrett had gotten him a job in Atlanta. When I called the office where he worked a couple of weeks later, they reported that Tim had called the pastor and was threatening to commit suicide again. Without anyone close enough to confide in he hung up the phone and killed himself. I always regretted that I did not put forth a greater effort to become his friend.

Mr. Durrett must have given me a fabulous recommendation because Mr. Spires put me under Jack Barrier who was the lead engineer on a $20,000,000 job for American Cyanamide Company. The plant was to produce paint from the very beginning to the final product. The four stages of the plant operation were:

1. Raw material handling
2. Preparation of materials
3. Actual production of finished product
4. Packaging and shipping

I was put in charge of the initial stage of handling the raw materials. I had learned to accept any promotion because you would not be given the responsibility unless you were thought to be able to handle it. Jack Barrier was one of the most cooperative and helpful bosses I have ever had. Ed Kimble was hired at about the same time that I was, and he was put in charge of the"piping." Ed was a good piping engineer but was an alcoholic. He and I put in more overtime than anyone else on the job. Then during Christmas holidays, Ed did not come to work for a couple of weeks. He had presents stored over behind his drawing board and Mrs. Kimble called and asked about them. She said that Ed had fallen off the wagon after being dry for over a year. He started drinking during the holidays and had been away from home for two weeks.

The American Cyanamide representative came in early every morning and would look over what had been done. Usually I was the only one there. Sometimes Ed would be there. We did have some goofs working on the job and some of them really resented a new man being put over a section and especially a preacher.

The American Cyanamide representative wrote a letter and highly praised my work. Some of the old timers really resented the letter because we were far behind the schedule and the "rep" also demanded that everyone work on Saturday or else more men be put on the job.

After this big job was completed and the Mechanical Department of Robert and Company began to downsize I was told that I would be terminated and was given a month to find other employment.However,there was an opening in the Municipal Department and I transfered to that department.

Jack Barrier's cousin was one of the deans at Emory, and he wrote me a real nice letter of recommendation for admittance. I cannot remember but I believe I also got Earl Paulk, Jr., the pastor of the Hemphill Avenue Church of God and either Mr. Tim Durrertt or the Methodist pastor in Anniston to write me letters of recommendation.

While living on Mecaslin Street in Atlanta we decided to get the boys bunk beds. From the time of Clark's birth Betty had been in poor health so I would sleep with both of the boys. Clark slept on "Daddy's fat stomach" and Archie slept with his head on my arm for a pillow. When the bunk beds were delivered the boys were really trilled and played on them the rest of the day. However, while I was bathing them and getting them ready for bed, it dawned on Clark that he was expected to sleep on the bunk bed. He said,"Daddy, I've got a good idea. Let Archie sleep on the bunk bed and I'll still sleep on your fat stomach."

When we moved to Atlanta I reported to the state overseer of Georgia, Brother D.C. Boatwright, and informed him that I was now living in Georgia and of my plans to attend Emory School of Theology. His answer was that I could go to Emory if I pleased but that education had ruined many good Church of God preachers. He appointed me to pastor the Covington Church of God to replace George Pike. When Betty, our boys and I arrived at the church the following Sunday, Brother Pike had not even been notified that I was replacing him. He was a very sincere young man. Just to be sure that he had been baptized properly he had been baptized in the name of Jesus only by a "Jesus only "preacher." He tried to trust God for healing and all his material needs. He preached against doctors, medicine, educated preachers and anything that was enjoyable.

I was the fourth pastor in less than a year, and there were debts outstanding from the time of the first pastor. The pastor before George Pike was H. F. Whittington who was the father of Eva Mae LeFevre.

The church clerk was a young woman about 25 years old with two gorgeous little red headed and freckled faced little daughters. Her husband, Willie Blackburn, was about 60 years old. He was the foreman of a railroad maintenance crew. He never came to church, but he did want his wife and children to attend. When Sister Blackburn told me that a former pastor came to see her after I came to pastor the church and tried to embrace her, I told her to tell Willie. She said that if she told her husband, he would kill the man. I asked, "What would Willie do if he found out from someone else what had happened and you had not told him?" She said that he would probably kill her. I insisted that she tell Willie and she did. He did not kill either of them.

I was determined to reach anyone in the community that I could. I invited the newspaper publisher and he was very encouraging but never came to our church.

I invited one of the town's biggest" lawyers, named Jernigan. To my surprise he told me that he believed in holiness, that his grandfather was an old-time, holiness, Methodist preacher. He did not believe he could be a Christian and a successful lawyer at the same time. He went on to say that if God would give him 15-20 minutes before he died that he could repent of all his sins and as the thief on the cross be saved in the last moments of his life on this earth. He said that after attaining all of his goals, which included becoming very wealthy, he planned to be saved and that he would join the Church of God which was a holiness church as the Methodist Church had once been. Shortly afterwards I came home from work and Betty told me that he and the pilot of his personal plane had both been killed when the plane crashed as they were taking off to go to Washington D.C. He did not have 5 seconds to repent.

I visited the families on Red Light Hill where the prostitutes lived. In one home an old lady was dying and they asked me to pray for her. When she died the family invited me to preach her funeral which I did. Leonard Kines, his wife and three children, his parents, his wife's sister and two little children started attending our church. This was a tremendous increase in our attendance. Old Brother and Sister Kines, Leonard, and I believe a couple of the children were saved.

We invited the Bradfords and others who said if I would come and get their children they could attend Sunday School and preaching. Mrs. Bradford, her daughter and husband, and her youngest daughter named Dorothy came to church. Only Dorothy continued to attend, but I had to pick her up every Sunday Morning. One morning "Fats" Bradford came to our house at about 2-3 AM. He was sick and afraid he was going to die. He wanted to be saved. We talked and prayed, and he said he had repented of his sins and accepted Jesus as his savior.

Leonard Kines' sister-in-law was married to a man who was serving time in prison. I think that both her children were born while her husband was serving time. When he came home I invited him to come to church and he came. He said that he knew he would not be welcome and he was correct. He told me that he knew that he would not be able to find employment and eventually would be returned to prison. He had no money and all he wanted was a chance to work and provide a home for his family. I went with him to the furniture store and related all the facts to the owner who was a fine Christian and Presbyterian. I told him that I would stand good for the payments and he said that if I was willing to give the man a chance, he would trust him also. The poor fellow found an empty house for rent and told the owner about the furniture store owner letting him have the furniture and that I did not have to sign a note with him. He asked if he could move in without any money but promised to catch up with the rent when he found a job. The owner told him that if that preacher was crazy enough to trust him and the man was crazy enough to let him have the furniture with no money down he would rent him the house the same way, and he did. The former convict's wife and her sister, who was Leonard Kines' wife became involved with a lesbian named Maudie Sue. They stopped coming to church, and I do not know what the final outcome was.

Maudie Sue Harper was the daughter of one of the church members. She claimed to be changed and became engaged to a young soldier. After

they were married she had a beautiful baby girl. She tried to have a relationship with her sister-in-law. They divorced and her sister took the baby to raise.

When Dorothy Bradford reached the age of about 13 she stopped coming to church and became as wild as her mother and sisters. I would go by and beg her to come back to church but to no avail.

A United Methodist preacher named Williams was the superintendent of a small orphanage and home for children near Conyers, Georgia. I visited the home and preached for him and he came to our church and preached for us. We invited him to come and bring the children to our homecoming services and he loaded up about 40-50 children and he and Sister Williams brought them. We ran completely out of food. I went to our house and got all the canned goods, mayonnaise, peanut butter, regular butter, and bread that we had. We managed to feed them all some way.

One of the boys from the home began to date Dorothy Bradford. One night the boy and his brother who also lived at the home were out with Dorothy and some boys who had also been out with her and had engaged in sex with her suggested that they all go and park and all 5 boys have sex with Dorothy. The two brothers and Dorothy agreed, and when they arrived at an old home site where the house had been burned Dorothy's boyfriend shot all three of them and threw their bodies into an old abandoned well. One of the boys was not dead and managed to climb out and go for help. Dorothy and both boys were tried as adults and were sentenced to life in prison. When "Fats" Bradford died Dorothy was permitted to come to the funeral shackled and handcuffed to the woman guard. I was permitted to speak to her but could not even shake hands. She and the guard sat on the front pew and left immediately after the funeral.

I went to the pool room and told everyone who I was and invited them to come to our church.

Probably the biggest boot legger in our town was named Autrey. His wife was chosen homecoming queen while they were in high school together. He was big, mean, and tough and the star football player at Newton County High School. Being the big football hero gave him an edge, and he married the little homecoming queen cheer leader. Anne Bailey told us that she was the most beautiful girl she had ever seen. When we moved to Covington they had several children. Both parents stayed drunk, and he had beaten her so unmercifully on so many occasions that she looked terribly old and scarred. You would never suspect that she had ever been even the least bit pretty.

I went to visit them and invited them to church. When they said that they would not come, I asked about the children coming. They said that they could come if they wanted to come. I do not remember all the children's names, but I do recall Tim and Paul. I told them I would come and get the children and bring them to Sunday School and preaching. I asked Tim about coming and he said, "No, I guess not." I told him, "You think going to church is sissy stuff but it takes more courage to attend church than not." I asked him if he would come if I could beat him in arm wrestling. His drunken father said that if I bested Tim in "Indian" wrestling that Tim could drive the car and bring all the children and I would not have to come for them. I got the best of Tim

and the next Sunday he came marching in with all his little siblings. He stood in the aisle and directed them to be seated on the pew and then he sat down next to the aisle. They came every Sunday for a while and then stopped coming. When I went to check on them I found out that Tim had been accused of doing something by the school principal and when he denied being guilty the principal insisted that he was guilty. Tim said, "Aw bull_____, I don't care if you believe me or not." He was expelled, and his father beat him unmercifully. Tim did not go back to school again nor would he come back to church anymore. The last time I talked to Tim he had a big black eye and his face was all beat up. I commented that someone had really worked him over. He countered with the fact that three soldiers had beat him up but that he had given more than he had taken.

Ronnie Pendley and Paul Autry got in a fight. Ronnie said that he had knocked Paul down several times and he was all bloody but would not quit even when he told him, "Let's stop. I don't want to hit you anymore." Paul would only agree to stop when Ronnie said that he was no coward and that he did not ask Ronnie to stop. Paul and Ronnie became bosom pals.

About 25-30 years later Charlie and I went back to Covington to attend Tommy Pendley's wedding at a big country Methodist church with an attendance of about 500. At the reception Ronnie took me over to the music director who was about 40-42 years old and asked if I remembered Paul Autry. Of course I remembered and I asked Paul if he recalled the first time he attended church and the circumstances leading to his and his siblings coming to our church. He said that he did and that there is where he was saved. I really was happy to hear that a poor kid in a hopeless situation had been reached by the Lord through us and was still serving Jesus Christ. On the other hand his older brother, Tim, was killed while drunk.

When we went to Covington as pastor I was attending Emory and working part time at Robert and Company. Charlie Starling also worked at Robert and Company and lived in Covington. He and I commuted to work together and became friends. He worked on the first floor in the Civil or Municipal Engineering Department. I worked on the fourth floor in the Mechanical Engineering Department. I requested a transfer to the Municipal Department and Charlie spoke to Mr. Moran Roberts, Vice President of the department, and I was transfered to the first floor. I worked under Buck Weaver until I left Robert and Company and went to Lee College in 1964.

The Covington Church of God had only a sanctuary and two small 10 feet by 10 feet rooms on each side of the front entrance with big glass windows that could be used for a nursery and clothes room. Rest rooms were located in each corner and access to them was through the two small rooms. There were no Sunday School rooms. Within a couple of months our attendance had increased to the point that it would be simply impossible to have one class in the choir loft, babies in the nursery and adults in the sanctuary so Betty started taking young people from about 12 and up out to our little four room house. During the Sunday

School hour every last one of as many as 20 kids would have to go to the bathroom and also get at least one drink of water. When it rained it took Betty a large part of the week to clean our house.

The church sanctuary, 2 small rooms and bathrooms had linoleum tile on the floors. It is hard to believe that the linoleum had ever been cleaned. The commodes had such a thick coat of calcium and sodium and was stained a dark brown that Betty and I had to take screw drivers and chip it off. I do not know how many pieces of chewing gum were under the benches and were dried on the floor. Old Sister Maybelle Bachelor helped us as much as she could. When we finished cleaning and deodorizing the bath rooms the building was real nice. During the first of our pastorate I was going to Emory in the mornings, working at Robert and Company Associates in the afternoons and pastoring at night and on weekends. My savings amounted to about $300.00 and we had to pay most of the church's bills. I had to withdraw from school in order to work enough to get by. Roy Waters, his wife, four daughters, and son Billy started back to the church. Old Sister Price came back and brought a car load of grandchildren each Sunday from Jackson.

I was never able to reach the Wards. I do not know if she had a mental problem or was demon possessed. I would not let her intimidate me with her tongue talking and carrying on. During College Spring Break she took her three year old son, Abbie, and went to Florida to witness to the drunk college kids on the beaches. Her husband did not know where she was. She would also fast, supposedly, and make little Abbie fast. He would cry and beg for food. She confronted the pastor of the big First Baptist Church on the street one day. She was "speaking in tongues" and waving her Bible in the air. Pastor Edgar Callaway was afraid of her and asked me what in the world she was supposed to be doing.

She came to service one Sunday and attempted to take over the service. I told her to stop and sit down. She walked out in a huff. Later she called me and said that she did not appreciate me being so familiar with her. I asked if Joe was home and told her that Betty and I would be right over and that she had better not tell anyone any lies on me. She quickly denied that she was accusing me of making a pass but said that I just had an ugly and familiar spirit in conducting the church services. She finally went off her rocker and to keep the sheriff from having to take her to the mental hospital in Atlanta Joe asked me to go with them. Joe drove the car and his son sat next to him and I was also in the front seat. Sister Ward sat between her mother and her daughter in the back seat and would only talk to me because she was angry with all her family. She began by ridiculing Joe. He had been through so much that he looked like he was about to collapse. She remarked something like, "Just look at him, Brother McDaniel. He is not a man. He is a mouse. Can you imagine a woman having to live with some thing like that for a husband. I would be satisfied if I had a man like you."

Poor Joe nearly went to pieces and began to cry and told her, "I hope you die and go to Hell."

When we arrived at the hospital she took my arm and walked in as calm and composed as she could be. When the attendant asked who was being admitted, without blinking an eye she pointed to Joe and said, "He is." Joe appeared like he should be the one. He turned to me with such a pleading look, and I told the man that she was the one being admitted.

Woody and Lula Wright moved across the street from us. They had two sons named Johnny and Wilson. Woody was the man next to the plant manager at the shirt factory where he worked. He was a work-a-holic and when he caught up on all maintenance on the plants' machines he would teach new employees to sew and help cut out shirts from the patterns. He also helped with packing and shipping. He was a Baptist but his mother was Church of God. When she came to stay with them and attended our church so did Woody, Lula, and Johnny. I do not recall Wilson coming to church. When Woody and Lula joined our church they made a tremendous contribution to the church. He became the Sunday School superintendant and he and Lula were always faithful.

We were in Cleveland when Johnny Wright went into the Army. When he arrived in Viet Nam he had gotten saved and was nick-named, Preacher. There was another Church of God boy in his company who had turned completely against the church and of course was backslidden. While assigning each soldier to his position in the area they would defend, the corporal told Johnny to stay with him and if he was killed Johnny would be in charge. During the fire fight the only casualty was the back slidden kid from a Church of God home. Johnny said that the last he saw the boy's body he was hanging on the end of a rope from a helicopter, head down as it was being taken to the rear to be shipped home.

The Dickersons lived across the street from the church and the Baileys lived next door to the church. Both families were Presbyterians and had signed the petition that was circulated to keep the Church of God
from locating in the community. We were determined to make friends with both of them. When Mr. Dickerson died, his wife began to come to our church occasionally. She finally joined the church and made a wonderful member. Betty and I loved her and really appreciated her.

Every time I was working in the church yard and saw Mr. Bailey I commented about his flowers and how well he kept his lawn. Weeds, grass, and brush had grown so high around the church when we moved there that I can see why some of the people in the community resented the church. When the city poured a sidewalk on the church's side of the street on Newton Drive, we had a sidewalk run up to the church building. We cleared off all the weeds and brush and planted grass and shrubbery. I borrowed a mattock to dig up the hard red clay in front of the church. I left it where I was digging holes for the new shrubbery when I went to lunch. When I returned it was gone.

Sister Ruby Johnson was not a member but joined the church after I led her husband to the Lord. Both of them were only about 5 feet tall and had built a small four room house with real low ceilings and doors only about 5'-8'' tall rather than the standard 6'-8''. She would always request prayer for her husband, Punchy, that he would get saved and stop going to ball games. He was a fan of the local little league ball teams. She and her sister, Minnie, would go fishing every possible chance they got. I had to explain that playing ball was no more of a sin than going fishing. In fact, I preached a sermon on SIN and pointed out that just because one did not like nor enjoy something did not mean that it was a sin. Punchy developed lung cancer and I visited him in the VA hospital and led him to the Lord. When he was sent home to die we held service in their little house and took him into the church. He could not be baptized so we had a feet washing service and I washed his feet with the understanding that when he could he would be baptized. Sister Ruby appreciated what I did for Punchy so much that she was going to include me, along with her sister, Minnie, and her niece in her will. I could not let her do this and suggested that she leave one-third of her estate to the local church. I told her to be sure that she put in her will exactly what she wanted to do. She died after I went to Lee College, and her niece who was the executor of her estate sent the church $50.00.

Sister Maybelle Bachelor was an old widow woman and the only tithe payer when we became the pastor at Covington. I do not recall but a couple of times that she did not attend all services at the church. She lived in a little shack located in her daughter's back yard. Her son-in-law and her daughter, Rounelle, had an old dog named Bozo. After service nearly every Sunday night she would prepare her super and then call to talk to Betty or me. She just went on and on talking and eating over the phone. Once she called to request prayer for Bozo, the dog, to stop barking because Rounelle could not sleep when he was barking. I felt so guilty taking her $4 or $5 tithes each month.

I could never stomach a "poor mouthing" preacher nor one who preached himself rather than Jesus Christ and HIM crucified. I refused to get in the pulpit and beg for money especially when only a handful were present. A man named Dukes was an automobile dealer but never paid tithes and to keep from giving an offering he would stand up as we prepared to receive the offering, wave a twenty dollar bill and say, "Here is the last $20.00. If four of you will give $$20.00, I have the last one in my hand." When no one had $20.00 to give he would pocket his and not give anything. When I first visited him and asked him to come back to church and forget the past and former pastors, he told me that if I did not cooperate and preach and do what I was told to do that, "We will run you off just like we did all the others." I advised him that I would not be run off and planned to stay until my appointment was ended. After a couple or three months my savings of about $300.00 were about gone. I had withdrawn from school. Although the attendance had increased to about 30-40 I was still having to pay most of the bills, and Betty and I were doing all the building and grounds work.

I visited constantly, both in town and in the county. I had just about decided that maybe old Brother Dukes was correct, and I would have to resign. I never asked for a cent for myself, but requested that the state council and overseer give me some assistance to pay bills that dated back 3 and 4 pastors. I was turned down and told that I was the pastor and I assumed those debts when I accepted the appointment as pastor.

Just as I got up to preach one Sunday Morning a man walked in and came forward and stood before the pulpit. I was so exasperated and simply said, "yes, sir, what can I do for you?" He responded by handing me an envelope with these words, "I am a Baptist, and God told me to pay the tithes from the sale of some timber to this little church." It contained about $300.00 and was enough to finish paying for all our back debts with some remaining. The man did not even stay to hear me preach. After I thanked him, he just simply turned and walked out. God not only owns the cattle on a thousand hills but he owns all the pines in a thousand pine thickets in Georgia.

I could never explain all the questions that come to mind because of that incident.

Did God have to tell a Baptist member to pay his tithes to our little church because we were making so much noise we could not hear His voice. Besides, we had the Bible to tell us that we should tithe.

Did God expect me to refuse those tithes and tell the man that he should pay them to the church where he was a member and attended?

Was God trying to show me that I could not handle things by myself regardless of how hard I tried, that He was the one who "gave the increase?"

Was God attempting to show the Dukes and the Wards that they could not run me off unless HE allowed them to do so?

I think that the answer was "yes" to most of these questions. I know that it reminded me of what old Brother Myers told me back in Anniston that I should prepare myself as if everything depended on me but remember that everything really depended on God.

After Mr. Bailey died we visited the old lady and her daughter, Elizabeth, pretty often. When old Mrs. Bailey became bed ridden we visited her, and Betty took food regularly. She became very senile and would not eat. Many times when I came in from work in Atlanta I would visit her and fuss over her about no one feeding her. Then I would spoon feed her. She finally depended on me to feed her. When she died her daughter asked me to preach her funeral in the Presbyterian church where Peter Marshall had at one time been the pastor. Elizabeth began to attend our church and got saved and joined the church. After she joined she returned to mattock that I "lost" when I went home to eat lunch and left it where I was planting shrubbery around the church.

When Brother John and Sister Kitty Allen began attending our church, we were greatly blessed. Brother John's first wife's death really hit him hard. He was having to walk with a cane and wore a black suit and black hat. He was in his 60's but appeared to be at least 80

years old. After he and Kitty married he really did an about face. He stopped using his cane and always had a smile on his face and a skip in his walk. After we went to Lee both of them were put in a nursing home that was in sight of their home.We went back to visit them three times.

Van and Travis Stewart and their wives and families were fairly faithful in attendance. I performed the marriage ceremonies for two of Travis' daughters. His son, Jack, was in the same grade as Archie in school.

When the attendance increased to the point that our facilities just could not accomodate everyone I took a vote in the church to build or not to build Sunday School rooms. Only one lady in the church, Lucille Milner, supported me and wanted to build. Even Betty opposed building. The next time we took a vote to either borrow the money to build or pay cash. The mortgage company had agreed to refinance our existing loan and let us have enough money for just the materials only. The increase of the monthly payments would be about $5.00 per month. Old Brother John Allen put his mark on the note and I signed. Every penny that came into the church coffers including the tithes were used to pay Ralph and Luther Johnson to help me build four Sunday School rooms, an assembly room, a kitchen, a baptistry and install a heating unit.

I would get up at 4 AM and work at the church until 6:30. Then I would shave and bathe and Charlie Starling and I would leave at 7 AM for work.

I learned a lot about building. I could not have possibly built the addition without the help of Ralph and Luther Johnson. I did not know that I was supposed to get permission from the state office to build nor that I must have a building permit and have the city building inspector approve everything we did.

One day while Ralph, Luther and I were pouring the concrete for the slab floor, the ductwork for the heating system that was to be under the slab began to "float" out of the concrete. I jumped into the mess and straddled the duct and Ralph and Luther handed me concrete blocks to lay on the duct to hold it down.

Several boys from the community were playing around the church. A man came up and asked Ralph Johnson where the preacher was. He was told that the guy sitting on the duct to hold it down was the preacher. The man turned out to be the city building inspector and he stood around watching until we finished pouring and leveling the floor. When I got out my shoes were full of concrete and my feet and legs, hands and arms were as raw as could be. He came over and told me that I was the dirtiest preacher he had ever seen and was in fact the only preacher he had ever seen working (doing physical labor) as I had been. He sent an offering on the church and "held my hand" during the rest of the building. He bent the rules (codes) when he possibly could to help me out.

The Simmons were about as degraded as I have ever seen a family. They had four little boys and a little girl about 13 or 14 years old. The woman stank so bad that you could smell her when she came into the church building. I went and got them and brought them to church on

Sunday morning. The folks in our church gave them bed clothes, towels, shoes, socks, pants, shirts, sweaters, etc. She never bathed the children or washed any clothes.

One day the husband came by and asked for money. I told him that the church had no money to give but I would give him $5.00 to help me dig a ditch to run a water line from the front to the back of the church. He left in a big "huff" complaining that I was like all other preachers - expecting him to work digging ditches.

They lived about 2-3 miles out in the country. The kids were so isolated that coming to church on Sunday morning was their only contact with people other than each other.

It was a great blessing to us when they started going to a Baptist church although I wished no evil on my Baptist brothers.

Nellie and J. C. Payne had a daughter named Lynn. They worked in the textile mill in Porterdale located only 2-3 miles from Covington. When Clark was 5 years old, Lynn was 9 years old. She was almost dwarf like in size. She had cystic fibrosis. Her stomach never developed so she had to eat mostly fluids. She had a time breathing.

J. C. (Jake) worked the day shift 7-3:30, and Nellie worked the afternoon shift from 3-11:30. Nellie tended to Lynn during the day and Jake took over at 3 PM. He brought her to our house every day without fail. Lynn was a precious child and loved us dearly. However, Jake felt that he was perfectly justified in coming everyday. Usually they were there when I got home from work in Atlanta at about 6:30 PM.

When Lynn had a growth in her head that was growing out her nose she was put in Henrietta Egleston Children's Hospital in Atlanta. Jake and Nellie would not leave her with anyone but me, so I would go and stay with her while they went home to bathe and change clothes. When Lynn died I preached her funeral.

Lynn's death devastated Jake and he became miserable.

When the church had a birthday party for me at the Allen's house the ladies prepared a big, gift-wrapped cardboard box. When I opened the box there was a smaller one inside and a smaller one inside that one etc. Everyone was laughing and squealing, and I commented that I surely did wonder what was in the smallest box. Nellie said, "Maybe it's a toupee." I responded, "If it's a toupee, I am going to give reducing pills to some folks on their birthdays." Everyone had a lot of fun. Nellie laughed along with everyone else.

The next day Jake parked in front of the house and began to blow his horn without a let up. When I motioned for him to come in, he just sat there and continued to blow the horn. Finally, I went out to the car and asked him what in the world was the matter. He said, "You know what the matter is. I don't appreciate what you said to my wife." I had no idea what he was talking about and insisted that he tell me. He said that it was because of what I said about his wife needing to reduce. I asked for his forgiveness and even went to his house and tried to talk to him.

Nellie was the church clerk and continued to come to the church, but he stopped entirely and began to slander me and the church and to try to influence others to leave the church.

Because I was working as an engineer in Atlanta very few people paid tithes even though I offered to quit work at Robert and Company Associates if folks would begin tithing. I knew that Woody Wright and old sister Bachelor tithed and with my tithes I should at least have received enough tithes to help out with my expenses. I talked to Woody, and he told me how much tithes he had paid the month before so I confronted Nellie. She had not used the tithes but had simply decided to not give them to me. When she showed me the balance in our bank account there were several hundred dollars in the account. Nellie stopped coming to church also. Both of them asked to have their names removed from the church's membership rolls. The church granted their request.

I left all the money in the church treasury and shortly afterwards when we left Covington there was enough money to buy furniture when Tom and Linda Batts came to pastor the church.

I went back to Covington in 1974 to preach a revival. Nellie and Jake came. He followed me out to my car after service and asked me to forgive him, which of course I did.

Bill and Irene Gregg had two sons, Stacey and Robbie. They lived in Porterdale, a testile mill village adjacent to Covington. Irene's parents were Pentecostal Holiness, and her father was a minister. They had been high school sweethearts and married after Bill graduated with a degree in textile engineering. Every time Irene came to church she would get under conviction and come to the altar. Bill and the boys seldom ever came with her. Bill was the assistant plant superintendent but was determined to break all ties with the Pentecostal Holiness Church. We visited in their home several times and would encourage them to come to the Church of God since the nearest Pentecostal Holiness church was in Atlanta.

Irene was one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen. In addition to her physical beauty she had great personality.

When she began to have a discharge from her breasts, the doctors diagnosed her problem as cancer. I went by to visit her in the hospital in Atlanta, and she was totally devastated. She was crying so uncontrolably and seemed to prefer even death to having both of her breasts removed. She promised me and God that if God would heal her that she would be totally committed to Him, would join the Church of God, and be faithful in attendance, financial support, and in every other way. When the discharge ceased, and they did not operate, after several weeks I reminded her of her vows. She said that she had committed her life to the Lord but that she was going to wait about joining the church because after all the doctors said that she did not have cancer. Not long after this, Bill was promoted and transfered to a plant somewhere in Tennessee We never heard from them again.

Sister Addie Haggard, who lived in Porterdale, had two daughters. One married Lynwood Maddux, an attorney who was practicing in Atlanta. The other daughter, Lucille, came home after a week end of partying with a group of men. Sister Addie called and asked me to come and try to talk with Lucille and try to reason with her. I told Sister Addie that Betty was unable to come, but if she would be there I would come over and try to talk with Lucille.

When I got there Lucille began to "speak in tongues" and I immediately rebuked her and told her to stop, that she had done badly enough but was now blaspheming the Holy Ghost. She began to cry and said that it was not her talking and was either God or the Devil. I assured her that it was not God and she wanted me to pray for her.

The following Sunday Lucille came with her mother to church. Just before I began to preach she asked to be permitted to testify. Most of what she had to say extolled the graces of Betty and me. She kept stressing what a wonderful pastor I was and how fortunate the church was to have Betty and me as pastor.

A couple of days later she called me at work to tell me that her former boyfriend had taken her car and gone up into north Georgia. She asked if I would take her to get the car. I told her I would have to check with Betty and see if we could go with her the following Saturday. She began to explain that Betty did not need to go because she had so much to do for the church while I was working. In fact she even suggested that I not tell Betty that we were going because she might not understand. When I would not go without Betty she lost her religion and never came back to church again while we were there.

Sister Mamie Collins was about 55-60 years old when we visited her and invited her to come to our church. She was totally illiterate, never having gone to school, and also had never been to a church service. I have never known anyone who had a worse life than she had before she came to church and the Lord saved her. She had two daughters, Leatha and Betty. When I visited her she was trying to look after Leatha's two babies, a boy and a girl. I had no idea that she was so near blind until after I sat down and she was having to feel to find her way around and prepare some food.

The poor little dirty babies had not been bathed and their hair was matted and dirty. Both of them backed up to me and I picked them up and set them each on one of my knees. When I noticed how they were clawing at their heads I checked and their hair was full of lice (cooties). I asked Sister Collins if she knew and she said, "Oh no, I can't see well enough."

I checked with an optometrist about glasses and told him that I would pay to have her eyes checked for her glasses. He said that the local Lion's club would pay for her glasses and tests. After she got glasses and was riding with me to church she kept commenting about how "purty" everything is. The beauty of our little church building was far beyond anything she had ever imagined it to be.

Betty Collins Taylor had four children. She had serious mental problems. Nearly everyone had to be very careful about saying or doing something to offend her. Once Brother Woody Wright called the children "big eyed dolls"and she was about ready to "clean Woody's plow," because they thought he said big eyed dogs.

Once when the Spirit began to move in the church, Betty began to scream and jerk convulsively. Then she fell in the floor and began to kick both feet and wet on herself. When someone grabbed a coat to spread over her, I said, "No, get her up. She is making a spectacle of herself." I really expected her to resent me and did not know if I could ever explain to her that when the Spirit of the Lord moves, the devil will also move and try to cause confusion. She seemed to understand that she was out of order and afterwards would usually go to sleep when she came to church.

Brother Roy Waters was one of the first to come back to the church after I was appointed as pastor. His wife never responded to any sermon I ever preached. Billy was the only son and there were 5 or 6 girls. When Billy and one of the girls were saved I took them over to the Hemphill Avenue Church of God in Atlanta and baptized them.

I "married" Anne and her husband. After they married she stopped coming to church entirely.

The oldest daughter, Elizabeth, had a son about the same age as Billy. Her husband would not let her come to church either.

The lesbian, Maudie Sue, had a crush on Anne before we went to Covington. Brother Waters told me that one night while the previous pastor was preaching Maudie Sue managed to get Anne to go outside and persuaded her to get in one of the parked vehicles. Anne was able to get out of the car and ran screaming into the church with Maudie in close pursuit. The men had to restrain Maudie.

Since he was all there was to choose, I appointed Roy Waters as Sunday School Superintendent. In the beginning he was always late, but I would go ahead and begin the Sunday School on time at 9:45. After three or four Sundays people began to be punctual.

After a while none of the Waters came to church but Brother Waters and Billy, and eventually they came very sporadically.

During a revival, the evangelist, Betty and I went to visit them to pray with them and to try to encourage them to attend church. Anne was there, and I pleaded with her to come back to church. She said that her husband had threatened to leave her if she ever came to our church again. She was expecting a baby real soon. Finally I just simply asked Roy if it was well with his soul and I began to weep. He started weeping also, and we knelt together and he renewed his covenant with the Lord.

A couple of days later Anne and her husband had taken their garbage to the dump. As Anne exited the car a truck hit her and killed her and the unborn baby instantly.

Two elderly sisters came to the church. One of them lived with her daughter and son-in-law who lived on the short one block street that went from Newton Drive to the city bypass. The Covington mill village was located on the other side of the bypass and our church was located so that if the short street had continued on beyond Newton Drive, our church would have been right in the center of the street. Sister Shepherd lived with the Baileys in the third house from Newton Drive on the short street. When she arrived at church once during Sunday School she could not step up the one step to enter the church, and it just so happened that no one else came late that particular morning. She asked me if she could have nice hand rails put up so that neither she nor anyone else would have that problem again.

George and Anne Bailey had two children named George Jr. and Anita. While Sister Shepherd was helping Anita say her prayers and said, "Ask the Lord to forgive you for being so naughty," Anita said, "Aw, Grandma, I did not mean for Him to know I had been so naughty."

George, Jr. and a group of boys were playing ball on the empty lot next to the church, and he hit a ball that broke a window. I did not fuss at the boys nor did I tell their parents. They really appreciated not being told on. They helped me sell donuts to pay for a new window.

Sister Sheppard's sister, Sister Plunkett, had a badly retarded daughter name Ethel who lived with her. Ethel was 40 plus years old with the mentality of an infant. I would visit her as often as I could. Since she could not read, she always appreciated my coming and reading the Bible with her and Ethel. One cold winter day she told Ethel to bring me the gift that she had for me. It was a beautiful lap robe that she and her husband had used when they were courting. She said since I had to be out in the bitter cold weather that she wanted me to have it. For years the robe was one of my most prized possessions. It burned when our home burned in 1979 in McMinn County, Tennessee.

Another shut-in old lady in the community, named Johnson, that I visited never came to our church but always appreciated my visits and my reading the Bible to her. One day I read in I Kings about the widow who cooked the last handful of meal for the prophet, Elijah, and her "barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail." She remarked, "Oh Brother McDaniel, that reminds me of me. Since I became a Christian God has never let my snuff box be empty.

The Blackwells were indeed a different breed. If Mr. Blackwell had ever worked he had been "weaned" from working. He asked me for some money to buy some food and things they needed. The church could not even pay the utility bills when we went there, and if I gave him any, it would have to come out of my pocket. I went to Brother Roy Waters who had a few acres of vegetables and asked him because he had offered to give us whatever we could use. He said they could help themselves but would have to pick the vegetables. The old man said that his freezer was full, that he wanted the money to buy some meat and cigarettes.

Sister Blackwell would come to church with A. J., the son, and four girls. She kept the kids spotlessly clean. The old man said that he would come but had only a pair of brogans (workshoes) and promised to come to church if I would get him a pair of shoes. I had two pair of slippers, one of which I gave to him. I do not recall that he ever came to church, and when I visited him he was lying on a couch with my former slippers on the floor beside him caked with red Georgia mud. I just about gave up on him completely. He was using the slippers for an ash tray.

He told about working as a welder during the war and also about driving a truck. I told him about all the advertising for welders and truck drivers in the Atlanta Journal and Constitution and offered to let him ride with Charlie Starling and me the 30-35 miles into Atlanta to apply for a job. He suggested that I just go by the places where they were hiring and submit an application for him which I refused to do. I was finally able to persuade him to ride with us into Atlanta one morning. He claimed that he went to several places and applied for work, but no one hired him. He met us at the parking lot to ride home with us.

The oldest child was a beautiful girl and married when a teen ager.

Sister Blackwell and the other two oldest girls were working picking either fruit or vegetables, I think, and a man who was also working there caught her eye. She claimed that she prayed to the Lord to give her a sign and that if he wanted her to leave her husband and go with the man that the Lord have the man turn around and look at her. He turned and looked. To her this was the same as Joshua's fleece. She and the two girls went to Atlanta and lived with the man until she and both girls were pregnant.

When she came back home to Covington, she had her baby and named him Peter.

When I first went to Covington I began visiting in the local hospital. One day I entered the room of an old lady who was in her eighties and I asked how she was doing.

Our conversation went something like this:

"Not so well, preacher."

"Why? What's wrong?"

"My husband died."

"I am so sorry. When did he die?"

"Fifteen years ago and I have not been kissed since he died."

I immediately bent over the railing and kissed her and became her preacher from that kiss onward.

When the old lady a couple of rooms down responded in like manner to my question about her well being, she also replied, "Not so well." Since it worked before with the other old lady, I told her that I knew her problem and bent over and kissed her. She pushed me away with, "What's wrong with you man? Have you gone crazy?"

Her two daughters were sitting there and began to laugh. One of them said to me, "Preacher, Mama never would let Daddy kiss her in public."

Old Sister Price lived in Jackson about 40 miles from Covington. When I visited her and asked her to come back to church she said that she was not coming back and to take her name off the church rolls. After a couple more visits and praying with her for her husband, children and grandchildren she came back and attended regularly until she contracted cancer. I was with her just before she died and she begged me to not give up on her family. Her son, Walter, finally was saved.

When Mildred, Sylvester and the boys came back from Detroit and could not find employment around Birmingham, they moved to Covington. Syl ran a service station for a while and then got a paper route. Finally he got a job working at a plant in Conyers where he was working when we resigned the church and moved to Cleveland.

The pastor of a little non-denominational black church was a woman named Blackwell. She had several foster children. I visited them often and preached for her many times. Eddie was blacker than I was white. Once when I preached the homecoming and dinner on the ground the little three year old was my shadow. After we had our plates filled, he backed up to me to sit in my lap. He said, "Brother McDaniel,I have done decided that I'm gonna let you be my Daddy." I answered, "Aw Eddie, you

don't want me for your Daddy. You don't want a white Daddy. Do you?" He responded, "No, I don't want no white Daddy. I want you to be my Daddy."

Pat Dunn and her two sisters were foster children and slept in the church. After their mother died, their father left them with Sister Blackwell. After moving to Lee I kept encouraging the girls to apply themselves and strive for excellence in school. Although they did not have a penny, Pat and Linda were accepted at Lee and given scholarships and government grants. Pat graduated with honors and was employed by Penneys as a sales manager. She was a leader among the black students and was elected president of The Evangelistic Singers. I was the school sponsor for the black students at Lee College while she was attending.

There was an independent church in Conyers where I visited and preached. I talked to them about coming into the Church of God, and they agreed to affiliate with us. I contacted the state overseer, Brother W. E. Johnson, who came down and in 3-4 hours including travel time received another star for getting another church organized.

When Brother Johnson came to Georgia as state overseer all the ministers and wives were invited to a banquet at the state camp ground, and he was going to demonstrate his ability to recall everyone's name. He remembered every minister's name but mine.

When I asked Brother Johnson about pastoring the church in Conyers, he did not think I would be able to fit in with the people and offered me a church about 50-60 miles from Atlanta. Terrel McBrayer told me to not accept the offer because the little building was greatly in need of repair and only a handful were coming to the church. There were enough people attending the church in Covington to easily support a pastor. Brother Johnson came to the church and tried to persuade everyone to tithe. I was not demanding a guaranteed salary but hardly anyone wanted me to quit work and depend on the church for our livelihood.

When President Ray H. Hughes call me on Tuesday and asked me about coming to Lee College I refused to even consider it. He said that I was the only person in the church who had the qualifications and asked me to at least come and look over the situation. Charles (Chuck) Carpenter and wife Mona Klaudt, were at Lee and he had tried on several occasions to persuade me to come to Lee. I agreed to come and see how things were. Ray Hughes promised me that if I would teach for one year and decided to leave that he would see that I was appointed to a fully supporting church. When I went to see Chuck he told me about a house on Clearwater Drive that I could get by just paying two months back payments. The payments were only about $80.00 each month including taxes and insurance. The interest rate was 4 1/2 %. When I informed President Hughes that I could not live on $4850 per contract or $404.17 per month, he said I would not be expected to tithe because this would be an appointment the same as a pastoral appointment. I also received a choice of ham or turkey for Christmas.

I came to Lee at the same time Edwin Tull, Clifford Dennison and Morris Riggs came. I did not know until many years later that we were not paid the same. All of them were paid more than I was. Morris told me over twenty years later that his contract that year was $5850.

Ricky Lemke lived across the street from us. He and I were the early risers on our street. He would call out to me, "Hey best Buddy, can I come over?" I always encouraged him to come. He loved all of us. Archie spent a lot of time with him also. He claimed me as, "MY Pweacher." After a 2-3 inches snow fell, Archie played with him for hours making a snow man and sledding. When they finally came in the house to thaw themselves, he said, "Arch, my feet have had it." When we took off his boots, we found his feet packed with snow and ice.

Ricky poked a bean up his nose and it sprouted. His mother did not know that the bean was in his nose until it began sprouting. She took him to the doctor. After removing the sprout, the doctor admonished her to watch the boy more carefully. That upset her so much that she took a couple of aspirins for her headache when she returned home. Ricky managed to open the aspirin bottle and take some aspirin for his headache. She rushed him back to the doctor. This time the doctor rebuked her for being so careless. She became hysterical and needed to be sedated.

Some of the neighbors and church members were helping me load the U-Haul truck that I had rented to move to Cleveland and my "Best Buddy" sat on his front steps and cried for hours and would not come over.

The church had a going away party for us. Sister Bachelor and some of the other elderly ladies requested that I promise to come back and "preach" their funerals. Some of the girls wanted me to come back and "marry" them. I only preached Sister Bachelor's funeral and "married" one of the Stewart girls.I was not even notified when Sister Sheppard, Sister Plunkett, the Allens, Sister Mamie Collins, and Sister Ruby Johnson died.

The state overseer asked me who I recommended to pastor the church. Since he had preached us a revival a few weeks before and the people voted for him, I recommended Thomas Batts. He was an outstanding evangelist and I hoped and prayed that he would be a good pastor. Years later when I was preaching for him in Willard, Ohio, he told me how that he was constantly reminded of the way Brother McDaniel did everything and Linda, his wife, had a steady diet of Sister McDaniel. I reminded him that the pastor who followed him probably had "bats" (Batts) for breakfast, dinner, and supper.

Nearly everyone supported the Batts, both financially and otherwise. If the folks had supported me the same as they did Brother and Sister Batts, we could have very possibly still be pastoring there.

Thomas and Linda moved to North Georgia and he attended Lee College. They then moved to Willard, Ohio, where he pastored. I felt that Tom was a much better preacher than I. I had him in my Homiletics class and he did real well. When I ran him a revival in Willard, he told me that he was glad I had required written sermons because the local paper would publish a sermon from members of the ministerial association in each edition. Since most of the pastors were either too

busy, or too lazy , or unable to submit a sermon, eventually Tom was writing nearly all of the sermonettes or devotions for the paper. He was able to reach many people that he could not have reached otherwise.

The church at Willard grew until the Sunday morning attendance was well over 300. Besides preaching a revival at Willard, I also preached a home coming. Tom was elected to be president of the Lee College Alumin Association and invited me to come to several Ohio churches to preach. I think I always preached an evangelistic message. The words of one of my professors at Emory University, School of Theology always remained with me, namely that an evangelistic sermon is appropriate on nearly every occasion.

When it became public knowledge that the music director, who was related to many of the leading church members, was a homosexual, rather than deal with the problem, Tom resigned as pastor. He contacted me and said that the people wanted me as pastor. The Ohio state overseer refused to submit my name to the church for consideration.

Trilla always had to give up her bed when I stayed with them.

Todd always walked in my shadow while I was staying with them. One day he asked me to, "not pweech too long. My Daddy even pways too long."

Besides being very pretty, Linda was most hospitable. She certainly made me feel welcome. She was a great asset to Toms ministry.

Before they sold the little house at 3005 Clearwater Drive, Archie and I put a new roof on it. It lasted over 23 years.

I later preached for Tom in Florida before he joined the Pentecostal Holiness Church. Afterwards, I also preached in the Pentecostal Holiness Church. He asked me to preach on sanctification, which was the subject I had been asked to preach at the Alaska camp meeting.

Tom tried to get Betty and me to supervise the Bible School in their church for which we would be paid $500.00 and also preach a revival at night for which I could expect another $700.00. We were tempted to accept his offer but felt compelled to refuse because we had so much planned for the summer and we did not think we could cancel any of the small churches to go to a big church that could pay so well.

I was hired at Lee College because of my Masters degree in religion. However, when it became known that I had a Bachelor of Science degree in Mathematics I was asked to teach Fundamental Concepts of Mathematics in summer school in 1965. The librarian, Frances Arrington, was also the mathematics teacher in the junior college.

In the class that summer I had no freshmen. It was made up primarily of older women without a college degree but who wanted to be certified to teach in the public school system. Also Lester Collum, who was a totally disabled Korean war veteran, was in the class. Among the women were: 1. Ruby Howard, 2. Carolyn Harris, 3. Betty McDaniel, 4. Mary Jo Keller, and 5. Paula Griffith.

I will not attempt to relate all the problems I was compelled to deal with but feel constrained to mention a few. First, they all had a bad case of Math Anxiety. Their minds went blank when they saw a symbol which was in many cases merely a sort of abbreviation. It was bad enough to have symbols for addition (+), subtraction (-), division( ),

and multiplication (X). When the letter n was used as a symbol to mean "the number of apples one intends to purchase," the letter p was used as a symbol to mean, "the price of each apple in the apple barrel," the capital letter C was used as a symbol to mean "the total cost of the apples that one purchases" the girls would panic.

The following statement:

"The total cost of the apples that one purchases is equal to the number of apples one intends to purchase multiplied by the price of each apple purchased",in symbolic or algebraic form would become: C=n x p.

The anxiety multiplied greatly when an x or y was substituted for either of the variables C, n, or p.

When we began using exponential notation and they were expected to learn how useful it is when doing calculations with very large numbers the ladies really panicked. When the text introduced the googol that is one followed by 100 zeroes or 10 with an exponent of 100 they simply went bananas.

I put all of the unit tests on the chalkboard. When I passed out the final exam that I had Xeroxed a copy for each student there was total pandemonium. Ruby Howard became hysterical and cried out that she could not take a test from an old piece of paper. Carolyn simply declared that she was not even going to try because she knew she could not pass the test.

I took Ruby into the room next to our class room and after calming her down I wrote the test on the chalkboard. I finally managed to persuade Carolyn to try.

I think the entire class learned bases other than base 10 purely by rote. They had no earthly idea about the theory behind it and could never conceive of any practical use. Actually the course content was on a ninth grade level. It was the required Math course for students majoring in music, religion, general business, and certain areas of the social sciences.

Mary Jo probably learned more than anyone else in the class. She never complained and I think made a B in the class. She said that she understood a lot of the concepts that she never did in high school. She enjoyed the course so much that she took Algebra and Trigonometry and eventually took every math course we had at Lee. She then taught math in the Bradley County School System. She was well above average in math.

Travis and Vann Stewart were hard working Alabama boys. They had worked cutting pulp wood in Alabama all their lives and did the same kind of work in Georgia.

Vann and his wife had three children, a girl and two boys.

Travis and his wife had four daughters and a son, Jackie. I "married" their daughter, Betty. Jackie was in the same grade in school as Archie. When Travis got behind with his car payment, he had a choice of paying his tithes or losing his car. He paid his tithes and lost his car. Had I known the circumstances I would have given his tithes back to him. He had managed to buy a much better car and when I commented about his "new" car he told me that the old pile of junk had been repossessed and that he chose to pay his tithes. Travis stopped cutting pulp wood and started driving a big truck out of Atlanta. His education was very limited, but he made up for it with hard word and honesty.

One Christmas we had a live nativity scene on the empty lot next to the church. We borrowed a donkey, cow, and two sheep. One of the sheep was a real mean old ram who would butt anyone who turned his back to him. The donkey would bray periodically and it was difficult to have services while the animals were penned up alongside the church. Betty Stewart and her husband were Mary and Joseph. We had people come from neighboring counties to see the scene. It promoted our church more than anything else we ever did.

After we went to Lee College I preached four revivals in Washington State one summer while Roland Pendley was the state youth director. Vann Stewart and his family and a couple of other men were mining talc in Montana on the very peak of the Rocky Mountain. You could see the operation that looked like a little white speck from 20 miles away. Everyone but Jerry, the youngest boy, Betty and I went to the mine before 6 AM, and the three of us went a couple of hours later. Vann had bull dozed a single lane road angling up the mountain. We were in a 4 cylinder Volkswagon van. When we reached the halfway mark Jerry told us that he did not believe we would make it to the top. I did not believe we were going to make it to the top either

After stopping in Montana to visit Vann Stewart and family we went south to New Mexico and had a revival and Bible School at Rocky Point, a Navaho church between Gallup and the Arizona line.

During the summer of 1972, Harry Begay had invited me to come and preach at a Navaho camp meeting. I preached at night in a tent, and we had youth camp during the day in the Rocky Point church. It was my first experience preaching through an interpreter. Every night the tent would be filled and we had over 100 kids in the Bible School. Service would begin every night at "dark thirty" although the sign out on the paved road said 7:30 PM. Eighty seven were saved in that meeting.

Harry Begay and Arthur Williams were orphan boys who had visited the sheep camp where Mary Moore and her husband held services. They had no children of their own but had taken in several foster children that included Harry Begay, Arthur Williams, Gracie Williams, Marion Chischilly, Clara Moore, Irene Moore, Peter Moore, Johnson Moore, Elsie Moore, and others.

I slept in a little Sunday School room behind the sanctuary. Water had to be hauled in pickup trucks. One day I poured about an inch of water in a pan and proceeded to "bathe"" myself. I heard a noise and looked around and there were several little Navaho noses pressed against the window pane watching me bathe. I still had on my shorts.

The walls of the church building at Rocky Point were made with wooden shell boxes that Brother Moore had gotten from the Army surplus. They were stacked so that from the second row up each box would overlap the two boxes below it in the same pattern that concrete blocks are laid. Instead of being cemented together, the boxes were nailed together. Then the walls, both inside and outside, were stuccoed. This was very inexpensive construction but looked very nice. For several years the building would be painted a different color each year. The colors ranged from bright orange to deep purple.

The first year I went to the Southwest Indian work alone. The rest of the times Betty went with me except in the summer of 1979 when she was having high blood pressure problems and in 1996 when she hurt her back picking up boxes of Bible School materials.

Nearly everyone brought me a gift on the last Sunday I was there in 1972. There were Navaho blankets, home woven Navaho rugs, women's and men's silver and turquoise rings, bracelets, bolo ties, combs, and pins. The folks prepared a fabulous meal. People came from all over the reservation that covers a large portion of New Mexico, Utah, Arizona, and Colorado.

I left in the middle of Sunday afternoon coming home. That night a wolf man grabbed Arthur Williams from behind and held something over his face until he passed out. He was placed on the altar and prayed for all night long. They also sent for Denzell Teague to come and pray. He was unconscious all night but survived. He became a well known evangelist among the Navaho.

Denzell Teague was appointed to be the superintendent of the Southwest Indian Ministries at the General Assembly that was held in Dallas in 1972. He and his wife, Elizabeth, and two daughters, Teresa and Nina, arrived at the compound on Saturday before I left on Sunday.

Denzell was a very hard worker but simply could not relate to the American Indians. He had been the overseer of the Churches of God in Guatemala where the Indian constituency had held him in the highest esteem. Elizabeth had a maid to do the domestic chores. Whereas before he had "told" everyone what to do, now he must "ask" everyone if they would please do whatever he wanted done.

Brother and Sister Moore had a little 3 room house with the floors made from plywood and boards laid on the ground.

The second year Betty went with me we had a new outside toilet with carpet on the floor and seat. Brother Moore came out and was telling the kids in Navaho something and pointing at the new toilet. The kids spoke English and told us that he had told them to not use our toilet.

The first time I went to Rocky Point there was no response to my pleas to accept the Lord the first three nights. Many people would come forward for healing, but no one was saved on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday nights. I woke up in the middle of Wednesday night and went outside to go to the toilet. All the boys were outside and several men with guns. I asked Harry what in the world was happening and he told me that they tried to keep me from finding out that the wolf men, or skin walkers, had been seen in the neighborhood and were trying to frighten the people away from the revival. According to Harry the skin walkers were under control of the medicine men.

Harry also told me that five or six weeks prior to this, Arthur William's younger sister had gone to the toilet that was located out behind the church and a man covered with a wolf skin threw some sort of a concoction on her. Three days later she died in the hospital. The doctors diagnosed the cause of death as the bubonic plague which is a very contagious disease caused by a bacterium and is transmitted or carried by infected rats.

Harry cautioned me not to go out to the toilet anymore at night alone. He also said that the men had been patrolling the area every night and someone usually had me in view everytime I went out at night.

We became close friends with many of the Navaho over the years, not only at Rocky Point but also at T'Sin Neez' Choz', Lake Valley, Little Water (Near Crown Point), Little Water (near Ship Rock), Gallup, Gallegas, Twin Pines, Nageesi, Valley View, Clearwater, Lupton, Water Flow, Manuelito, and Douglas Mesa.

Charlie Skeets had several children. He was the church clerk at Rocky Point. One summer at the camp meeting John Martinson, the superintendent of the Southwest Indian Ministries, told Charlie that he needed the monthly reports from the church. Charlie told him, "Okay, I will take care of it." He came to the next camp meeting service and handed John the reports for the previous 6 months. Then he handed him the reports for the next 6 months.

One of Charlie's daughters was named Christine. She was saved and I baptized her when she was about 10-11 years old. After she married Roger John she named her first child, a boy, after me. Roger became a preacher.

Old Brother and Sister Lee had four grandchildren that they took to raise after their mother was killed in an automobile accident while drunk. Their names were: Ruthie, Ruby, Christine, and Andy.

Mrs. John Skeets was the surviving spouse of Charlie Skeet's brother. Her two children were Elsie and Anderson. Elsie was a beautiful child. She went to college and majored in education. The last time we saw her, she was married.

Brother and Sister Elliott had several children. Lucy was their oldest daughter. She was about 15-16 years old the first time I went to Rocky Point. Later she became the pastor of the Valley View Church of God. She came to Cleveland several years later with about 15 Navaho to attend a missions conference at Lee College.

Tom and Marion Chischilly had four children whose names were Thomas, Miriam, Libby, and Gilda. Marion was a foster daughter of the Moores. Peter Moore was born out of wedlock to Marion.

Elsie was related to Brother Moore. She was very much mentally retarded but could look after the sheep. She had Johnson Moore out of wedlock. We were told that the night he was born she went out in the brush alone and delivered the baby. When she went back to the house and it was obvious that she had given birth, the Moores went out and searched until they found the baby and cared for him.

Elsie lived in a hogan at the sheep camp which was located on the opposite side of Interstate 40 to the side that the church and the Moore's house were located. She seldom ever saw anyone.

We began to collect clothes, Bibles, blankets, and bed linens for the mission work. Brother Ledford, who was the dispatcher for the Chauncy Trucking Company that hauled American Uniform products to California, shipped them for us for several years free of charge. Later Ruth Lindsey told us about Standard Publishing Company, located between Cinncinati and Hamilton Ohio, giving her left over Bible school materials. We obtained the name and address of Jeanne McGuire who was

the executive secretary to the vice president and wrote requesting materials that were not sold. One year they gave me enough for 2,000 students. The only requirement being that we not sell any of it.

In the summer of 1980 we went to the T'sin Neez" Choz' church for a revival at night and Bible School during the day. At that time the church was called Flat Lake. This was the ninth time we went to the Southwest Indians during the summer while Betty and I were out of school.

Betty had graduated from Lee in June of 1970 and began teaching first grade at McDonald in August.

I had been teaching in both the religion and mathematics areas at Lee since the 1965-1066 school term. Sometimes I would have 6 three hour courses in one semester. I took a sabbatical leave during the 1970-71 school term. Even while I supposedly was on a sabbatical I taught a couple of courses each semester. I earned my Master of Mathematics in 1971 and my Doctor of Education with an emphasis in mathematics in 1972 which was the first year we worked in the southwest during the summer. Lee could now have a major in mathematics since we had a teacher with a doctors degree in the area. Mathematics was still a part of the Science Department. As the need for Math teachers grew, science teachers would teach the basic Math courses and Robert Griffith, who was hired while I was on a semi-sabbatical leave, and I taught all the upper lever courses. After 1972 I was never advanced in rank again and hence resigned in 1987. Every Science teacher and Robert Griffith on the other hand were advanced at least once and some were advanced twice in rank during the same period. When I was recommended for the rank of Full Professor in the 1985-86 school term there was a certain standard procedure that I had to go through.

First I was recommended by the department chairman. Next the academic dean had to give his approval and make a recommendation to the faculty ranking committee. The president's approval and the approval of the ranking committee made up of members of the Lee College Board of Directors were the final steps.

After this procedure the president, Lamar Vest, made a recommendation to the Lee College Board of Directors that I be advanced to the rank of full professor. However, the new chairman of the Board, Robert Fisher, recommended that the recommendation be tabled and it was. Lamar Vest told me that he felt that the reason was not because I did not meet all requirements but because Robert Fisher was the new chairman of the board. He also suggested that I not give up on my advancement in rank but reminded me that the politics at Lee were the same as throughout the church and maybe more.

At the General Assembly in 1986, Lamar Vest was elected to a position on the General Executive Committee and Paul Conn was appointed as president of Lee College.

I had also talked to Overseer, E. C. Thomas, and he was going to look into the situation.

I also talked to Walter Atkinson, the pastor of the North Cleveland Church of God, where I was and am a member. He asked if I had ever had a student, whose father had a high position in the church, fail one of

my courses. He also questioned whether I had offended someone who held a position of influence in the church.

The academic dean of the college, Laud Vaught, told me that the only question Fisher asked was whether I was active in a local church. It seemed to me that all Lamar Vest had to do was inform Fisher that this was not a criteria for advancement in rank. However, he knew that no one at Lee College was more active in a local church than I was. Lamar and I were both members of the North Cleveland church council at the same time.

At the General Assembly in 1986 I talked to Brother Higginbottom and Lane Sargent who were members of the school board. Neither of them had any idea why my recommendation had been handled as it was and both promised to see what could be done about it. As far as I know neither of them did.

When I talked to the department chairperson she said it would be unfair to recommend me for advancement in rank two years in succession because other people in the department should be given a chance for advancement before I was recommended again.

When Paul Conn was recommended for rank, the faculty ranking committee disapproved. He had a reputation for not meeting his classes and his absence policy was that a student was not required to attend class if he/she did not want to. He also preferred that the students call him "Paul" rather than Mister Conn and after he earned a doctorate call him Doctor Conn. His father, Charles Conn who was president, called the chairperson of the ranking committee into his office and insisted that the committee reconsider and recommend Paul for full professor. When they refused he recommended Paul without him having to go through the prescribed procedure. He was approved by the board and was promoted to full professor.

After Paul became president I tried to talk with him and he simply said that I had no right to question the action taken by the board. He really resented my saying that he had questioned the refusal of the faculty ranking committee to approve him for promotion. He was the first faculty member that anyone could recall who was advanced in rank without going through the prescribed procedure. I was the first who went through the prescribed procedure and was not advanced in rank.

I decided to retire at the end of the school year. The following year I was asked to teach at Tomlinson College, a Church of God of Prophecy institution. The dean and I agreed on a salary based on one-third of the amount I was paid at Lee College and my work load consisted of two preparations and three classes and there were no extra-curricula activities, i.e. no office hours, no faculty meetings, no chapel attendance, no student club sponsorships, etc. I only taught a total of nine hours each week and decided to have six office hours per week although it was not required. Later, when Cleveland State Community College, Tennessee Wesleyan, and Lee College approached me about teaching part time, I offered to teach only if I were paid a prorated share of the salary I would receive if working full time. All three of them wanted

me to teach for $750 to $900 per three hour course.I refused to do so because I would have been paid only $2250 to $2700 per semester compared to $8,000 had my salary been one-third of a normal load.

I have no regrets about staying at Lee as long as I did - from September 1964 until June 1987. Some of my best friends during my lifetime were some of the Lee College faculty members and a host of students. In December of 1996, nine years and six months after I retired, I sent over 200 Christmas cards. Many of them were to some of my former students that I have stayed in contact with over the years.

I had so many experiences at Lee that I could never relate all of them but will tell a few.

Roland Vaughn was a real good student and so was his wife. The American Bible Society furnished a Bible to present to the person in my Homiletics class who excelled above all the other students in reading the Bible. Roland received the award.

The assignment of writing sermons that were suitable for publication meant that they could have no errors in spelling, grammar, or punctuation. Since I made the assignments on the first or second class meeting and they were due at about four week intervals, I graded the papers and written sermons very stringently and penalized every assignment one letter grade for being late.

Less than a year after I retired I began having prostate trouble. I was walking one morning in the neighborhood near where we live and Brother Whisman, whose house is up on the next block, came out and told me that he and his wife had a a burden for me and were praying for me. He said that in a dream he saw me completely surrounded by vipers. They were trying to strike me. He and his wife were trying to fight them off.

I also received letters from the mother of Darla and Dianne Lott and from Neal Kight telling me that they had a great burden for me. Neal Kight was the youth director of the Southwest Indian Ministries. The Lott twins went with us on a STEP team to the Indian work in the Southwest. Both of them and their mother have muscular dystrophy. The girls had to crawl up into the van or motor home and would accept assistance only when absolutely necessary. Sister Lott had to be carried by Mr. Lott.

The first "needle" biopsy of my prostate gland did not find any sign of cancer. My condition continued to worsen and Dr. Don Robinson contacted Dr. Bryan Kyle who did a biopsy that showed a malignancy. A cat scan also showed growth in my bladder and in the tube from my bladder. Dr. Kyle went in from my stomach and removed all the growth and my prostate glands. He had biopsies made of all the tissues that had been removed. Only the prostate tissues were malignant.

Roland Vaughn's wife, Carolyn, was the head nurse over the night shift on the 5th floor of Bradley Memorial Hospital where I was. The first night after the surgery she and a nurse trainee came into the room and she began to cry and asked if they could pray for me. They knelt beside my bed and prayed. I was most thankful to have so many wonderful saints praying for me.

Roland told me about 25-26 years later that I was the strictest and hardest grader that he had. However, he admitted that I was always fair and anyone could make an excellent grade if he were willing to apply himself diligently.

It seems to me that the most usual way to greet someone at the General Assembly is to ask the question, "Where are you staying." I do not think I ever stayed anywhere but at the YMCA all the time I pastored. The only assistance I ever received was $1.00 that old Brother Allen gave me. While at Lee I received $25.00 for expenses to attend the General Assembly the first several years with a letter that said if I did not spend it to return it. Geri Henson suggested that Betty and I drive the 30 miles to Chattanooga and go to a steak house for supper and then return home.

Later, while James Cross and Charles Conn were presidents the amount given the ordained ministers for expenses to attend the General Assembly increased from $25 to $50 and then from $50 to $100. When Lamar Vest became the president the expense allocation for ordained ministers who were members of the Lee faculty was reduced to zero.

When Vep Hudson saw me at the General Assembly in about 1982 or 1984 and learned that I was staying at the YMCA he gave me an offering of $20.00.

At one General Assembly I took an American Indian minister and his wife to breakfast at McDonalds. They invited me to have supper with them in their room. We had bologna and cheese sandwiches and a Pepsi cola.

Years later when the pastor of the church where we attended received $3500 to go the the General Assembly I was thoroughly disgusted.

After I retired I began to receive $300 to attend the General Assembly and $150 to attend the state camp meeting and the winter prayer conference.

When Paul Conn was a freshman at Lee College, his father told me that I was his favorite professor. While my brother, Bill, and I with our families were on a picnic at Lake Ocoee, Paul came up there looking for me because he was so upset over his brother's fiancee's death. There was nothing I could do, of course, but he simply wanted to talk with someone. I could never understand why his attitude toward me changed so drastically after he came to Lee to teach,

Tricia Hudson, who is Vep Hudson's daughter, was a very good student. She was highly esteemed by the other students and was chosen as Homecoming Queen. She became romantically involved with an Indian boy from Trinidad. Her parents are not racists and neither am I. However because of the great differences in their cultures, Vep and Zella were justifiably concerned very much. Vep asked if I would talk to Tricia and I did because I too was quite concerned. I am not sure if they were formally engaged to be married or not, but they did discontinue seeing each other, and Tricia and her parents appreciated my involvement. I was so thankful that she did not resent my interferance in her personal affairs. After graduation she married and went as a missionary to Brazil. She now has two children.

Keith Elliott was a good student and apparently excelled in every area except Math.It appeared that his problem was a poor background. He was one of the most dedicated Christian young men I have ever known. I am sure that much of his devotion to proper attitudes and behavior was due to his upbringing. His parents, Winston and Lucille, are two of the most dedicated Christians that I know. When he was about 12 years old, I knelt with Keith at the altar in the old auditorium at Lee College. I had never heard anyone speak so respectfully to God before. After kneeling he clasped his hands together and said something like, "Oh Lord, will you baptize me with the Holy Ghost, please?"

Keith earned his Bachelors degree from Lee College and his Masters degree in missions from the Church of God School of Theology. He and his wife, Susan, worked in Mexico for a while and then went to Hawaii. Their three daughters, Paloma, Stephanie, and Emmaline were born there. For years Betty had been making them dresses and buying things for them. Lucille told us that when someone aked Stephanie if her Grandmother made the new dress she was wearing, she said, "Oh no, my Aunt Betty sent me this" We have sent them $1,146 cash from 1989 to 1996 and for the past seven years have sent them 2-3 boxes of Bible School materials each year.

When our log house burned on December 9, 1979 no one was at home. Clark had quit his job at K-Mart and came home to stay with us. Betty, Clark, and I left at a little after 7AM to work. Betty was teaching first grade at North Lee School. I was teaching at Lee College, and Clark went over to work putting a new roof on our house on Clearwater Drive in Cleveland that we were renting.

After my last class at Lee at 3PM, I went to help Clark and Betty went home. After stopping for groceries, Betty continued on and at about a distance of 3 to 4 miles from the house could see great billowing clouds of thick black smoke in the direction where we lived. She never suspected that it was ours. Our house was located about three-fourths of a mile off Pine Knot Road which was maintained by McMinn County. Upon arriving at a point where she could see that the house was completely burned she parked the car and walked back down to the home site.Some of the neighbors came and watched the last of the flames. We did not save anything but the clothes we had on our backs.

About an hour and a half later when Clark and I reached the point where the car was parked with the groceries in it, we were frightened terribly because less than a week before the highway patrol had set up a road block on the state road near our property to check drivers' licenses. A car was pulled over with two men in it who had kidnapped a woman in Missouri and after ravaging the poor little thing had thrown what they believed to be a lifeless body into an old abandoned well. Thinking they had been caught, they confessed and took the patrolmen to the location of the well where they found the woman still alive.

After yelling and getting no answer, we drove on to the the home site where Betty was calmly standing and talking to the neighbors.

Winston and Lucille insisted that we stay in their home since they would be gone to Mexico during the Christmas holidays which began in less than a week. The Brownlees, who were renting our house, moved out immediately and we were able to move back to Clearwater Drive before the first of January, 1980.

Mary Walkins was from Trinidad. She did not mix very well with the other black students at Lee. She was a good student but not a genius. Being a Math major she had only Bob Griffith and me as a choice of Math teachers. I believe I taught her in every Math course she had in her major area. While she was working on a PhD at North Western University, she called me because she was so homesick. She told me between sobs that she intended to quit. After praying with her, I persuaded her to stay and finish. After earning a PhD in Math she came back to Lee College to teach. Recently at North Cleveland she hugged and cheeked me and told me that I was the first white person to call her "Lady."

I could continue on and on relating the names of my former students and the experiences that I recall having with them such as:

1. Jerry Martin invited me to preach the homecoming sermon at his church down in Alabama. He left Cleveland an hour early to help put up the tables and make sure that everything was ready. He forgot the difference in time because of going to a new time zone. He also forgot to set his watch an hour earlier because of the day light saving time change that day. He therefore arrived three hours early. When no one else had come two hours later, he thought that the Lord had returned and he was left, so he went to the altar and had really "prayed through" when I arrived.

2. Dudley Dixon did not feel that he was called to preach, but he saw the tremendous need to minister to the people who lived on and scrounged in the city garbage dump. Some lived in little shacks that had been built from scrap lumber, boxes, paper and anything else that could be used. Many students and some Lee faculty members became inivolved. Several local business men gave money and building materials and several people donated their time to build a real nice building with toilets and showers for both the congregation and people living in the community. The church was called, "The Dump Church," in the beginning.

3. Laverne McKinsey was a lovely black girl who was dating Chuck Ramsey. She and several other black students went with Brother Claudius Pratt and me to witness and hold revivals in Tallahassee and Panama City, Florida and establish some Black churches in the Panhandle of Florida.

Some months later Jonathan dropped her without any explanation and began dating another girl. I told him how stupid it was to stop dating Laverne who was one of the prettiest and finest Christian girls on campus just to prove how macho he was. They were reconciled and after graduation were married to each other.

Years later I was working with Brother Pratt in Charlotte, N.C. helping to get a black church established and saw Laverne and Jonathan with their two little children. She hugged me and cheeked me and thanked me very profusely for what I did for her.

Jerri Dale Pitchford came to Lee from Michigan. Her family had moved up there from Tennessee when she was abut six years old. She told me that it took her school teachers 12 years to teach her to not say, "Yaller."

Now that whe was back home she would have to learn to say, "Yaller," again.

Her grades were well above average, and she graduated with honors after which she married Jon Brock, who went on to Law School in Arkansas. While Jon was in Law School, Dale taught school and had a couple of babies.

They are living in Russelville, Arkansas where Jon is practicing law.

5. Richard Greene went to Alaska to pastor and became one of the leading ministers in the state. In 1984 I was the morning speaker at the Alaska state camp meeting and Brother John Nichols was the evening speaker. I also preached at Metlakatla, Craig, Ketchikan, Terrace, and Kotzebue. We had Bible School at each place.

When Bill White, the pastor of the Ketchikan church of God, invited me to preach and hold Bible schools in some of the small churches in Alaska in 1985, I agreed to come and bring some Lee College students but only if I could personally hand pick the students. I chose Jerri Dale Pitchford, Pam Mabry, Geneane Werner, Kevin Daugherty and Tim Clayton.

Something happened that Kevin and Tim could not go. Jonathan Carlisle, who was related to Sister Bill White, came and talked with me and claimed that the Whites said he could come. He also professed to have had a lot of experience working in Bible Schools.

We rented a van from Griff's Rentals and drove to Terrace, British Columbia where I preached a revival and we held Bible Schools at Terrace and Kitimat.

Then we caught the ferry at Prince Rupert and went to Ketchikan. We held Bible Schools at Craig, Metlakatla, Ketchikan, and Wrangell and helped out in the Youth Camps.

Jonathan turned out to be the worst worker we had ever had. He deliberately tried to be the last one ready from our departure time from Cleveland until we returned back home. However, Jerri Dale, Pam, and Geneane lived up to all of my expectations.

We only spent the night in a motel one time coming home. We spent a large part of one day at Yellowstone National Park. Since we drove several hundred miles out of the way to go by Yellowstone we had to drive straight through except to stop for gas and to eat.

Betty and I had to leave for New Mexico to work with the Southwest Indian Ministries on the second day after we arrived back in Cleveland.

Pam is now married to Gary Stott and has a lovely family.

Geneane is married. She earned a Masters Degree and is working in Health Servces.

6. I officiated at the wedding of Linda Watson and David Brabble in 1970. In December of 1995 I ministered the renewal vows at their 25th wedding anniversry celebration in Port St Lucie, Florida. They are both teachers and have two sons. Linda is Z.D. and Ruth Marcum's niece.

7. Wanda Brookins was Linda's roommate at Lee. I told them that one of the star basketball players, J. D. Simmons, needed some help with his math course. Both of them heartily agreed to tutor him and he welcomed the assistance.

When he did not seem to be improving, I asked the girls how they were doing and they said, "Oh, all he wants to do is study." When I asked him how the girls were performing as tutors he said, "Brother McDaniel, they are interested in everything but Math.

8. David Holloway and Jerry Frazier after teaching and working as school principals, went on to become the Bradley County School Superintendent.

9. Sonia Ensley is now Doctor Sonia Hunt and is in charge of the counseling program at North Cleveland Church of God.

10. Prior to graduation, Joe Cleveland Waters realized that his calling was not the ministry and he began to pursue a career in business. In my Homiletics class he prepared and wrote some excellent papers but was tardy with nearly everyone of them. His grade was penalized and instead of making an "A" he made a "C" for the course. About 25 years later he came through Cleveland enroute to a new job in Florida as the chief administrator in a big hospital and came by to see me. He thanked me for recommending him so highly for his first job after he graduated from Lee. With my recommendation I pointed out that Joe's grade did not indicate his ability nor his intelligence but was due to the tardiness of his papers. I also mentioned his impeccable character and that I had no reservations in recommending him for the job. He also expressed an appreciation for my stringent requirements demanding punctuality and he had always benefitted from them.

11. Jeff Conn, who was the youngest son of Charles and Edna Conn's twelve children, was the first student I ever had with a 105 average in a Math course. He was able to do this because I added 5 points to everybody's final average for perfect attendance and no times tardy. He scored 100 on every test and hence was able to arrive at a score of 105.

I had every math teacher but two at Cleveland Junior High as a student. I think they are doing a fabulous job and have a very fine Math program.

Mitch Maloney was a good average student at Lee College. He is now one of the best pastors in the Church of God and pastors North Cleveland Church and is one of the top 4 or 5 pastors we have ever had at N.Cleve.

Al Bristow attended the Lipscomb Church of God, which was my family's home church, as he was growing up. Gordon and Bill Olvey made it possible for him to attend Lee College. Brother Bristow now pastors in Mobile, Alabama, which is one of the top churches in the state and is one of the top 25 churches in the Church of God. Al's red-headed mother was a preacher and so is his pretty red-headed sister.

Dennis McGuire was expected to <u>not</u> go very far in the church but is now the Second Assistant General Overseer. He is an outstanding preacher and was an outstanding state overseer.

In the summer of 1996 Betty and I made our 25th trip to work among the Southwest Indians. Primarily we have worked among the Navaho Indians. In 1982 through 1985 we took STEP teams. We also took four young people, 3 women and 1 man, from the North Cleveland Church in 1986. That year the entire women's softball team was supposed to go, but the week before our departure date they advised me that they had only been able to raise $50 - $60 and only four were going. Since we

had everything scheduled and planned, I appealed to Pastor Walter Atkinson and the North Cleveland Church council. They gave us $600 to pay the expenses for the four of them.

None of the churches out on the reservation had electricity when we first went out there. Now they all have electricity and big TV sets except the church at Douglas Mesa, Utah.

In 1985, I preached in the morning service at the Alaska camp meeting. John Nickols preached in the evening service. We went to Ketchikan, Craig, Metlakatla, Terrace in British Columbia, Canada and Kotzebue in the Artic Circle. I preached and we held Bible schools. We went back to Alaska twice after that. We planned to go back, but it cost so much that we did not feel that we could afford it. Also since then I have had cancer surgery and Betty has had some physical problems also.

Our trips to Minnesota where I preached at the Deer River church and we held Bible Schools at Inger on the Chippawa Indian Reservation, have been most rewarading. We went in 1994 and I preached at Deer River. In 1995 and 1996 we held Bible Schools on the Reservation. In 1996 I also filled in as interim pastor at Deer River until State Overseer Hammonds was able to appoint a pastor. We stayed with Vern and Ellie Figgins while I pastored the Deer River Church. We have never been treated more royally.Vern is a Roman Catholic.

We became acquainted with Jim and Katheryn Ruble right after we came to Cleveland in 1964. Our relationship developed into a deep friendship. No one has every been a better and closer friend than Jimmy Ruble.

I officiated at Little Jim's and Ingrid's wedding. I testified in court as a character witness for Johnny when his former wife was trying to accuse him falsely. I spoke at Katheryn's funeral.I also campaigned for Jimmy when he ran for a political office.

Jim has never permitted me to pay for any body work he did for me. He also gave me a cover for my 1975 Dodge truck so Betty and I would have a place to sleep when we went to the Southwest.

I was able to repay him in some little ways by painting the two houses next to the shop, the building in which his body shop is housed, and finally the house where he and Katheryn lived together before she died, and where he still lives.

One summer he wanted to go out and see the work among the Navaho, so we went to the Gallup, N.M. area, the Grand Canyon, Dinosaur, Mesa Verde and just stopped anywhere we wished. We were in the old Chevy van of mine and traveled several days, sleeping in the van when we needed to sleep.

While we were building our log retirement home in McMinn County Jimmy came up several times to work. When Betty and I found some wild flowers, including yellow trillium, pink lady slippers, and Queen Anne's lace he came up to see them. When one of his friends was told why he was up there, he thought Jimmy was kidding because he could not conceive of our being up there looking for wild flowers.

When I retired from Lee College in 1987, at 65 years of age, everything seemed to be just right. I believed that my health was perfect and we had both sacrificed to have a comfortable retirement. Our home at 2915 Clearwater Drive in Cleveland, our 200 acre farm in McMinn County, our four unit apartment on Wynwood Drive, and the 8 1/2 acres on Georgtown Road just outside the Cleveland city limits were all debt free. As a matter of fact we did not have any debts. Betty was on medication for high blood pressure, but she seemed to be doing real well. The only empty spot in our lives was not having any grandchildren. Since we were not tied down we felt that we could now travel and do whatever else we wanted to do.

However, in less than a year I had surgery for prostate cancer and both of our daughters-in-law became pregnant. Marie was born April 25, 1988, and Chelsea was born July 31, 1988.

Stephanie Marie was very robust and healthy Chelsea Camille was born prematurely. Besides the physical problems she seemed to be slow in learning, but after extensive testing it was determined that her problems were all due to benign famillial hypotonia. She was very weak in fine motor skills until about age 5. Before Marie was a year old, she was walking and would try so hard to talk.

Betty continued to teach until 1990 and took early retirement at 60 years of age.

I kept Marie for Archie and Fay to work. I bought her a training pot and had her trained to use it before she was 2 years old. The 2-3 years with her were most enjoyable.

Clark and Twana would not let me keep Little Chelsea. They hired Mema May to keep her. I am sure that she would have developed much faster if she had been with Marie and me.

One of their first pictures taken together shows Marie sitting upright as if she is primed to jump up and run. Little Chelsea could not sit up straight without props. When she tried to crawl, her little arms would not support her so she would lie flat on her stomach with her little forehead on the floor and move forward using her head and legs to slide and push forward.

Chelsea has always fairly worshipped Marie. One of the first words she learned was "Reedy". When I bought them a tiny plastic slide, Marie would scoot up the 2-3 steps and slide down. Chelsea struggled with all her might to climb up and then she had an equally hard time to sit down and slide.

Just before Marie was 5 years old, we bought her a little bicycle, covered it with a blanket and stored it in the carport. She found it immediately so I gave it to her before her birthday. Of course our plans were to buy one for Chelsea also. I can still see that beautiful little concerned face when she said, "Grandpa, that's not faair. I want you to buy me a bicycle for my birthday and hide it under a blanket on the carport and let me find it. As soon as possible I did just as she had directed me to do. Marie leaarned to ride hers and soon had the two trainer-wheels removed. We do not know what happened to Chelsea' bike. A year or so later she got another one which she could never ride without trainer-wheels. For her 8th birthday she got another bicycle and can finally ride it without trainer-wheels.

We took the girls to Nana's House for pre-school and to the First Baptist Church Family Life Center for Kindergarten. Chelsea was always happy to just be with Reedy. When preparing to begin playing a game where someone was first, Marie, along with all the other kids would begin to shout," I'm first." Little Chelsea would shout," I'm first after Reedy."

In the first grade Chelsea was so far behind that she was put in Junior First Grade. She seemed to understand that the other kids with her needed help and some of them much more than she did. She loved the other kids and her teachers.

Anna was a little Spanish speaking girl from Guatemala. Amber was a little black girl from Cleveland. Chelsea really found her place. She helped all the kids in her class. She hugged and kissed everyone at the end of the day and everyone was her friend. The first time that I saw her kissing them I told her to,"not kiss; just hug."

The teacher and her aid said that with Chelsea's assistance the class was the best ever with less crying, pushing and complaining. The primary problem was that Cheisea did not listen when she was told to do something. When she was sent to the principal's office it never bothered her to be in the presence of authority. Upon her arrival at Mr. Shriver's office she would go in and sit down and wait for him to come in or come over and speak. She never told anyone why she was there. She would simply visit awhile and then go back to her room. I doubt if she really knew why she was there. Once when Twana went to pick her up Chelsea was sitting in Mr. Shriver's office unconcered as you please. When asked why she was there she said that did not know. Mr. Shriver did not know either.

Marie passed to the second grade and Chelsea passed to the regular first grade. We were all afraid that she would terribly affected by staying in the first grade but apparently she was satisfied to be promoted to regular first and stay with Anna and Amber who were her best friends after Reedy.

Because her little hands were so very small Chelsea had to hold her pencil with both hands as you would hold a baseball bat. After her hands were big enough to hold a pencil properly and she could write legibly, she would write notes to Betty and me and after ringing the door bell then she would run back home, which was next door.

Archie bought the Woody house three doors down the street from us. Clark bought the McDowell house next door to us.The realty agent that owned the Woody house retired and moved to Florida. Because of so much trouble with the renters and because it was getting so run down the house was put up for sale. I told Archie to offer $ 10,000 less than the asking price. He did and it was accepted. Clark offered a substantial amount less than the asking price and it too was accepted. Now I am able to see my girls the first thing every morning and the last thing every night. We consciously try to not interfere in either of our sons family matters.

We have sought in every way to reach Mathew since Archie and Faye married. He was an excellent student in grades 1 through 5. He was so superior in Math that he was sent to the Cleveland Community College to be taught. In the sixth grade he lost all interest in learning and school. He kept getting worse and in high school would not try at all.

After failing Algebra three times Mathew did not have enough credits to graduate from high school so he plans to try to get into college by taking a GED test and hopefully scoring high enough on the SAT, the college entrance exam.

On November 8, 1991 a group of retired ministers at The North Cleveland Church of God met to discuss ways to get the retired and disabled ministers a cost of living raise to their pension and also to have the surviving spouses receive the full amount instead of only one-half of their deceased spouses pensions. A committee was chosen to meet with the General Executive Commitee and present our recommendations and requests. H.B.Thompson was chosen as chairperson and Roland McDaniel was chosen as secretary. After the meeting the fellowships that met in Chattanoga and Cleveland were invited to join together in a Tennessee State fellowship.

There was a meeting at the Tennessee State Office on November 11, 1991 and the Tennessee COG Retired and Disabled Ministers and Spouses Fellowship was organized. Finally, after several years of effort a Christmas bonus was given but no raise. Later, in 1996 a three percent raise was given for only one year and surviving spouses were given a 50% raise.

I have really enjoyed the fellowship of the group but I thoroughly despise the politicking that has developed.

Over the years, from the time of Brother T.L. Lowery's pastorate, there has been an effort to keep an early morning prayer meeting going. Brother Lowery promoted cottage prayer meetings. We had one in our home every Monday night and usually had a room full. When we went out to work among the American Indians in the summer no one would have the meeting in his/her home and the prayer meetings stopped and we could not get it started again.

While Brother Walter Adkinson was the pastor the early morning prayer meetings thrived and there were as many as 125 in attendance. The young people would come by the dozens.

If it were possible sometimes it seems that every pastor could not support any program that he did not initiate and there has been no support from the pulpit for an early morning prayer meeting since the Adkinsons were at North Cleveland. However, we have kept the meeting going since 1990 at 6:30 AM on Monday through Friday. Brother John Kelly is in charge. When someone has to be out, either P.D.Ingle or Brother Kelly or I will open the doors and lock up. On very rare occasions there has been only one person present. We average about 4 to 6 in attendance.

In 1984, Aunt Lillie (McDaniel) Newton told me about a half-sister, named Effie (McDaniel) Williams who lived on Brickyard Road in Sylacauga, Alabama. Upon visiting her I found where other relatives lived. Of all the descendants of Jim and Nancy (Gray) McDaniel well over 90 percent live within a 75 mile radius of Sylacauga, Alabama. I found their marriage record at the court house in Columbiana, Alabama dated March 1,1968. Their first son, William (Will), was born January 1, 1869.

Uncle Will McDaniel and his wife, Polly Howard, moved to Alexander City and raised all their children in that vicinity.

Uncle John Henry McDaniel and wife, Betsy Masterson raised all their children in Sylacauga, Alabama.

Aunt Callie (McDaniel) Hosey and husband Floyd Hosey also lived around Sylacauga. They had no children.

Uncle Law Jeff McDaniel raised his families near Ashland, Alabama. He outlived two wives. His third wife, Rose May Brimer, still lives near Heflin.

Aunt Lizzie McDaniel married Sid Brasher and Aunt Mary Jane McDaniel married John Alex Brasher and both families raised their families near Chelsea, Alabama.

My grandfather, Joshua Austin McDaniel, married six times. His first wife was my grandmother, Mindy (Mizzel) McDaniel. All of his children were raised around Sylacauga and Sycamore.

I began work on the Jim and Nancy McDaniel family tree in 1984 and am still working on it.

There have been many sad memories:

Granny Mc (Mindy) died from cancer on December 21,1959.

Daddy (Charlie Mc) died from cancer on September 13,1960.

Mama (Flodie) died February 29,1960. Her heart simply gave out.

My Mother (Amy) died December 30,1924. Her oldest son and my oldest brother, who died as an infant on November 15,1917 are buried in the old Comer Mill Cemetery behind Scrouge Alley in Sylacauga. It has been many years since anyone has visited their grave sites except Betty and me.

Archie was killed in action on October 13,1944 during World War II. He was a glider pilot.

Mildred died April 2,1975 from cancer.

Billy Gene died from cancer on December 10,1993.

There is much more to tell but Betty says that I have said too much already, so I will stop.

Thank GOD for all my prescious memories. Some of them I wish that I could forget. Others help to sustain me now that I am 75 years old and am beginning to live in the past.

I have also learned to rely on the Word.

"God is faithful." 1 Corinthians 1:9 and 1 Corinthians 10:13.